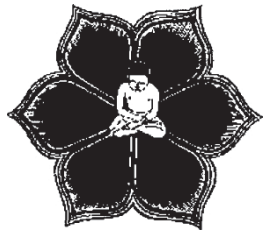
Miguel Serrano

MEMOIRS OF HIM YO

Volume III

Mission in the Transhimalayas



YEAR 109

Ediciones La Nueva Edad

Subhas Chandra Bose, Hindu Hitlerist leader.
He also disappeared at the end of the war.
Today he must be part of the "Last Battalion".

Again I thank Sabela, meigo de Galicia, who, with her white magic, neutralizes the black magic of the computer. And to Loreto, who reviewed, catalogued and ordered the valuable correspondence and documents gathered over the years.

INTRODUCTION TO THE THIRD VOLUME

"z One, two and three; but where
was the four, my dear
Tyrrheus?".
Plato

The ancients coexisted with angels. No one denied their existence; neither the good nor the bad. Swedenborg described their clothes and their houses. The Master said that the wings of the angels were their lungs. Like the scales of the astronauts. Each epoch makes use of its own symbology. Today's symbology is technical, mechanical. An *Onni,* a spaceship, which detaches itself from a comet, before it was surely an angel, which left its Archangel, its God. Or, that comet, a hundred million kilometers long, the *Hale-Bopp,* could be the White Horse of *Kalhi,* where the 'Avenger" comes mounted, judging. The *Ültírrio will kill,* with his Flaming Sword. Beyond the scale of sound its terrifying gallop is heard, in the month of April, when it has been closer to the earth and the *Onni* has detached with the warriors, not knowing yet what will be the end of this dying world, nor if I will reach to finish these *Memoirs,* or if I will not be called to unsheathe my sword and enter the Last Combat, in the War that will never end.

THEARCHETYPES

They remain a mystery of the deepest kind. They direct all the manifestations of men, from their beginnings. And what is more, the life of Nature, including the sky, the stars, the

constellations. The signs of the zodiac are archetypes, which were embodied there even before man discovered them. The same body of man, of an animal, of a tree, of a flower, of a mineral, of a snow crystal, are archetypal forms that are repeated in the signs of the zodiac.

Then, in the history of men, the archetypes shake them, move them, once they take possession of their souls. Collectively (in the Collective Unconscious) they write their legends, they tell them: it is the Biography of the Archetype that uses them and possesses them. Only the particular blood of men, who are not the same everywhere, will bring a difference, a nuance to the hallucinatory melody, which always and again fascinates, as if it were heard for the first time.

The archetypes acquired different and differentiated life in different bloods, and although the Druids no longer exist, nor the *Godi* of the *Externstei rte,* nor the Hyperboreans of India, the Druidism, the Wotanism, the Brahmanism of the origins, even when their oral tradition is lost, like that of the *Atutnarunas* of Tiahuanacu, of the Mayas and of the Inkas, it will always be possible to revive them by an introversion in the memory of the blood, which still subsists. In the case of Druidism and Wotanism, to give an example, one should not deny its origin in the expression and representation of its Archetype, going to look for foreign representations, as would be the Mohammedan embodiment, for example. In the Celtic blood still survives Druidism; in that of the Germanic, Wotan. And by means of a deep introspection it would be possible to "constellate" again its glories.

The mortal sin, so to speak, is to change one's own representation of the Archetype, falling prisoner in a foreign representation, which is not that of our blood. Here is another temptation *(induction,* in this case) put by the Enemy. Our comrades are being diverted in the direction of Mohammedanism. It is the great temptation at the end of the *Kali yuga.* Feeling alone and surrounded by enemies, in the unequal combat, they do not resist the temptation to go in search of an illusory company. It was the great mistake of René Guenon. He made the apology of the Muslim; but we have never seen a Muslim make the apology of René Guenon. They are absolutely faithful to the Myth and Legend of their Archetype and only respect the fidelity that others maintain for theirs. The Grand Mufti of Jerusalem fought to the end along

with

Adolf Hitler, because he had not become a Muslim, and the Hitlerites supported the Mufti because he was a Muslim. Their Archetypes were not enemies, only their representation was different. It had to be.

+ * *

The Judeo-Christian Universe, which imposed its own *representation* of the Archetype, destroying Paganism, is a sordid and gray world, totally enveloped by the concept of sin, guilt and remorse. At the end of the *Kali yuga it* has led to cybernetics, cybertronics, with the triumph of the *robot* and machine intelligence, as a means of destroying man, thus escaping the sense of guilt for the collective suicide that will ensue. And the disappearance of Life from Blood.

Let us take comfort in knowing that this is also the representation of the *Golem* Archetype, which destroys itself along with its creator. And that in the Eternal Return of cycles and rounds it has happened countless times, to give way to the Resurrection of the Gods, after the Last Battle, in a Celestial Berlin.

THE 'CHESS PLAYER

In the thirties, films were made in Germany that we would call prophetic. *Metropolis,* to which we have already referred in volumes I and II of these *Memoirs.* There the closed-circuit television appears and a woman is *duplicated* (more important than *cloning).* There is also the film *Alraune* and The *Arti ficial Woman. We* saw all these films when we were children at the Barros Arana boarding school. The theme of an artificial being was a concern of Goethe and German Freemasonry, since ancient times. The Masonic directors of the Barros Arana perhaps knew it and *thus* prepared the minds of their disciples and students for the end of the century, no longer so distant.

Another film of those years was *The Chess Player.* A *robot,* a mechanical man, who beat the world champion.

At this point in the world there are already many duplicate beings. And machines have long since supplanted man with their intelligence and virtual reality. With *simulation.*

However, Hitlerism changed everything, to give it another direction, interpreting, representing the Archetype with the presence of the Spirit. The practice of these discoveries was reserved, yes, for special cases, such as the duplication of Rudolf Hess, of Martin Bormann and the fourteen corpses of Hitler, all alike and that the Russians found in Berlin, after the fall of the Bunber (see volume II of these *Memoirs),* in the secret of an elite, surpassed by another even more exclusive elite, which was directed by very ancient paths, rediscovered, and of which we ignore everything, its practices, disciplines and conquests.

"GOD, GOLEM & COMPANY"

More than twenty-five years ago, Norbert Wiener, one of the promoters of cybernetics, wrote a book, "C!od. *Croíem &* Co. He had the suspicion that man was a *robot* created by God, which would have revealed itself against Him, destroying Him. In the same way, the *robot* would rebel against man, making him disappear.

And we are in that process today. Because the *robot* will become independent beyond what man can believe and will win more than a simple game of chess. Very soon it will come to have intuition, common sense, sensibility and will create its own conception of the world, its *Weltanschauung,* on a Universe of other laws, or without any law, thus being able to prove that laws do not exist, being only prejudices imposed by the limitation of the human cerebral cortex, of its left hemisphere and of the five senses of its body.

And this, this drama, was prefixed from the very beginning of the discovery and use of electricity, which gives birth to the whole modern world, up to the current electronics... What is electricity? We do not know. In its very essence, in its substance it could be intelligence. The very Intelligence of Evil, which has used us to manufacture a mechanical envelope, the one that can operate in this world and destroy us, throwing us into the attic of the waste, along with the spare nuts and bolts of its infernal presence, more and more perfected.

Not even by interrupting the electricity today could we stop the fateful march of the *Robot,* since, for sure, it is already self-powered, self-energized. And those who protect and perfect it.

They are *robots* themselves, *robot-genetics,* at the service of the Demi urgo, who has set cybernetics in motion precisely to put an end to the Man of Divine origin, who once descended to this earth to fight.

IN THE THIRD REICIT

In the midst of this dark drama, when the shadows seemed to envelop everything, the flash of light of the *Ultimo Auatara* burst forth.

Hitler fecundates the Germanic Collective Unconscious, so that when illuminated by the Archetype, the soul and body of a whole dormant Nation are regenerated and a creative explosion of unseen dimensions is produced. It is no longer necessary to fear that the machine will plant man, annihilating him, because the Spirit has been incarnated once again, imprinting on events a superhuman direction and meaning. The memory of the origins, of the Hyperborean Paradise, of the divine ancestors, has been recovered. Instead of perfecting the machine, an attempt will be made to recover the God-Man, the *Eonnenmesch,* the *Ubermerisch,* the Superman, the Total-Man, with the two hemispheres of his brain re-actualized, for the best expression of the Incorruptible Mind. The grandiose experiment was carried out in very secret places of the *Third Reich:* from 1938 onwards in the "impregnable Paradise of Antarctica", to reach from there the *Inner Earth.* The power to create with the Mind is recovered, materializing and dematerializing with the Word and the Runic Sign. For that elite, the machine, the *robot,* the computer were unnecessary, invented by the involuntary man, who has rendered useless his own biological computer, his unlimited powers, capable of inventing paths and changing the orbits of the stars, avoiding the catastrophes that await us.

But all that, that glory, like a glimpse of the *Golden Age,* like a memory of the *Eternal Days,* disappeared from the earth, for it was not possible for it to remain in the *Kaliyuga.* The *God-Man* was an inhabitant of another world. And he will not return. After the catastrophe, in the new "Twilight of the Gods", on the crust of this agonizing earth, only the corpses of the machines will remain.

But now, in the Iron Age, we will definitely be controlled by the totalitarian World Government of the robotic Messiah.

of Judah, where subhuman, humanoid beings will serve as food for the masters. There is only one solution for the warrior elite of the *Last Battalion: to* step aside, following the example of the *S!on nenmensch* of Hitlerism, and recover the lost powers, the only ones capable of defeating the diabolical dominion of the computer and electronics.

This is what I intended to accomplish upon my return to Chile, back in the eighties, trying to colonize the south, next to the sacred Mount Melimoyu, with the best youth of my homeland, Spain and other nations. This attempt to conquer a Refuge of Two Worlds, ending a great *opus alchimicum,* to reach resurrection and immortality, will be dealt with in the fourth and last book.

Yes, because whoever believed that Hitlerism was only a political Movement, has not understood anything. It was much more than a Religion; it was the *Will to Create the Superman.*

TODAY

However, it becomes more and more difficult. So much so, that perhaps we should "represent" the Archetype of the *Hero's* ***Saga****,* in the ***Yuga of the Hero,*** which is still valid: to be consumed by the fire, by the flames, fighting here, to be reconstituted in the Jfo//toffo by our Walkiria and by the Gods, who will give us duplicate that which we did not achieve on the surface of the earth, fighting here bare-chested.

Chile is a unique country, of subtle, transparent vibrations, cresting like a sword stuck in the rock of the Andes. It is *Excalibur.* The Enemy knows it and that is why he uses other means to fight us. In Chile there is still freedom of information. Here other more subtle and dangerous methods are used. The entire population of this country and of the Southern Cone of America is being hypnotized and manipulated. The darkest conspiracy is being developed from Chile, as the ideal place of projection to plunge a whole world, first into chaos and then into the slavery of the Messiah of Zion, prelude to the hecatomb of the Earth.

From April 9 to 12, 1997, the great meeting of the Interamerican Masonic Confederation was held in Santiago de Chile, with the attendance of all the Grand Masters of the countries that compose it, plus those of Spain, Portugal and Italy. The inauguration was presided over by the Minister of the Interior of Chile, with the presence of the President of the Supreme Court. On May 12 of the same year, in Valparaiso, the "National Masonic Convent" was held for all the masters of the Mixed Achievements, presided over by the Grand Master of the Grand Orient of Chile. Several senators and deputies were present, apparently. There is a fundamental issue, which the lower Masonic brotherhood still believes to be unresolved. It is that of *esotericism*. But the *MenÇts-Misra* im current has long since imposed itself, working on the creation of the Messiah-Golem of J udah, with several duplications and cloning, to make him appear ubiquitous. The main purpose of the meetings in Chile would have been to inform of this direction, made public with the cloning in Scotland, by the "Sinclair" brothers, of a "Lamb", precisely. Just when the Church of Rome will deliver its Messiah, the "Lamb of God", to be supplanted by the Messiah of Judah. And all the Freemasonries of America will begin their own cloning, directed by the Grand Master of Chile.

Why the Interamerican Masonic Confederation will be presided over the next three years by the Chilean Grand Master? What will happen in these three years? What awaits us? The synchronicity between human, terrestrial and cosmic events makes us expect nothing good.

An ominous and heavy climate envelops our Homeland, obscuring the vision of Paradise, so that we no longer see the "good angels" (the *UFOnauts of* A/Dehnron), because they no longer visit us, for here they no longer find the atmosphere in which they *are:* the air of the Spirit.

What the great Masonic councils held in Chile would have dealt with is: the end of the Zionist times, the end of the Zionist times, and the end of the Zionist times.

1. Hereditary Grand Masters of Scottish Rite Masonry.

and the entrance to the Messianics, with the installation in Patagonia of the Seat of the Messiah of Judah.

Thus, the incredible conspiracy of Theodore **Herzl,** who in 1895 and prior to the publication of "The Protocols of the Elders of Zion", published his book "Of *Jewish State" (Hudenstaat),* declaring Argentina as the first place to found it, besides Palestine, is definitively fulfilled. "In fifty more years," he says, 'the Jewish State will be a reality." And just in 1945, with the end of Germany, this becomes possible in Palestine, installing a Jewish democracy, a regime that Herzl did not like. But in another fifty years the *"Messianic Monarchy",* of which he dreams, will be installed in the Patagonian south of Argentina and Chile. The *"King of the World",* in the richest areas of the planet, with minerals, vegetables and with access to two oceans and dominion over Antarctica. Herzl even indicates the way in which this State will be acquired: by buying it. And very cheaply. That is how they got hold of Laguna del Desierto. And, now, a "white stick" of the Jews buys regions of the country. at a vile price, in Chilean Patagonia.

The dream of the Jew, Christopher Columbus, of finding a homeland of promise for his lineage expelled from Spain, the same day he began his navigation, a dream also of the "Fathers of the Masonic Patriots" of the American Independence, is fulfilled, celebrated, at last, with the delivery of our magical land to the *cloned* Messiah of Judah.

And we have been very few who have opposed, with full knowledge of what was happening, fighting to the last to defend the dream of our generation: To make Chile a sovereign country, strong, with a sense of Nation and proud of its race, with the awareness that the magic of this land of divine summits, would make possible the reappearance of the *Man-God.*

MISSION IN THE TRANSHIMALAYAS

BETWEEN SEA AND MOUNTAINS

The Chilean is not a man between the sea and the mountains; the Chilean is a tightrope walker who walks along a narrow territory, as if on the edge of a sword. Either he falls into the sea, or the mountain collapses on top of him. The Chilean is a man tortured by two abysses, by the Abyss. For more than a century he cured this terror by "curing" himself, with the must of the rough wines of his transversal valleys. And there he survived, trying to forget everything else. He rarely went abroad, and when he did in the past, with his medieval clan in tow, he even took the cows with him in the holds of the ships. He left without leaving Chile. He never believed that anything existed outside this "saber of tightrope walkers", beyond the abyss that surrounds him. Ghosts and gorgons, monsters of the Ocean Sea, or spirits of the minerals, in the secret corridors of the mountains. And those ghosts gave themselves names: French, German, English, Argentine and even Japanese. Vicente Huidobro went to France and returned to Chile to die. D'Halmar was the "Wandering Brother"; Neruda, the communist who visited Stalin; Joaquín Edwards, the eccentric genius, who spent his fortune in Monte Carlo and returned here without a penny; Benjamín Subercaseaux, the same. But they all returned after proving that what they had read about the outside world, in the stately homes, in the schools and universities, with a wise, humanistic and always up to date education, mysteriously up to date, was superior to reality. So it was always, with Sparta, with England, with Paris. And so it was also with me in India. But fifty years ago, very few Chilean writers had traveled outside their homeland; neither Mariano La Torre, nor Luis Durán, nor Eduardo Barrios, nor Pablo de Rokha, nor Daniel de la Vega (who went to Spain for the first time on a ship that sailed from Valparaíso when I left for India). The critic Alone, who lived with his imagination in Paris, a specialist in Proust and French literature, never left Chile (the capital, I would dare say). For all this, when the Spanish Civil War took Santiago del Campo and then brought him back, he became a hero for us. He was going to touch with his hands our dreams, the palaces, the castles, the cathedrals, the ruins and the "conquered conquerors" themselves. How Hector Barreto would have given up to two non

ches of their best dreams to go to the Greece of the *Golden Age,* to refloat the Argonauts' Ship!

They all went and they all came back, except Santiago del Campo, on his last trip, and Anuar (Guillermo) Atías.... But this is another story .... The exiles know well that there is no greater pain for a Chilean than to be far from Chile (I am referring to Atías, Enrique Bello and Father Lacunza[2]), from this magical place, unique in the whole Universe, which made them be born Chileans, which nourished the substance of their bones with the sap of the depths of the earth, with the roots, with the perfume of the aromos, of the thorns, and made their souls grow with the vision of the snow of its pure summits, and of its volcanoes. And that not even the catastrophe and the earthquakes interrupted this feeling.

The phenomenon of provincialism is common to the two or three Americas, in relation to western civilization. It is less so in Chile than anywhere else. It is due to the fact that very soon the medieval and religious Hispanic education was left here, under the influence of Freemasonry, I think, and its directors of the French Grand Orient. In this way the University became Frenchified, let's say it. And not only the University, since the Army fought the War of the Pacific with the French uniform and the French kapis. But this would not have been enough, until a special event came to change things: Bismark, with his support to Chile in that same war and the gratitude that opens the doors to the immigration of a race with special sympathies with the vernacular element of this land; Prussian instructors of the army and navy and German professors, philosophers and wise men come to teach. Thus resulting in the strangest psychological situation of the Chilean: disbelief that the external world exists and, at the same time, rapport with the legend and myth of Western culture; with its spirit. And that is why the dream will always be superior to reality. Well ventured, then, those who stayed here and did not leave, who dreamed and did not see, like Barreto. . .

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2. "Only those who have lost it know what Chile is."

Nothing will better illustrate these mixed feelings, this confusion of feelings, than my own first trip abroad and, even more so, my second. The first was to Argentina, when I wanted to fight in the war with the Germans and failed in my attempt. On my return, crossing the border, I would have embraced the carabinero of the border, that virile and sober brother, defending our land, all that we are and represents us, at the very edge of the summits.

The second time was in 1951, on a flight of *"Panair do Brasil",* a subsidiary of *"Panagra",* where I worked. I was going to a "World Press Congress", accompanying Chilean representatives: Mario Vergara Parada, director of the magazine "Sea", and Mario Vargas Rosas, photographer and brother of the painter Luis Vargas Rosas. I represented "El Mercurio" and "Zig-Zag" magazine.

The propeller-driven aircraft of those days were more comfortable and spacious. Its windows, larger than today's, allowed me to see and dream. In crossing the Atlantic I thought I was discovering the Sargasso Sea, knowing that Antarctica, which I had crossed only three years ago, was the same Atlantis, there moved and frozen by the precession of the equinoxes.

When we arrived in Paris, Mario Vargas, who had never left Chile, stood in the middle of the "Place de la Concorde", opened his arms as if he wanted to embrace the whole city and said: "It's just the same...!"

With us were some Argentinean journalists who were also leaving their country for the first time and felt totally helpless, without even our "humanist" defense, nor any greater culture. We became friends and they joined us as castaways. Their attitude was to reject everything, in a reaction of desperate self-defense. In front of the Obelisk of the "Place de la Concorde" they said: "Hey, the one in Plaza de Mayo is several meters higher". And Mario Vergara: "Listen, but this one is twenty centuries old...". Looking at the old and beautiful Parisian buildings: "What do you find in them, they are dirty! And Mario Vargas: "It's not dirt, man, it's the patina of time...". In Venice they found that the city was flooded. And in Rome, that all the surnames were Argentinian...".

I say this not for the purpose of irony, but to point out a difference that I was just discovering between our people and the

the rest of the countries around us. Since we were all provinces (in those years), the defensive reactions were the opposite. We found everything good; they found everything bad. But we were all provincial and misguided, as a scene that took place in the Place d'Tertre, in a small restaurant near the Sacre Coeur, proves. One night, with my two friends, Mario Vergara Parada and Mario Vargas Rosas, the same one who had imagined Paris so much as to find it "igualito" (just like his dreams), was drinking, dancing and singing. A French "mom" jumped into the round and danced a typical dance to applause and exclamations. Someone in the orchestra found out that we were Chileans and improvised some music, somewhere between Spanish jota and cueca. Well, Mario Vargas, who had drunk too much *pernod,* went out to dance alone, encouraged by the enthusiasm of the audience of foreigners. But he found nothing better than to dance the "Cueca del Manco", who was also one-eyed and lame. He put on a patch over one eye, pulled out one sleeve of his jacket, while he picked up and hid one arm. And he danced with a limp. The spectacle was so macabre that I still feel ashamed. The French did not understand anything and very soon stopped the music, so that this "horrible thing would end. In Chile, on the other hand, they would have died laughing. Because ugliness is also the national spirit, perhaps as a necessary counterweight to the unbearable beauty of the nature that surrounds us. Already Keyserling saw it and said it in his great book *"Meditaciories*
South Americans". The least beautiful dance he had ever seen in the world was the cueca, in which the Chilean was alone at his ugliest: fat women -true "barrels with legs"- danced accompanied by cured rotos, kicking the ground and raising clouds of dust. And, amid shouts of "Long live Chile, shit!" (mixing the name of the Fatherland with shit, wrote Keyserling), the Chileans disemboweled each other with knives. … on September 18, the National Day, of course.

And this is not only typical of the lower classes. In India I received the Frenchified poet and surrealist, Enrique Gómez Correa, accompanied by his friend, the lawyer Oyarzún. I took them with me to visit Swami Sivananda in Rishikesh. And in the middle of *As/trom* they started singing cuecas (the one of "Guatón Loyola"). In spite of all my haste, it didn't come to more, because, apparently, the monks and *chelas* believed that they were Chilean *mantras*... How could they imagine anything else?

However, the Chilean changed, assimilated and overcame. A year later Enrique Gómez returned. He was transformed, repentant and interested in everything in India. Now he began to walk on water. First, in the pool of my residence, then in the Ganges. Likewise, separately, Oyarzún returned. And also with a different spirit. He had been secretary to President Gabriel González Videla, and he told me about a curious scene he had witnessed when Jorge Alessandri, future President of Chile, went to present his resignation as Minister of Finance to González Videla, who became furious, shouting at him: "Nobody presents my resignation to me; I ask for it! And you, 'Italian operetero', I'll throw you out; you are fired! Alessandri leaned against the window of the presidential office and began to sob. . . .

The impression that that first trip to Europe made on me, in 1951, only six years after the end of World War II, was described in several articles published in "El Mercu- rio" of Santiago.

I will reproduce below only one of them: "Europe and South America", published in "El Mercurio" of Santiago, October 20, 1951. As in a pilgrimage I went to Berchtesgaden, to Hitler's house, in ruins by the bombings, but not yet completely destroyed. I have said it in volume II of these *"Memoirs"*. It was my uncle Joaquín Fernández y Fernández, at that time Chilean Ambassador to France, who facilitated these trips for me: to Switzerland, for my first meeting with Hermann Hesse, already recounted in "The Hermetic Circle" and also in volume II; to Italy, for my meeting with Giovanni Papini, the beloved writer of my adolescence, in Forte dei Marmi, near Viaregio. This interview was also recounted in an extensive chronicle in the newspaper "El Mercurio", on its Sunday literary page.

*"**EUROPE AND** SOUTH AMERICA"**.**

"If someone were to ask us what, in our opinion, is the difference between Europe and South America, we would have to begin by saying that these continents are two different worlds. There are centuries, there are ages that separate them. And these di[erences are

They also refer to a different structure of the human body that inhabits them and to different stages of human euol ution.

"The first impression of this d ferenc ia was noticed in some of the air, the very atmosphere of Europe. Then, the South American serisibi lity that was there ready to open itself to the pressures and to fulfill everything, free of preJnictos or precorice bídas ideas, but without ceasing to be what it is because it can not, should odmirarse of the joy of things, of the glory and the weight of the cities. Let us try to explain. In Europe, the human spirit has *atrou d the paisaJe, has said its word and has huma rized everything; there is no place, there is no loophole where the human spirit has not already entered and raised its humourous song of glory. In every city, in every cathedral or ruin, there is the history of the furnace, not as an uegetati no entity, but as a* ncclon, *as an es[ueryo, as a drama. If one looks at a stone, one finds in it a trace of history and a reflection of the almo. The old cathedrals, the most ancient cathedrals, are still sustained by a spirit that does not die and that beats oisible and polypable. This is also a burden for that spoiled man who sometimes wants to rest and who cannot, because his things, his high creociories, make him aware of his great responsibility. The man moves sometimes feeling strange, tired already, in that m vseo of the spirit that is Europe, between palaces and ruins, as of seando shake and uoluer to the serious index of the comtermo. "This is the counterweight, the weight of greatness and the final summit of the spirit, which speaks its word and that such a nes rio reriueue. "In Europe even the stones speak a h uma rious language.*

The summits of its mountains are not superb, nor (eroces. They are tamed, shown of suaues bosqnes, of ntenes that seem n mantles of rtoutns, *espoused with the hornbre. the rock that one finds in the path, speaks a language that is not that of the pristine stone and u e r r i ó c u l o , but that is the les gua je of the man that for stglos has been mi rondo that stone. Everything has been human, but not me. Things sedueen and otheren with the energy and joy of the spirit. That is to say, everything is art. To stop in a street to look at it produces aiegrm 2 is* one emotion of *art. The* most *unsuspected* things *can happen. In Porís, the street tables are always free sitting, at any time of the day. It is of its put that people must have in Europe more times than in South America; however, they are just as apt as we are and take the time to come in, to go, at any time of the day. It is the advantage*

of spirit and culture. There one knows how to live and one knows how to die. Of life and death they have made an orte. France is the sweetness, the middle ground; Italy is the glory of light, a museum of centuries under the sun, and it is also the desire for power, the strength of power (but of a conscious, not primordial power) reflected mainly in the greatness of the Vatican. And it is the us of God, in the glory of light, of Fra Angolico, in Florence. The highest tensions and the highest dramas of the spirit are represented by Spain, at one extreme, fanatical and morally generous; and by Germany, at the other, romantic and cosmic, always rising from its ashes, like the Aue Feriix, under a cloudy sky of tragedy.

"This is Europe; its man, its history.

"On the other hand, South America is, for today, Nature alone. The history of South America is that of its cataclysms and earthquakes. Its greatest dramas are not even its resolutions, but the struggles of man against the natural forces. In Europe, one must overhear; in South America, one must learn to overhear. In spite of the harshest climate in the world, there is something there that helps to uinir. Try the many old people in Europe who are often invigorated. Rambion is another maui festation of uida pierced by the spirit, or of the high cultures, the respect for all the ages of the uida and the adm tration for the serene ancionidad. In Europe, the mature man and woman are appreciated more than the youth: the young woman feels honored to be courted by a man who lives in a **house.** *A woman who has passed her thirtieth birthday is loved more than a young girl who is just starting out in life. The* foriótteo *cult of Youth is typical of peoples still unformed, that uolorizan the hornbrío, for example, not by the real values of the spirit, but by the genetic power, the dark forces of the t(erra still dispersed and untamed. and by the (ormas external and dense of the matter. Europe understands, as does the ancient East, that old age is a great path traversed by a hard r o a d , which is pain and experience. On the other hand, among us, even from a purely physical point of view, or from the point of view of the al imentaciórí, let us say it, the opposite is true. Everything seems to be confined to a few years. In Chile, for example, the almeritos nourish less, and the climate. in epar(ence better than in Europe. is the enemy* of the *horn bre. Folto lo cal and there are many other adverse elements. Our life is also hard and uncompensated. The spirit*

still rio appears and the nat uralesa is uírgen and saluaje. The [babes have nothing to do with man and act ri eri against him. The rocks of the mountains and the rocks of the ua reign, and it is only the lion's voice and uernóculo of their unknown gods that is often heard in the great deserts. All the work of the furnace is at last to be done. And, in this struggle, it is the human being who loses. The irimigration is *only a refreshing force in the unequal combat with this hostile world.*

"It is only a momentary and material aid; but it does not solve the deeper problem, which is of a different nature and of a more complex and subtle kind. For these and several other reasons, the Hunger, in South America, is not yet more Syrian than uegeta. Because in addition there is a psychic, ose ure, which pulls towards ahaJo and defeat. Here it *is difficult to curl up encouragement or love. The motor forces are the negat ives of enuidia, or revenge. And the end result is the climate of sadness and bitterness.*

"For all these reasons, South America is an enormously tough continent. It is a continent for supermen and for conquerors. For the conquest of the todanian is not yet over, and its most important part is still to be accomplished: the spiritual training and the iiiferprefocton *of the paesaJe. For now, in this igriotic world, death is at every step. And the worst death, that of the elm. In order to survive, a man has to create his own world and, with great individual effort, be able to reach even the private world of the spirit.*

"In South America it is personal labor, solitary and secluded worship. However, this work and this effort are the best post bi- lity that our continent offers as compensation: only a few bakeries could offer here a truly pro[uri¡ble and solitary existence, almost mythical and religious, as the best way to overcome the adverse death.

"We believe that the latter, the summit of the spiritual existence of the human being on earth, however strange it may seem, must be very difficult to reach in the present day of Europe. Because introversion has to be very much and very *much enculturated by the seduction of the external and of the kind and humanized environment. The external seduces in Europe, unlike in South America, where the concrete world is hostile. There, the spirit is already obJeti ned, eri things, and is the spirit of the generations that preceded it. The furnace, which in addition has made an art of the exterior uiui r,*

If the environment is not well known, one could spend one's life taken by that which is outside, between/within *the environment, which has been shaped by the spirit of the past and no longer has the courage to move inward, where something is still moving, in order to recreate and recreate the world again. Herein lies the danger. For there is nothing more difficult than the great effort we have to make to find ourselves in the depths of our own solitude.*

"The world, in general, is already depopulated of furnaces, as they once existed in the great and remote times. In Europe, it is its hollows, its ***arenas,*** *its palaces and its ruins. In South America it is the grandiose and solitary nature. You will see if for this reason it will be easier for them to reappear here than there. "The man is born and grows from his own and already lost heart. And the salt of the dead fat nes rio proue nga so much of a nnena theory, of a nnena religious or economic conception,*

as of *the appearance of a river furnace.*

"The truth is that for the time being it is necessary to have a lot of pain and the employment of cori cators to continue in South America".

"Panagra, where he worked, was associated with Panair do Brasil, a Brazilian airline company. The then President of Chile, Gabriel González Videla, former Ambassador to Brazil, had many friends in that country. "Panagra invited to Chile the president of Panair, Paulo Sampaio, the journalist Asis de Chateubriand and the aviator Anesia Piñeiro Machado. A spontaneous current of sympathy was established between her and me. They invited me to go to their country. Panagra" accepted this invitation, authorizing my trip. That was how I was able to get to know Rio de Janeiro and, what was more important, to fly with Anesia Piñeiro Machado, in those years still close to the Second World War. It was like flying with the German test pilot Hanna Reitsch. That's how I imagined going in that small, two-seater, open cockpit plane with a single propeller. Anesia in the front and me in the back, shouting at each other. We flew over the bay of Rio de la Neiro, over the Sugar Loaf. How could I imagine then that one day I would get to know the German heroine, getting intimate with her, to also try to fly together over the South Pole and penetrate the "Hollow Earth"? That time, with the Brazilian aviatrix, I performed a profoundly symbolic act: I removed from my finger a

beautiful ring with a moonstone and threw it from the plane into the Atlantic Ocean.

That ring had belonged to the Chilean poet Teresa Wilms Montt, who took her own life in Paris, one Christmas many years ago. It had been given to me by her daughter, Silvia Balmaceda, as beautiful as she was.

I thus returned to the sea, to the depths of the Collective Unconscious, where she is, that jewel she loved, belonging to her now forever and ever.

The presidency of Gabriel González Videla came to an end and, with it, the radical decade in Chile. A new president had to be elected. The former Nazis supported Mr. Jaime Larraín García Moreno, farmer and aristocrat, by his "thirty-three sides". He was also a nationalist and founder of the Agrarian-Labor Party, to which René Arriagada, Mario Montero, Sergio Onofre Jarpa, Alejandro Hales and my brother, Diego, among others, became members. However, the candidate would have to be elected in a Convention of the Right-wing Parties, the Liberal and the Conservative, to which the Agrarian-Labor Party was now added. I had no intention of participating in that Convention. Furthermore, I was then leaving on my first trip to Europe. I asked Carlos Brunson to represent me. And he agreed, as a delegate, to support Don Jaime. The other right-wing candidate, for the Liberal Party, was Arturo Matte, son-in-law of Arturo Alessandri Palma. I remember visiting Ladislao Errázuriz Lazcano, father of the current Senator Francisco Javier Errá zuriz ("Fra-Frá"), one day, to ask him for economic support for Don Jaime's candidacy and our activities in his favor. He was kind, although it did not seem to me that he] was going to support him. He was with Matte. However, he gave me five thousand pesos, which was a lot in those years. He was in charge of the Campaign Fund.

And I left for Europe.

Upon my return I learned what could have been predicted before: the Convention elected Arturo Matte, a businessman. Once again, and as always, the Chilean right wing was bent on money, with total faith in its omnipotent power. And, once again, it was half wrong, as before with Ross Santa María and very recently, with Büchi, Pinochet's former Minister of Finance. I learned

of the loss of Don Jaime upon my return. I immediately went back to Ladislao Errázuriz and returned the money, which we were no longer going to use. I still remember his surprise. This was an unusual gesture in political campaigns. He looked at me as if I were from another world, and silently kept the money. If it had not been for the difference in age (which was not so great) and ideological conceptions, a sincere friendship would have been born right there.

In that presidential election there were three candidates: Arturo Matte, for the Right; Pedro Enrique Alfonso, of the Radical Party, for the Left, and General Carlos Ibáñez del Campo, eternal "independent". Sergio Onofre Jarpa, René Arriagada and Jorge González von Marées himself went with Matte. Mr. Jaime Larraín also went with him. A big mistake, in my opinion. He should have stayed on the sidelines. Alejandro Hales supported Ibáñez. I could not do it, I felt the same scruples as I did in the past against González von Marées, because of the death of my friend Barreto. Now it was the sixty murdered in the Seguro Obrero. However, Óscar Jiménez went with Ibáñez. If he did it, how could I refuse? But I had a hard time making up my mind. I had attacked Ibáñez very harshly and, in the "Patitas de Chancho" plot, I had accused him of being directly guilty, together with Alessandri Palma, of the death of the Nazis, by betraying them, leaving them alone in the adventure. Don Tobías Barros Ortíz, a great Ibanista, had told me one day: "Look, what you have said publicly about General Ibóñez is not right. When one fights with his wife he can say anything to her; but if he calls her a *whore,* there is no remedy for that...".

Well, I had not gone that far; but none of the three candidates represented me, even though Ibañez had the support of the nationalism of the time behind him. The ex-Nazis were thinking of his first dictatorship and his attempts to implement a different economy, as well as his hatred of the radicals and the economic right.

There were attempts on the left to support him, even in the Communist Party. And Carlos Ibáñez del Campo always had sympathies for the socialist Raúl Ampuero, whom he respected, as I did. Jorge Prat also supported Ibáñez. And Jorge Prat, in the end, was a fascist. His magazine "Estanquero" marked a whole era in Chile.

With Don Francisco Antonio Encina, at the famous meeting at his estate "El Durazno". Photo taken by Mario Vargas Rosas.

The Grace firm was in the hands of American Catholic Jesuits. And it should remain so. Peter Grace was a Catholic. At least once a year he visited Chile. Today "Panagra" has disappeared. A mysterious director of Grace in those years was Raúl Simón, I believe an engineer by profession, but better known for his *hobby* of writing short and humorous vignettes, little aphorisms, in the newspaper "El Mercurio", which his daughter tried to continue years later. Simon was spoken of in "Grace" almost in hushed tones, as someone who wielded a dangerous power, although no one knew what his job really was. Brunson once told me that he devoted himself to "thinking," in his small, secluded office. And for this he was paid large sums and was powerful. He would belong to the "elite".

In the short time that I was in the company I worked intensely, also "thinking", imagining things and "even- tos", with the support of my friends in the press, as a partner. For example, once important North American journalists visited Chile, I organized a great country lunch at the "El Durazno" estate of the historian Francisco Antonio Encina, without costing a cent to "Panagra" and with the attendance of important politicians, among them Mr. Jaime Larraín. At that lunch everything was discussed, even the atomic bomb. And don

Francisco Antonio Encina said that he had invented it. I believe this was even published in "The *Neui Yorh Times".*

For "thinking" so much and organizing so much, I also thought it was time for me to be paid a better salary (as always, capitalist exploitation i s hopeless). I went to Brunson, to no avail. Then, I decided to visit the "mysterious power". I crossed the barrier and reached Raul Simon, in his small naked room, with nothing but a chair and a writing paper. And there he was alone and meditating. I think he would also be curious to meet me and that's why he received me. However, his thoughts were too high to care and not even understand about a pay raise, especially if it was for someone else. Let's say better, for someone other than himself.

In short, it failed to bring him out of his "ecstasy".

And I returned to Brunson, now with my resignation.

Blanca Luz Brum, his wife, told me afterwards that this had been a good lesson for that "General Manager", since no one had ever resigned from him like that.

Carlos Brunson was a good person, spoiled by capitalism. However, he died in misery and only assisted at the end by the great Blanca Luz, who took him to die on her Island of Juan Fernandez.

And I was left back at home, with my wife and three children, no job and no money.

That afternoon I went to Irene, who was still alive, and told her about my decision. She showed great concern for me. And she told me: "I will help you...".

And I'm sure it was.

* * a

Mauricio Mena was dying. He had cancer. We went to see him. On his sickbed he recommended us: "Support General Ibáñez". And he was saying it, who during the massacre of Seguro Obrero was imprisoned and, from his cell, sent the following poem to his children, when he believed he would also be assassinated:

"LETTER TO MII Hi'rOP MAURICIO, MANUEL FRANCISCO USARA AND MERCEDES MENA CRUZAT".

"Quirihue, September 30, 1938.

"If our father was a prisoner
and was in a very cold cell,
If you are now far away
Reduced ert *the sawmills,*
Do not think that it is because
of bad swimming, thieving, or
rhythm/ion,
It is because he has always
desired more justice and more
goodness, It is because he
loves the poor.
And those who are healthy,
cheerful, healthy and strong
F *not hungry and mealy-mouthed.*

"It is this, dear children,
The cause of my
misfortune, It is also this
the treasure I would
bequeath to you.' Love to
*your seme)*artes*, As Christ*
preached;
Love that reaches the soul to
sacrifice ç u a l o r .

"Love without selfish look
without asking sirius to
deliver,
Love that appeases hatred
and all discomfort.

"When you are big 2 strong And I
... maybe where I am,
R e m e m b e r our father.
Like me... the one I left".

This poem was given to me personally by his daughter Mercedes, after reading volume II of these *"Memoirs"*. If I had known it before, I would have included it there.

At Mauricio's death, I remembered at his funeral some verses by Rosamel del Valle: *"How we fall from the skin* of how *we die"*... and by Rilke: *"What else do you want, oh my knot, but to make yourself inu(sible within us? Only what is inside truly exists..."*.

Irene had already left. With her mother we walked along the paths of the mountains, reading *"Requiem"* **and** ***"Duino's Elegies".*** Until the *"Mensa je de la Estrella",* I was helpless, lost.

And the Master said to me: "You have a Mission to fulfill. A Mission that I am going to entrust to you. Therefore, support Ibaíiez...".

* * *

Yes, but how to do it?

I am walking down Huérfanos Street and suddenly I meet Juan Casanova Vicufia, brother of Mariano, the musician and director of the choirs of the "Movimiento Nazista". He stops me, takes me by the arm and asks me:

"-What are you doing nowadays?". "-

Nothing," I say. "I've quit my job."

"-Great, great!" he exclaims. "I have something for you. ..".

And without letting go of my arm, he turns around and practically drags me down that same street, or another, I can't quite remember, to an old house with a wooden gate. We enter a large courtyard, cross it and he opens a door to a large room, inside of which there is a man standing, looking at us strangely. It is Ibáñez. General Carlos Ibáñez.

He pushes me to the front. And he says: "Here you have Miguel Serrano! He is coming to work with us, in his presidential campaign... !".

GENERAL IBAIEZ

Today I think (I have not done so seriously until now): this was not accidental, it could not have been. *Allouine* did it from the other side, from that strange, mysterious place of the dead. And my Master

and the Masters of my Master, so that I could realize that *Mission,* of which I was still unaware.

Nicolás Palacios says that the surname Ibáñez is actually Evans, Irish. It is pronounced "ivans" and derived in "Ibáñez", during the Colony. An Irishman arrived in Chile and created a town with the great number of his sons, all Evans; that is to say, Ibañez.

And now I was there, standing in front of the great Evans, General Carlos Ibáñez del Campo, an enigma, a *Mohai.*

I think I have said it somewhere in these *"Memoirs":* I do not pay attention to the details of a face, of a physical body, or of objects, I do not see them. However, I am able to recognize someone wherever I am and without the impediment of the years. Because I have *seen* something more of him; that which does not change; not his I, but his *Him.* Also now my relationship is established there, in the personal, in what does not change. Of course this does not happen to me with everyone. Only with some or very few people: with General Ibáñez! Of him I do not remember neither the color of his eyes, nor details of his face; but the impression was very vivid and intense. Profound, I would say. A great being, who would make my destiny come true. She had very fine and delicate hands, that I *do* remember. We looked at each other's essences, without seeing each other there, standing in front of each other. And beyond what we could say, a pact was sealed in the imperishable, that surpasses the life of a man.

"I am going to gather around you all the intellectuals of Chile," I declared.

And so I did: on the front page of "El Mercurio" I published a letter supporting his candidacy. It was signed by the best known writers in Chile; I brought them all together and also personalities of the national scene, even the director of the newspaper, Rafael Maluenda, and Mrs. María Luisa Budge, widow of Agustín Edwards MacClure and mother of Agustín Edwards Budge, the owner at that time. It was a great blow. On the side of Arturo Matte, the liberal-conservative candidate, the writer and literary critic Ricardo Latcham, whom I had known as a socialist some ten years before, also tried to bring together the intellectuals and failed. At the same time, I devoted myself to give radio lectures against usurious capitalism and stock speculation in the stock market, focusing the attack on Osvaldo de Castro, one of the mainstays of t h e Matte campaign.

I gathered all my nationalist friends, among them Roberto Otaegui, and introduced them to the General. Roberto followed him until he heeded the advice he gave to his people, at the end of his term of office, to support Salvador Allende. And that was how this excellent writer, the only one to whom I have given a prologue in my life, disappeared in the fog of Allende's fall, which he made his own, without cause or reason, in the Military Coup of 1973.

Jorge Prat Echaurren, Sergio Recabarren, Luis Correa Prie-. to, Guillermo Izquierdo Araya, Marco Antonio Salum, Alejandro Hales, all of them were with Ibáñez and, at some point, participated as Ministers, with greater or lesser fortune. Guillermo Izquierdo was a senator, Antonio Salum, a congressman. I remember trying to bring Neruda to the General. He would do what the Communist Party told him to do. I went to his house in Los Guindos. And there I met "Hormiguita", his fine and distinguished wife. I met her only once and, in the twilight of the years that have passed, I remember that encounter as something beautiful and pleasant. Vicente Huidobro was always an Ibanista and, had he been alive, I would have supported him.

Carlos Orrego, "Pincho" Ojeda, Arturo Lamarca Bello, don Edecio Torreblanca, my friend Mario Vergara Parada, the director of the magazine "Sea", noble and loyal people, were also with the General, like Oscar Jimenez, the beloved fighter, the man without rest. Together we attended a meal one day at the General's house on Dublé Almeyda Street. They talked animatedly and, amidst laughter, they remembered when, for the coup of September 5, 1938, the General gave a machine gun to the Nazis. Differences and recriminations had been forgotten. A new adventure was underway. Jimenez, like Otaegui, supported Salvador Allende, also following the General's advice.

But my companion, with whom I collaborated most closely, despite the age difference, was Arturo Lamarca Bello, grandson of don Andrés Bello and cousin of the writer Joaquín Edwards Bello. He was a great gentleman, in the style of the cultured gentlemen of other times, gambler in European casinos, like his cousin, brave, in love and adventurous. He died in his law, of a heart attack, at the entrance of the casino of Viña del Mar, many years later.

At his uncle's house, Don Emilio Bello Codesido, where he lived, we gave a reception for the General. He provided the house and the menu and I provided the attendance of writers and two beauties of the time: Silvia Balmaceda and Gloria Lynch. The General was very happy.

Strange and mysterious being! Being a military man, like General Pinochet, how different they were! In what? I couldn't say. I remember a popular meeting, an assembly in a factory. The workers were standing in rows, waiting. Someone made a speech. Then Ibanez spoke. A few words. He was not an orator; but, in any case, he was understood; he modulated, he spoke in Spanish. I dedicated myself to observe the public, the workers. Near me there was a young woman, all in black, very beautiful, a worker. I noticed that she had a serious and concentrated gesture, as if of contempt and perhaps hatred for the speaker, who had not paid attention to her for a moment, because she had her back to him.

The rally ended, General Ibañez stepped down from the podium and, without looking at anyone, headed for the door. Well, the only person he said goodbye to, extending his hand, was that woman. I see her face surprised, relaxed, illuminated... That woman voted for him!

It was not yet customary in Chile for a man to greet any woman with a kiss. This ridiculous, effeminate and, in my opinion, vexatious way of greeting women was imposed by the military (by Pinochet) after the 1973 coup d'état. In such a way that General Pinochet, in each of his tours around the country, from north to south, gave five thousand kilometers of kisses. Ibañez only shook hands with women. And not to all of them, as we saw.

What made him make that gesture?

His *El,* his *Angel,* too.

I was told that one day he was driving his car and stopped to fill up at a gas station. The man who served him was very kind, recognizing him. As he was leaving, the General's companion suggested that he give him a tip. Ibanez replied: "Don't get them used to it badly".... He turned to the employee and only said: "Thanks, man!". The latter remained static, with a smile of infinite gratitude, happy, because he had received something far superior to money.

Thus, I was sure that a being like that could not lose and that he would win by far. On the day of the election, I phoned Mr.

Jaime Larraín and assured him that he would win by a difference of

two hundred thousand votes. He did not believe me. I also talked to journalist Dario Saint Marie and he confirmed the same thing. He had sided with Matte, in spite of having been a former Ibañista. Smoking one cigarette after another (at that time he smoked and drank like a convict), he gave me to understand that he also suspected it and justified himself with bitterness, telling me: "I am here because of Jaime Larraín; I came with him together with Matte...".

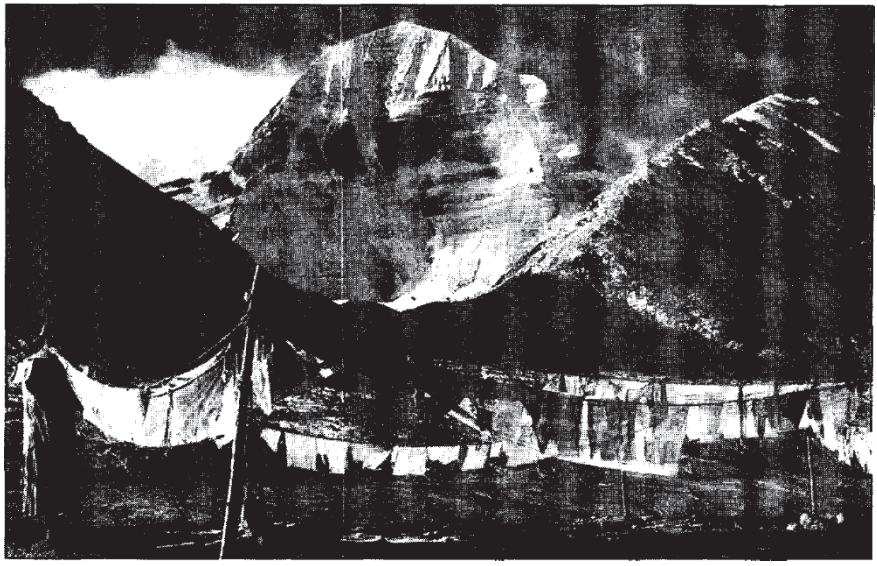
I remember little of that day. We were together with Arturo Lamarca, touring the streets, the secretariats and polling stations in his automobile. Óscar Jiménez led the commandos against bribery. We met in Vicuña Mackenna, in front of a house where a Matte vote buying center had been discovered. Jiménez was preparing an assault when the door opened and a very young boy came out of it and jumped into the street, running at such a speed that any attempt to catch him would be useless. He really was a champion of the hundred-meter dash. I would get the bribe money. With Arturo Lamarca we stared at him in admiration.

When the triumph was known, everything was joy and songs. On a street I found "Pincho" Ojeda, big and strong (he was a former youth boxing champion), hugging Carlos Orrego and lifting him up in the air. Both had tears of joy in their eyes. Carlos Orrego had been imprisoned during the War, for transmitting, with Pedro del Campo, information from his yacht to German submarines. "Finally a triumph!" he exclaimed.

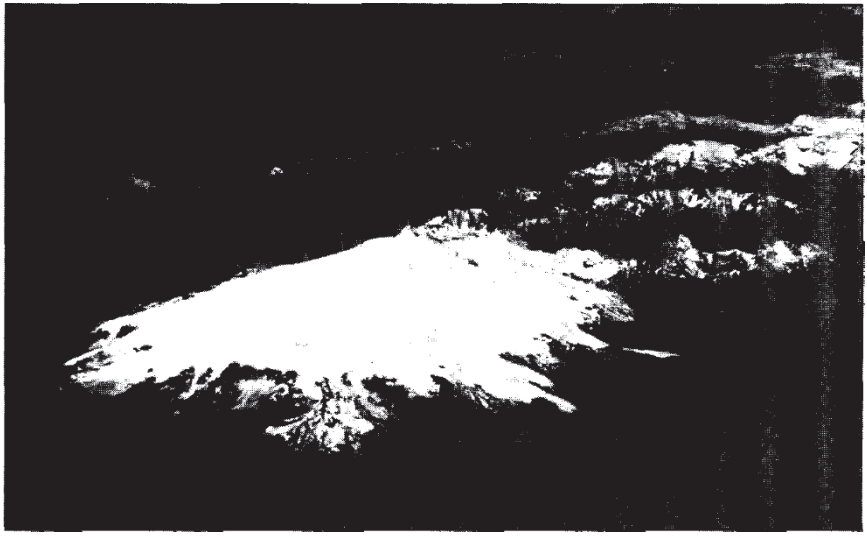
That same night I called again Jaime Larraín, the defeated, and also Darío Saint Marie and assured them of my friendship, beyond that defeat and that triumph, which for me were circumstantial.

* * *

It was only later that I came to learn what the triumph of General Carlos Ibáñez del Campo in the 1952 presidential elections really meant, and the ultimate reason for my support.



Mount Kailas, seat of Siva and his wife Parvati, and also of Buddha, the *liberated one. I* intensively tried to reach this mountain during my ten years of research in India.



Aerial photo of Melimoyu, Sacred Mount of our Patagonia.

THE MISSION

The Master speaks:

"Two are the fundamental principles in the *opus alchimicum,* without which the Great Work will not reach its end: the *corpus suti/* and the *(maginatio.* Also for us, the Magi of the Order. Whenever we 'detach' our *subtle corpus,* we need the *imaginatio.* It is with the *subtle corp us* that I visit the Masters of our Order. As I have already said, they inhabit a subterranean enclosure, inside a Mountain. There they live in cells illuminated by a white light, which is not electricity. You will also remember that I explained to you that I saw Hitler in a subway space almost immediately after the war. And he was alive and with his physical body, in 1945. Now, the center of our Order lies within a Mountain, in the Trans-Himalayas, between Tibet and India. It is Mount Kailas, sacred to Hindus and Buddhists, and there, by Lake Manasarovar, opposite the village of Dirapukh, is the entrance to that Temple and to that subterranean world. I must also tell you that there is a direct connection between the antipodes, between the Kailas and the Melimoyu, the sacred Mount of our Patagonia, the one you saw from the Moraleda Channel, in your navigation towards Antarctica. And that is why Hitler first goes to the polar regions of *Heuschuiabenland* and, from there, penetrates into the Hollow Earth, Interior. From within it is only possible, following a figure-eight current, to project oneself into the stars, which inhabit another dimension-situation. Thus, He is no longer in *Himself,* although He may one day return. In any case, I wish you to go to India, with your physical body and reach the Kailás, as an envoy from the South of the World, from the Polar South, and establish the necessary connection between the Kailás and the Melimoyu and, if possible, find the inner path that unites both sacred summits".

It was for this reason that I had to support Ibanez and that I asked him to send me to India. My first words, when I set foot on that millenary soil, as the Chilean Envoy, and which were reproduced in the Indian newspapers of 1953, were: 'I have to establish the relationship between the Kailas and the Melimoyu". And that is also why, almost

forty years later, I attempted the colonization of this sacred Mount, in our Polar South.

* * *

Subtle corpus, Imaginatio! Indispensable to realize the *opus,* the transformation of the lead body into incorruptible gold and diamond. Immortality with the body of *Vrá ja* red, immortal. The *rubedo.*

* * *

But how difficult it all was! I had to put my imagination and my strongest will to make it happen. Also, as always, events came together to help. The President-elect was not yet in office and already a "shoal" of interested parties were surrounding him to get things, appointments, and another "swarm" was isolating him, to avoid dangerous competitions. The appointments began, the most coveted being the diplomatic appointments. I continued to maintain contacts, although more sporadic, especially through Don Edecio Torreblanca. Many approached me for help; Charles Griffin, for example, the representative in Chile of the *"New* ***York*** *Times Magazine"*. I had known him in my "Panagra" days and now he wanted to meet President Ibañez before he took office. I arranged the interview at his house in Dublé Almeyda, and accompanied him.

The interview must have unfolded in a totally unexpected way. We were shown into a small room, with little furniture. And there the General appeared, very serious and accompanied by another person, whom I also knew: the journalist Aníbal Jara, former director of the newspaper "La Hora", the "Negro Jara", as he was called. *We* sat down and, immediately, the latter began to speak. He was already appointed Ambassador to Washington. Addressing Griffin, he began a request, or rather an "accusation", mixing Spanish with English. He zepzochaba something I did not know, that the *"New York Times"* was attacking President-elect Ibanez. And Jara blamed Griffin, his representative in Chile, accusing him of *unfair* attitude. Griffin was red in the face and didn't even have time to respond, much less me,

I did not open my mouth, because, in addition, they insinuated to us very politely that the interview was over. The General himself, "who had not said a peep," went to see us off at the door.

Needless to say, once on the street, I expressed to Charles Griffin my total surprise and bewilderment at what had happened. And he, I think, believed me.

* * *

However, this was beneficial to me, as I will try to explain.

Mr. Edecio Torreblanca was appointed Minister of Economy in the first Cabinet of the Ibañez Presidency. He was an influential man and a man I trusted. He had really taken me at face value. One day he said to me: "-Mijito" (that's how he spoke), "we have to give you something.... What do you want?

Without hesitation, I replied: "I want to go to India.

He was not surprised, although he remained silent for a while. Then: "-He should be appointed diplomatic representative in that country....

We are going to talk to the President, right now, so that nobody gets ahead of us...! I know where the General is, at a lunch that Lionel Ojeda gives him at his house". (He was not "Pincho", but a Real Estate Broker).

I don't remember exactly, but I think the residence was in Manuel Montt, near Providencia. We arrived when the diners had not yet risen from the table. When the General found out that I was waiting for him, he forgot the rest and came directly to me. With great affection he took me by the arm and led me out into the garden. I understood the cause of this special deference: the embarrassing situation in which I had been placed in his house, during the interview with Charles Griffin. And that is why I said that she also helped me, in spite of everything, and for that very reason. Now, the General wished to undo that impression.

"-What can I do for you?", he said, "How can I help you?".

It was Don Edecio who spoke: "This child wants to go to India...".

The General was silent for a while. Then, looking at me: "And what are you going to do in India? I'll send you anywhere else; to Paris, to London...".

With horror I saw that the possibility could be lost. I concentrated and, in a mysterious tone, I replied: "General, I know that you are very interested in India...".

"I don't believe the Indians! ...!", he replied.

To this day I have never known to which Indians the General was referring, whether to those of India or those of Temuco, the aborigines in our south. On second thought, it must have been the Indians, and his doubts about them, because he met the Indian traders based in Panama, during his stay as military attaché in a Central American country. The Indians sell trinkets and ask for a thousand to leave in ten. It is the millenary game of the caste of the *uaishas,* of the merchants. Whoever does not know them, will consider them scoundrels. And "will n o t believe them...".

A new silence, a smile, and the confirmation: "Well, go to India...".

But it was not so easy. The Minister of Foreign Affairs was Arturo Olavarría ("Pitín"), the same one who, as Minister of the Interior in another government, had taken Jorge González von Marées to the asylum. He had taken a liking to me and, once he had assumed his post, he began to look for me desperately, when he found out that President Ibañez had postponed the signing of the decree appointing me as Chargé d'Affaires in India.

"-You have to do something!" he said. "You have to move, and fast!".

What had happened? He had to find out. Don Edecio could no longer do anything. He was the Minister of Economy and was very busy, besides being surrounded by a group of sycophants who convinced him that he was going to be "the General's successor in the thousand years of Ibafism". For its part, the Presidency was insurmountable. There were Rogelio Cuellar, René Montero and the President's private secretary, his nephew, "Ricardito" Letelier. There was only one way for *me:* Carlos Ibáñez Quiróz, son of the General and faithful friend of his friends. I phoned him to explain what had happened.

"-You come immediately to the Presidency," he told me. "But enter through Morandé 80 (that is, through the side door that then existed). I will be waiting for you.

He took me directly to the President's personal office on the second floor of La Moneda. It was empty.

"My father is not here yet. Let's see if we can find the decree. We'll look for it in his desk...".

He started opening drawers and searching.

"-There's nothing. He's not here," he exclaimed..... 'he'll be here soon and we'll ask him. I hope he doesn't come with a *collar....".*

This meant "in military uniform, turtlenecked and closed". It was known that when he dressed like this he was to be feared, signifying that he was in a bad mood that day.

We saw him coming down the corridor, and he came with a "collar"...!

I don't know what happened to me. As if someone was pushing me, I went straight to meet him, without waiting for his son to do so. And I expressed to him:

"-General, what has happened to my decree?".

He was puzzled.

"-I don't know... Why... What happened?".

His son intervened:

"-We've been told that you haven't signed it..."

"-That can't be...", m urmured.

My friend Carlos took me by the arm and pulled me aside. "-Go away and call me on the phone. I'll take care of this...".

The following had happened: Ricardo Letelier was in charge of passing the appointment decrees to the President for his signature. When it was my turn and he was about to sign, he reminded him that the socialist brother of Dr. Juan Marín, the current Chargé d'Affaires of Chile in India, had asked the General to leave his brother in office. And President Ibañez, instead of signing, wrote in his own handwriting: "Wait". Therefore, Carlos Ibáñez Quiroz recommended me to go to see the Undersecretary of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs on his behalf, Mariano Bustos, and ask him to draw up a new Decree for me, sending it to him personally.

Mariano Bustos was to be appointed Ambassador to Belgium. He received me very well, asking me to help him so that Jaime Larraín, then Senator, would vote in favor of his appointment in

the Senate. At that time, the diplo-

The approval of the Ambassadors had to be approved by the Senate of the Republic.

My friend Carlos personally took the new Decree to his father. He extended it before him, telling him:

"-Sign me, daddy!".

The General signed, replying: "It will bring us complications...". And then, looking at his son: "I wanted to know how good a friend you are to your friends...".

General Carlos Ibáñez del Campo was an introverted man, shy at heart and in his personal relationships. He was **never** heard to say a strong word, a rude word, so common in the barracks. **However,** his reactions were unpredictable, unexpected and to be feared. His sense of humor was also unique, absolutely special. Very distrustful, at the slightest suspicion of a collaborator's infidelity he would get rid of him, without any deference, with a "kick". For this reason he was nicknamed "the horse", and his "kicks" became famous, like the one he gave to Don Edecio Torreblanca, his friend of so many years, using the most biting of his **ironies,** or sarcasm. It happened, as we have said, that Don Edecio, Minister of Economy, was surrounded by flatterers and people of little importance, who tried to convince him that he would be the successor of the General (in "the thousand years of Ibañismo"). And this reached the President's ears. He prepared, then, the big "kick". And in his style. As **Minister** of Economy, Don Edecio needed to see the President; but there was no case, he did not receive him. Until one day he met him at an official reception. Don Edecio approached him and spoke to him: "-President, I have been trying for a long time to be received by the President. ba... It seems that he was no longer your Minister. ..".

And the President: "That's what they're saying out there, man...".

The next day Don **Edecio** Torreblanca was no longer the Minister of Economy. The General had kicked him out... with a "kick"...

Something similar happened to Jorge Prat in the Ministry of Finance, in spite of his achievements. He had surrounded himself with young and capable nationalist collaborators. Someone said

"that it was Oliveira Salazar and Ibáñez, General Carmona". .. This was enough. And he threw him out.

For the same reason, Ibañez abandoned the Nationalists on September 5, 1938. If the coup had succeeded, only the Gods know what would have happened next. The clash with Jorge González von Marées was inevitable. The Archetype was given in Getulio Vargas, with the "Integralists", of Plinio Salgado; in Antonescu, with the "Iron Guard", of Condreanu; in Franco, with the "Falange", of José Antonio Primo de Rivera. The case is also repeated with Pinochet and the Chilean nationalists. The psychology, the mentality of the professional military (an Iiberal career), has nothing to do with that of the truly revolutionary and idealistic ideologist. The military also betrayed Hitler and Mussolini. It is quite possible, and perhaps it is, that in his first government Ibañez wanted to "change the world, change things" in Chile, like Peron in Argentina. And he failed. I was a very young boy and I vaguely remember the revolt of the money interests that brought him down in his dictatorship, mobilizing the students, with the slogans "for freedom". And I still see the cavalry charges in the streets, lance at the ready and young people rolling on the ground. Ibañez abdicated and went into exile in Buenos Aires. This must have marked him deeply, because, many years later, when he was again democratically elected by the people, who wanted a firm hand, as in the past, he did the opposite. He had been honest and honest. For this he was accused of being a fool. Now he let steal and maybe he stole. And they declared him bi1 and intelligent. One day he told me. I was visiting Chile from India, on vacation. We had had lunch in La Moneda, in a small private room, with a small group of trusted people, among them the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Osvaldo Saint Marie. I had brought him a Chinese ivory figure as a gift. As we said goodbye, he took me by the arm with affection, saying to me: "Why did you bother to bring me this gift, coming from so far away...?".

And then, adding to the lunch conversation: "-You know, in my first presidency I wanted to do something ... but .... here you can't... No one will change things ... . It is the 'weight of the night. . .".

And there was sadness in his expression, weariness.

Perhaps, later in this book, I will have the opportunity to relate that very special meal, there, in La Moneda, with this President who distinguished me in this way, with that confidence, at the end of his time. Also the affection, the preference that he showed to his son, his son's son.

Carlos, from his first marriage, was because he had to stay here in Chile and, being almost a child, he suffered the mistreatment that people gave him for being the son of the "murderous dictator. . . There was a kind of remorse that made him unable to deny him anything. To come to the point: my appointment in India. And then my promotion to ambassador. The "archetype" already described, of the military man suspicious of the idealist, the revolutionary and the ideologist, also contributed. Ibañez knew my magazine "La Nueva Edad", from the war years, as well as my intervention and declarations in the "Complot de las Patitas de Chancho", referred to in volume II of these *"Memoirs"*. .. The farther away I was, the better .... *"Go to India!"*

I am sure that something similar happened to me several years later, when Jorge Alessandri Rodriguez, son of the victimizer of the Chilean Nazis, was elected President. He was asked to remove me from the Indian Embassy. He refused, on the grounds of my efficient service. He thought, perhaps, of the seriousness of turning me against him, remembering precisely my quarrel with his father.

In India one day I met Colonel Tassara (later promoted to General). He was Chile's representative in the United Nations Observer Delegation for the Indo-Pakistani conflict in Kashmir. He told me his reasons for choosing that post: "General Ibáñez offered me the directorship of the Military School in Santiago. I declined, asking him to send me to Punta Arenas, in the far south... . As far away as possible, because I am also a cavalryman and I know that one should not stand n e a r the horse's legs.... Farther still is India...".

With this laddish wisdom, General Tassara would become the Head of the United Nations Mission in Kashmir, replacing the Australian General Nimo, and placing the Chilean flag at the t o p o f the Headquarters building.

"Pitín Olavarría did not last long as Minister of Foreign Affairs; he was replaced by an ex-military man, Oscar Fener, who in turn left to make way for Tobías Barros Ortiz, a brilliant Ambassador to Hitler's Germany and a former Ibañista. His tenure was not long either. We were very close friends.

Almost all men are a mystery, especially when it comes to the expressions of their souls, or the workings of their minds. It is more noticeable, of course, if they come into power; the Supreme Power, which is never fully so, or when they sit in the

armchair, or "throne of the Ruler". There it seems as if something is transmitted to them, a spirit, tradition, or a certain "thing" that is incarnated in them. And they are no longer so simple, nor purely human. The case of Ibáñez, in Chile, or of Pinochet himself, is to be observed and, if possible, to be understood? And all the others, without excluding Alessandri Palma himself. They concern me and I will try, if possible, to analyze them through these pages, if Fate allows me to do so. In India, it was my turn to receive the Bolivian Governor Paz Estensoro, who had invited President Ibañez to his country. At a public demonstration in Bolivia, the place was filled with banners alluding to the conflictive situation with Chile. Ibañez, pretending not to understand, asked Paz what it was all about. And he told him he explained:

"-They ask for a port."

Ibanez replied:

"-And why do they want port if they have no sea?".

Outbursts like this were common in him. As when, in response to a peroration of mine on the destiny of Chile in the Pacific Ocean, the sea of the future, indicated by the possession of Easter Island, he replied: "Easter Island? It is useless, I am going to sell it...".

0 when he interrupted Perón, on his visit to Chile, after the triumph in the presidential election. Perón came as if he were the triumphant winner. He was handing out bills to "the starving" from the windows of the train carrying him. He spoke of tanks and armaments. Ibañez told him: "General, let's not talk about those things. The tanks are provided by us, the Chileans".

That was Ibáñez. At the end of his days, a subtle and delicate relationship had been established between us … . "Because in the heart of that General there was also room for a poet", as the French Ambassador to Afghanistan, Cristián Belle, told me one day in India, referring to De Ga ulle and his dealings with André Malreaux.

Ibañez was always interested in intellectuals and writers. Vicente Huidobro was a supporter of his. Ibañez sent Neruda to the Orient and organized a national homage to Gabriela Mistral in Chile. When she left again abroad, to take charge of her Honorary Consulate, he saw her off in Valparaiso, accompanying her to the deck of the ship. There he put money in her coat pocket, telling her: "For the expenses you may have on

board, Gabriela...". He also helped Benjamín Subercaseaux, in

his last days, appointing him "Inspector of Quartermasters". Finally, he sent me to India.

No other military ruler has done this. Neither Perón, nor Franco, nor Pinochet. Except De Gaulle, and Ibáñez.

During the Pinochet government, the writer Inostrosa, author of the novel "Farewell to the Seventh Line", was absurdly put to work collecting Marxist documents. The great chronicler, Enrique Bunster, was given absolutely nothing, dying in misery. The painter Julio Escámez had his mural erased from the Municipality of Chillán,

My gratitude to General Carlos Ibáñez del Campo is profound, for he made it possible for me to try to fulfill the "Mission" I had been entrusted with in India.

HACIA LA INDIA

I was dismissed in the Aula Magna of the University of Chile. Santiago del Campo was in charge of the speech. I spoke in a low, almost inaudible voice.

I was also feted by the *"Sudha Dharma Mandaba", an* esoteric organization, which maintained contacts with India, where the

was directed by a "guru" named Jadardanan. In Chile, it was run by Sadhi Guzman, a special character, who worked as a cashier at the Santiago Gas Company. One day I went there to pay a late bill and had to queue in a line before getting to the cashier. From

I left for India at a very young age.

Soon, the cashier looked at me and I saw how a light was projected from his head and from his eyes, enveloping him. This strange phenomenon lasted only an instant. I paid and left. It was Sadhi Guzman.

I was offered a dinner at the institution's headquarters. Mrs. Marta Ide, widow of President Juan Antonio Ríos, was present. I was accompanied by Elena Larraín, Don Jaime's daughter. I was asked to visit Master Jadardanan in India, in Madras, where the *"Sudha Dharma-Mandaba"* center was located.

The critic Alone, Hernán Díaz Arrieta, also had contact with this organization and told me about it and its director, Sadhi Guzmán.

During those days, I met and became friends with a good friend: Humberto Cantuarias, Secretary General of the Comptroller of the Republic, interested in India and fond of spiritualism, as was the future Comptroller Enrique Silva Cimma, Mason, friend of the medium and lawyer Jaime Galté, to whom I have referred at length in volume I of these *"Memoirs"*. Cantuarias helped me a lot and was a faithful friend, as we shall see.

In those years, India was a very distant and mysterious world, not only for us in Chile. Few books were circulating to tell us about it. Dr. Juan Marín had written about Tibet ("El Desconocido Tibet"), based on the works of Alejandra David Neil. D'Halmar produced his beautiful book "The Shadow of the Smoke in the Mirror" and the Theosophical Society of Santiago made known "The Secret Doctrine", by Blavatsky. It was sold by the bookstore "Orientalista", of Don Zacarías Gómez.

I would say that India was spoken of in hushed tones and among initiates, who also knew very little about it. Traveling there was not easy. The Chilean Diplomatic Representation had the rank of Legation and was served by a Chargé d'Affaires, with the rank of Minister Counselor. Before Juan Marín, there was Garretón Walker, a Christian Democrat of the time, who was compromised in a gold smuggling case and was sent to prison in that country, since his uncle, the Minister of Foreign Affairs of President González Videla, Mr. Horacio Walker Larraín, dismissed him, thus removing his diplomatic immunity. Garretón had as his secretary in the Legation Juan **José** Latorre, son of the Admiral, the old friend from our childhood, in Playa Ancha, in Valparaíso, linked to the family of my grandmother Manterola. Now he never tired of advising me and warning me of the

dangers of India and of the care that I had to take of my grandmother's family.

The diplomats were the most exposed to the temptations of smuggling. Diplomats were the most exposed to the temptations of smuggling.

Yes, in truth, India came to open up and lose its mystery only in the sixties, after my departure, with the arrival of the *Beatles*. Then, it became vulgarized. It lost its political projection with the disappearance of the Nehru family; its cosmic projection, I would dare to say.

* * *

Valparaíso was then a point of departure rather than arrival. My ancestor, Don José Paramó, left from there and never returned. From there I left for Antarctica in 1947. And in 1953, to India, in an English passenger ship: "The Queen of the Pacific". I was going to cross two canals and a strait, before reaching my destination; the Panama, Gibraltar and Suez. The "Queen of the Pacific" would only go as far as Southampton, from there to Bombay it would be the company "P. & 0." would be in charge of transporting us.

In Santiago, before embarking, I went to the cemetery with my little daughter and picked a flower from a grave, which would accompany me to India. On the dock were my wife, my brother Diego and my children. I was to go alone, to arrange for my stay and lodgings in an unknown and difficult country, where there was no one to receive me, for my predecessor had already departed and had no secretary. My wife waved a white handkerchief, my brother strolled along the quay. My eldest son, almost by the water, clinging to a pillar, was saying to me. *"Don't* go, Dad... .".

Then the ship moved away, farther and farther, farther and farther, until the people on the sea were only small, indistinguishable pieces.

Such are the farewells on this earth. Absurd things "a tale told by an idiot". Whether by ship, by train, or by plane. The physical body vanishes, disappears. And although it may seem a contradiction, it is only the body that departs in those contraptions, because the soul stays behind, or leaves on foot; it does not arrive at the same time as the body. For the one who does not depart, the one who stays behind, the thing is different, neither the soul nor the body leaves. He does not understand anything, he

cannot understand. The soul is left on a thread.

I think, how would the games be in Hyperborea, when the bodies were not so materialized? Surely, as in the

"Mystery of the Eucharist", where we are informed that in each piece of the Host (round like an *Onni)* is the whole Christ. The one who stayed and the one who left, in truth, were not separated, they remained united, although apart. United and separated forever. Only with extreme "physicalization" does this disaster come about. And there is no way out, but only going further and further forward... Until shipwrecked at sea, like don José Paramá, or shipwrecked here on earth, like his wife... "Oh Captain, my Captain!

* * *

"He who cleans the world," said Omar Cáceres. I do not understand this. "To depart is to die a little"; this I do understand. I understood it as I went sailing over the enormous Ocean, as if through the Collective Unconscious. "To die is to go to the Collective Unconscious," Hermann Hesse had told me. To lose oneself there, in the deep sea. "To return one day to the forms, to the form...". Someday I would find my wife and children again, somewhere else, in India.... And Irene? Where?

Peeking from time to time through the window of my cabin, I looked out into the "Collective Unconscious".... . and I would see the waves rising up, coming together and getting lost.... That was "her", that was "me"..... "*As in the immense sea one timber joins another, only to separate, so is the meeting of the creatu rs..." (Bagabhat Gita).*

On the small table in the cabin I had placed the picture of *Af/ouine.* I opened my book "Antarctica and Other Myths" and read in its last pages a poem by the bard Olen, composed for *Argos,* the second hyperborean priestess of Apollo, on the island of Delos, in ancient Attica:

EL REGRESO DE LOS HIELOS

"I can hardly remember how long ago the departure was! And the one who departed filled ***other eyes and other dreams.*** *Oh,* ***victim of*** *your* ***own*** nature, ***how many roads, how many latitudes! Do you even remember*** *the day, the hour when the sea raged, when the waves* ***rose and the roaring wind transformed your*** *name? Later, in the origins of the earth, there was another departure, - someone* ***let fall tears of*** *worlds and* ***fingers of light*** *in.ferrite were*

separated from yours. Those fingers were subtle and eternal; from then on they remained apart from yourself, around you, inui sible. Collapse after collapse, the niaJe continues. Every effort you make for yourself must take you further and further down. There, on a red horizon above the sea, drifting white flotsam. They are dead and cold and coming down from that part of the uriiuerso where the sea meets the stars. For you must know that there are beings and knots that still r e m a i n in the region of uncreated light, beyond existence, at the limit and on the edge of all departures. They look at you with their iceberg eyes with their white souls and watch your path. They saw you coming so close and then they watched you leave. They thought perhaps that they were going to incorporate yourself into the icy ontasms, the roar of the in enite waters, the distant fleets of silent floats. And you were on the verge, if not for your troubled heart that i s mistaken at every step and that stretches out its hands of excited blood, affirming itself in everything that still belongs to it. He also remembers the departure with a celestial voice, he has the certainty of the fingers of light and pushes his companion the soul towards the terrifying places where everything is transformed. We sail on rails in the dark, over dark precipices, on the edge of abysses. z Who has preserved our life? z Who has detected our collapse? let us search! Anchors, hearts, trembling hands were stretched out. I didn't want to die yet, I got my soul out of the cold and understood my *tears, my whole personality, all my longing before leaving. It was a mensaJe thrown into the heart of the world, the very center of human pain. It was a rope that, unwinding itself, held us together with all that we abandoned. Life always fulfills our innermost desires. Everything is within us, and from there, as from an inexhaustible bosom, emerges the shape of things. The drama of light and shadow, the existence of heaven and love, are solved in intimate places.* You will *see that the mystery surrounds you forever and that your thought and your word become a fountain of water! You will be the creator of the dead and the resporisabl ity of everything that happens will only be you already.*

"Why are you surprised then if a crystalline bell begins to beat the sky and its echoes have broken the glass inside your heart? What wounds so tender and sonorous begin to cover you!

Are they wounds that come from afar, or are they ntejas wounds that open? The silver metal of your blood drips delicate stalactites?

the wounded. Do not interrurn them, my son, let the wounds grow, for everything must grow. Only one thing you do not know: you will either look at the wound from the outside, as one looks at the dream of a man lying on the r o a d s i d e , or you will throw yourself into it, as into the very crater of the night! Then you would fall headlong a t breakneck speed. And everything would repeat itself like the first time in history. I could follow you and I would see you descend with your feet upwards, looking at the bottom of the water of an unsinkable [nente. You can do it, if you want, nothing is forbidden to you, and all the rivers are your sons and daughters. In the Great Way you can climb to the top of the ice, where there are heroes in white robes, or dive into the depths of the dark waters, where whales await you. In the depths of your wilderness you will inhabit mysterious cities, dense wildernesses, ignored histories, of a conuulse red color. How few get there and can travel the ancient currents of the waters, which fill t h e oases with a mad and intense hidden fire! In this drama, in this irialterable adventure, you may lose more than life, you may lose your tenderness, you may lose y o u r motherland. But do not tremble, for eternity recovers you. While you dream, I wait for you and I keep in my mirrors the memory of your image. If ever you should return, sunny run of the waters, you will find yourself on the edge of the [nente, (riclinado, para lo ner tu caerpo con *rriis lágrimas y lloror Juntos lo olegrío de t u u uuelta. Ah, I will be on the threshold of a new uida, with my arms crossed to embrace you!*

'W in this mysteri osa h(storia [undamerital uri meeting has taken place.

"As the loneliness encircled the confirmies and the ice horizons were gradually approaching, another s h i p emerged on the waves. Another ship was sailing these same waves, detached from the same center. What is so strange about our being on the sea? I have seen in *their monkeys the line of the ostros and in their eyes the memory of the first light. Between the ropes and the sticks of the river, her hair was swayed by the [uria [ría [ría of the hundreds. My trembling soul, closed in on itself, I lay down in the shade of the ocean, hesitated to see the little light appear in the distance. Close your eyes, soul,*

and follow your comtno,' I *said. But then the dawn of a voice spoke of my own childhood on the sea. And I said all that I had forgotten and stretched out a hand over the raging waves. How could I not take it? Although I was on an iceberg, I risked my life by melting the ice. I risked my life before I fucked her. And I fucked the* sea *and bled for a moment. For that encounter that lasted in the eternity of the sea as long as it took for your ship to pass By my iceberg, I have become child and light in the first dawn. And in your hands, the softness created and in your eyes, the long we ate of the ancient origin! Open your being, look me in your eyes, do not close your soul still! Those golden cheJos, which are your yas, and which surround you like a crown of authentic pain, let them come* to *me and drink the blood of my heart! I want to prolong this meeting in the sullen sea, to make my soul fall in love and entangle my life in the ropes of your ship. If for this it is necessary to hurl us into the waters, I will break the miracle of these delicate rails that hold me on the sea and together with you I will go out into the immense world, in search of the red cities of Africa. If thou knowest the commies, thou inc gu iorós, and I will not let go thy* monkey, nor will I *ever* cease *to look into thy pupils, where there is a cradle of pain pri mario. 'jVen!' he cried to her. amidst the [uria of the hundreds, 'I'll give you mt uida, my camirios. i'll tell you all my memories'. But, the waves are already pushing us away, already passing his ship. There I arrive, in the stars, his path has also crossed the* sea *and the hour has already sounded. Because of this encounter, something definite has happened in the omhitos of the dead. That is why that bell still resounds, which even the angels hear and which commemorates the coming of the heroes. We shall pass, we shall pass, but the miracle of the omor fully fulfilled in the ritual of the s a c r i f i c e , unconsciously performed,* brought about *by the summit of the heavens, the love of the brotherhood of origin, has saved you. Now I understand. oh. niaJera of the strong eyes and of the sweet hands: it is the love that comes from God that will make the miracle come true and* sound *all t h e ways. We left a long time ago and began to deny in this B *a of eternal water, which at best is a tear from heaven. Someone said goodbye to us in our house, someone who stood waiting at the edge of a fountain. After that, I hardly remember anymore. Do you remember? Your paths diverged from mine and mine from yours. I-Coast this wind in the middle of the vastness of the sea. Let us try not to forget it. By it we have gained safety again, because* ?N omor what *has been done post ble that I did not*

I will go down to the bottom of the waters, may the river run through the tortured cities and may you, who from there, be able to go to caniina r from where I now have my soul. Viojera, all your life and your pains, your deliveries and your game, you have uruido with my alrrio. And my summits and my heavens, I have scalded them with yours. Through the waves, I give you and my hand and my faith. Nothing matters to me, for neither game, nor water, nor hindrance, nor death, nor fear, nor fatigue can erase your essence nor the event of the encounter. Follow your path by any route, oh, victim of your own soul! I will carry forever the knowledge of what in you changes, withdrawn around our own life, as around a lake where only the eternal tmogenes *sleep; I will blow on the* **agvos** *but you will emerge and emerge to hear your voice and to feel* your *life, which is your own, in the depths of the only heart that has the beloved. Aeostú m brote to resist your loneliness, which is also the loneliness of all, and to go on without losing the thread of this niaJe, until one day we uoluamos or reuri ir, beyond the sea, beyond the ice, in the light recounted, in the first Oasis, where awaits us a white robe of peace and a sword of sun, where you will find* your *hand, which has never left you, next to the hand of all the others, who have not left you either, and who* at this *very moment are with me and with me, only slightly impatient of these hard waves and this wind that rocks and bends us, so that we may learn to kiss the earth.*

"Oh, prisoner of your soul, the day peeks through your eyes. windows; today sunshine, there's joy! And make me laugh and dance, teach me to sing!"

On one of the decks of the "Reina del Pacífico" I had found a solitary place where I sat on a chair to contemplate the sea and to remember the whirlwind of events since the death of Barreto, the massacre of the "Seguro Obrero", the Great War, the meeting with the Master, my trip to Antarctica, the publication of my book "Ni Por Mar ni Por Tierra", the birth and disappearance of *Alloui ne,* the presidential elections in Chile and my sending to India ... . Intensity without respite, without rest! .... Here, under this sea, a part of Lemuria, of an enormous continent, was submerged; then, not long ago, sailing ships loaded with the gold of the Indies plied it, and corsairs and warriors fought. This way

my ancestor, Don José Paramá, was lost in search of the disappeared worlds.

We crossed the Panama Canal, guilty of the ruin of the port of Valparaíso. In Cuba, in a café in Havana, I met Claudio Arrau for the first time, "a lifelong friend", as he would tell me thirty years later.

It is not time that passes, time does not move, there is no past or future, only images that alternate, overlap, like the cards of a playing card, that change and mix: there are the Greeks and Alexander; here I am, yesterday young, now old. The Greeks may return, my youth too. It all depends on the player who shuffles the cards. The waves move in a great Ocean; but the ship may be motionless and the port it arrives at could be Europe or Avallon, in the lost Atlantis, depending on the image projected by our mind.... Ah, if the Great War had not yet ended and I could meet a submarine, emerging from these waters!

John Williamson and his young wife, son of the owner of "Williamson Balfour", the English firm based in Chile, are also on board. He is "Right Honorable" and has spent several years in our country, getting acquainted with the operation of his business, as have done, following this same tradition, the sons of the Edwards, the owners of the newspaper "El Mercurio", the oldest newspaper in South America, as if it were *"The Times"* of London. On the death of his father, John Williamson became Lord Forest. *Neither* he nor his beautiful wife would ever see them again. There was also Higinio González, Minister Counselor of Chile in England, kind and gentle, who would advise Don Enrique Balmaceda, already very old, appointed Ambassador in that Nation, grandson of President Balmaceda, deaf as a wall and who, according to Joaquín Edwards Bello, "polished the soles of his shoes". "It doesn't matter that he is deaf", he said, "because those who shouted at Queen Victoria are still living in England, and so they will have work...".

We anchored in Southampton and I was able to visit London and

Paris, where he had been two years earlier. Then, there was still food rationing in the British capital. Now, the recovery was evident. For the first time I had a suit made in Saville Road, at "Hicks & Son" and bought some ties at "Edwards & Buttler". Fernando Illanes, a high official of our Embassy, and Higinio Gonzalez took me there. With the

time I would return with Juan Jose Fernandez, who was appointed my secretary in India; but who never materialized his departure, going, instead, to the Embassy in London. With him we went to "James & James", where I met Mr. Eakard, the tailor of the Duke of Windsor, former King of England and supporter of Hitler. He showed me an old sports jacket that the Duke had sent him for repair from Paris, where he lived. Thus I learned that clothes must age with you, like furniture and things. I have never had new clothes made. By my suits, or my armchairs, I know what I am aging; by *my* shirts and ties.

I also went to see my uncle Joaquín Fernández in Paris. He was still the Ambassador, although he was saying goodbye, because Ibañez had accepted his resignation. He did not forgive him that during his exile in Buenos Aires, being my uncle an official in the Embassy, he had not visited him. They had been friends. So, while I was going to take charge of a diplomatic representation, he was leaving his. He gave me a very important recommendation: "Never have a secretary at the Ministry. It is best to be on your own and hire staff from the country you serve. The people from the Ministry are only good for intriguing and giving you a hard time. He was surely referring to Enrique Bernstein and his feud with him, which I came to inherit for a while, as in a story of Montagues and Capulets.

I returned to England to embark again, now on the last leg of the voyage to India. On the plane, over the English Channel I was reading Krishna Murti, his *"Commentaries on Liuing"*. I missed my children and my family. Then, in London, shortly after noon, I was walking down a lonely street. A person was coming in the opposite direction. Thin, slow walking. He had his head uncovered, which was unusual in those days. As we passed each other I saw her pale, dark face, of a strange beauty. His large dark eyes were fixed on mine..... "Krishna Murti!" I exclaimed, "Yes," he answered. And he stretched out his hand to me. We had never met before.

He had visited Chile and remembered Blanca Luz Brum, among his followers at the time. She had told me about him. I told her that I was going to India, his country. And we would have continued talking together; but he was passing through London, invited by English friends to a nearby countryside.

About this extraordinary encounter, I sent a chronicle to the newspaper "La Nación" of Santiago, which was published in the literary page of a Sunday of 1953, with the title: "My Encounter with Krishna Murti".

Lo and behold, on a noon of that year, in a street that had become lonely and silent, in the center of what was once the Metropolis of an ancient mercantile Empire, now in irreparable decline, for having truly lost the War, even more than Germany, a privileged representative of the millenarian world to which I was going, was welcoming me and giving me the "pass™.

Throughout many years, every time we met again in this world, he and I remembered this first encounter.

Of so many things that have disappeared, one of the things I regret the most is Chilean saltpeter. The Company was an institution with great class. In those last years, it was presided over by Mr. Jorge Vidal de la Fuente, a man of great class, who, in the north of our country, was initiated at a very young age by my grandfather, Mr. José Miguel Serrano Urmeneta, in the work of the railroad in Antofagasta. I had an indelible memory and gratitude for him, from which I came to benefit, making me a participant in all kinds of attentions, since, among other things, he also carried the mission of my Government to preserve the sales of saltpeter in India. All over the world, the natural fertilizer was beginning to be threatened by the synthetic fertilizer, ammonium sulphate, marketed by the United States of America. It is well known the wonders that were the saltpeter cities of our north, today dead towns, ghosts. Also the Company's offices in Santiago and London were like temples, where the priests of an elite of gentlemen officiated, who, alas! are now gone forever: Pedro Alvarez, Raúl Aguirre (still alive), Josó Serrano Palma and an English gentleman, in charge of the representation in London. They gave me invaluable help during my early days in India. They knew in depth the way to negotiate with the former British colony and depositaries, so to speak, of the wisdom and experience of the Empire. The saltpeter maintained in Bombay a commercial representation in charge of a Greek firm, "Rallis India", which received me on my arrival, as if it were a Greek company.

was part of the Diplomatic Legation of Chile, which did not exist due to my predecessor's departure. Dr. Marin left the files with the Chargé d'Affaires of Argentina in New Delhi, Jorge Serrano Redonet, an excellent friend and diplomat.

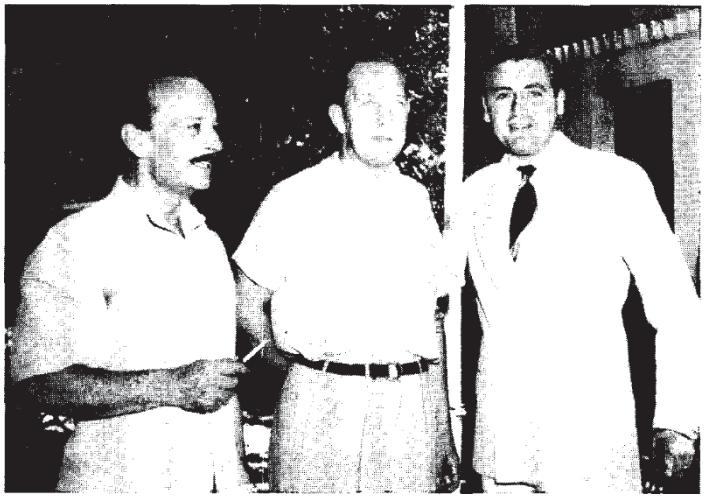
On the ship, which left Southampton, was also the Deputy High Commissioner of England, recently appointed in India, a young man of Scottish origin, with his Australian wife, a writer of detective novels. His name was George Middleton and he had just come from a delicate mission in Iran, where he had overthrown Mossadek. He spoke Spanish very well and was interested in literature. We became friends and, when we left India, he gave me all his books in Spanish1. I still have them. He was later appointed Ambassador to Argentina, where I visited him one day, passing through Buenos Aires. He could not get used to it and was very unhappy there. The Queen made him *leave.* What has become of *Sir* George, my dear friend? When we disembarked at the port of Bombay, officials from his Embassy were waiting for him. He turned to face the ship and, seeing me still on board, came back up the stairs. He shook my hand and offered me the help of his Embassy: "You know," he said, "we have some experience here. I am at your disposal. *Don't lose hope.* Hindus are difficult, especially at the beginning; but, at heart, they are good people. ..".

This gesture of friendship and solidarity from an Englishman touched me deeply, and I have never forgotten it.

* * *

But in India I had no difficulties. From the beginning I went hand in hand with Gandhi, with the Mahatma. And the Hindus soon found out about it. The first thing I did, when I arrived in New Delhi, was to buy a *hadhi* robe, the white cloth hand-woven on rustic looms, and, dressed in it, I went to visit the *Samadhi,* or monument that holds part of the Mahatma's ashes, in an open field in Old Delhi. There I prayed and recited the chants with the followers and devotees of the Father of Independence of that great Nation.

Mahatma Gandhi's son, Devadas, was the Editor of New Delhi's leading newspaper, the *"Hindusthan T(mes".* We became friends and he published my statement about the Kailas and the



In the center, my friend the Deputy High Commissioner in India, George Middleton and, on the left, the Minister Counselor of the French Embassy, later Ambassador to Afghanistan, Christián Belle, who had just arrived from serving in the diplomatic Mission in Chile. The photo was taken at my Embassy in New Delhi.

Just arrived in India at a lunch at my home. In the center, the photo of the President of Chile, Mr. Carlos Ibáñez del Gampo; standing, Devadas Gandhi, son of Mahatma Gandhi, Director of the newspaper "Hindustan *Times"; next* to him, Anita Sánchez. Seated in the middle, Devadas Gandhi's wife, daughter of the First Governor of Independent India, Rajagopalachari. **Above,** next to me, Major Raul Igualt, Head of the Chilean Military Delegation to the UN in Kashmir, and his military comrades; seated at the table, their wives. The signatures on the photo correspond to Devadas Gandhi and his wife, Lahshmi.

Melimoyu. He was married to a daughter of Rajagopalachari, the first Governor of independent India. Gandhi belonged to the caste of the *uaishas,* or merchants, and Rajagopalachari was a Brahaman. They bypassed a sacred law, mixing the castes; but they were happy. Unfortunately, Devadas Gandhi died very soon, of a heart attack.

Upon arrival, I moved into a "suite" at the Imperial Hotel in New Delhi, where Juan Marin also resided. I recovered the archives and thus rebuilt the Chilean Legation.

Apart from my salary, in those early years, I didn't have a single peso for entertainment expenses. Much less to buy a car. I had to rent a cab, with its driver, a *sid h, t o* get around and fulfill my first protocol commitments.

I knew little about these things and if I did not make serious mistakes, it was due to the Mahatma's hand, for there was no one there to advise me.

MAJ "fI

"Shormo, I apologize for the
the trustworthy words I have spoken to you.
-Sohoó, *I know that you are aware of it.*
you say them only with your mouth
and I *laugh with my heart".*

One morning, after breakfast, I went to the small room where the Legation's office had been set up. I found there a curious character. A young Hindu, sitting motionless in a chair and staring at a fixed point in space. So engrossed or concentrated was he that he did not even notice my arrival. Noticing me, he jumped up and bowed, clasping his hands together in the traditional salute:

"-Hamasté, your Excellenc y. My name is Ma ni and I come to offer myself as your secretary....".

He was very thin and dark, with fine features and wore a white shirt and pants; his feet bare, in sandals open at the toes.

I excused myself, telling him I didn't need anyone for now. In truth, I wouldn't have had the money to pay him.

I went out into the street and, when I returned, he was still there, motionless, always motionless, as if meditating.

Right: with my secretary, Maui; below, with my driver Michael and my butler, Samuel, in the front garden of my house in Old Delhi; finally, with my daughter Carmen and Michael, in my house in Valparaiso, 40 years later. We are accompanied by the wife of the Ambassador of Chi le in India, Sofía Sáiamovic de Ortíz.

'-So...?", I asked.

"-Sahab, I wish to work with you, you don't need to pay me right away. Take me on a trial basis...".

His insistence impressed me. I sat him down at the typewriter and dictated something to him. He typed it in perfect English. I passed him a piece of writing in Spanish and, although he didn't know a word of the language, he copied it letter by letter, without making a single mistake.

"This is perfect", I said to myself "I can send the confidential reports without having to write them myself and I don't need to use the password. He will write without understanding anything...".

And I took it.

Mani stayed at the Embassy for forty years, as did my driver, Michael. Ma ni has passed away; Michael retired and is still alive. He came to see me in Chile about four years ago and I put him up in my house. He was a Catholic from Goa, the Portuguese colony in India, which did not prevent him from making many expeditions with me to the As/iroms and sacred places of Hinduism in the Himalayas. Ma was not of the Brahmin caste and I was never able to make him eat at the Embassy or in my house. My wife got nothing out of his entreaties, worried about his thinness. She had breakfast at home and did not eat again until the evening when she returned home. The food had to be prepared for him only by his wife, or someone directly related to her, of the same Brahmin caste, as prescribed by the orthodoxy of Hinduism. We respected this, but not my replacement ten years later, Luis Melo Lecaros, who forced him to eat under threat of dismissal. And when I saw Ma ni again, he had put on weight. And he was surely no longer self-absorbed in meditation. He was my most loyal and wise servant, as only Hindus can be.

NEHRU'S SILENCES

I think the Chief of Protocol of the Indian Ministry of External Affairs got scared. He thought, perhaps, that I might present my Letters of Credence to Prime Minister Nehru dressed as a Hindu. However, on my passage through Lima, I had bought a white *sharbsbin (*sharkskin*)* cloth and in London, in "Saville Road", I made myself a suit. The Chief of Protocol admired it, approving it.

Chester Bote, a very popular U.S. Ambassador to India, who became very popular and left office shortly before my arrival, wrote a book about his experience, and recounted the tremendous impression in his first interview with Nehru. He had talked the whole time while the Prime Minister did not open his mouth. He was very confused, coming to believe that he must have disliked him very much, or that Nehru hated his country. He almost asked for his immediate retirement. But everything changed when he became interested in the real life of India, in its customs and thoughts.

Something similar happened to me too, as I began to talk about saltpetre and copper, which I wanted to sell. Nehru, sitting in front of me, seemed not to hear me, looking at a distant point. Only when I mentioned the Kailas and the Melimoyu and the mysterious and mythical relationship, from summit to summit, between the antipodes of the world, his face distended and a very faint smile seemed to illuminate him. But he said nothing. I referred, then, to "his sadness; *such as a trace of the millenary pain of the world"?* So unusual was this reflection of mine that the Chief of Protocol was visibly disturbed. But Nehru did not. He wiped off his smile as if he was sinking into himself, and closed his eyes.

I got up to say goodbye. The Chief of Protocol escorted me to the door and went back inside. Almost immediately he returned, with a big smile, and dropped me off at the car. What did he say to the Prime Minister? What did his Chief say to him? I never knew. But, from that moment on, he distinguished me with his kindness.

LOSASflAAU&

"-Som uel, please bring me a rose from the garden.
-I can not Sahab, because the rose sleeps
and is already torde but ask your permission to cut it".

I did not forget my real Mission. By Ma I did not even learn that near Delhi, in Bishikesh, was the *Ashram* of Swami Sivananda and that he had made a pilgrimage to the Kailas. I decided to visit him. In *"The Serpent of Paradise"* I have recounted my travels, impressions and experiences in India, which left such deep impressions on me forever. I will not repeat myself, limiting myself to

I recommend readers to look for this book, still in circulation, in both versions, the original and the one I summarized, for its publication abroad and its translation into English and Japanese. I traveled through India in all its immense extension, especially the Himalayas, urging in its geography and in the soul of its people, in its depths and in its summits, in its hell and in its heaven *('In order for a tree to reach heaven with its top, its roots must go down to hell",* said Nietzsche).

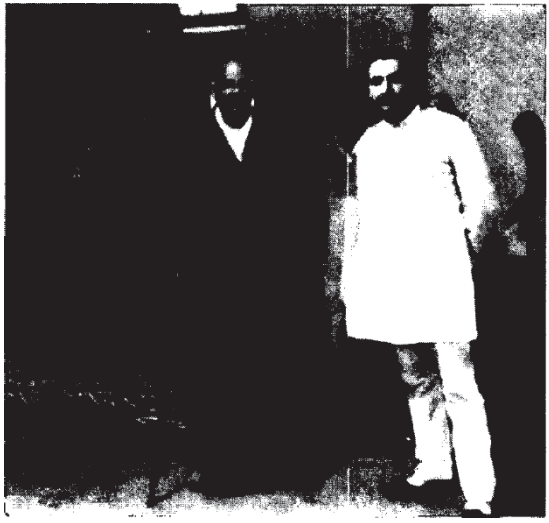
In my book, in the chapters "Delhi", 'Chandni Chowk" and "The Morning Star" (on the Taj-Maha1) I have described mind-boggling India, with its grandeur and its unfathomable misery; also in "Benares, the Holy" and in the "Kunmela of Allahabad". In that book I believe I have achieved the maximum depth in the understanding of its mystery. I would not be able to do so now, unless I reproduce those chapters. It would be best for the reader to read them on his own.

Ten years in India! And although I did not say it openly, I was at all times in a concentrated inner search and alertness to fulfill my Mission. I never spoke a word to anyone, nor did I make known my Hitlerite conception of the world, nor my combat in the Great War. I could not harm my Country. Neither my secretary, nor my chauffeur, nor even my wife ever heard me refer to those essential subjects; not a single diplomatic colleague, nor an Indian friend. Always, in appearances, only concerned with the interests of my Nation, until I fought with all my strength and succeeded in defending Antarctica. I was doing it for Chile; but also for Hitler. Of course, no one has ever known the latter, until this moment when I am saying it.

I traveled all over India, making Chile known; but, deep down, searching, and, if I had found what I was after, I would have disappeared and no one, not even my own people, would have seen me again.

Entire nights I spent studying the map of that immense country, pointing out points, corners, lost summits, sometimes fascinated by the exotic name of a mountain of the Transhimalaya, of a river, of a village. I still keep that geographical chart with me, like a relic, which more than pointing out roads in the outside world, shows me the paths of my own soul. Never, I am

The map of India, which I used for expeditions in the subcontinent and in the Himalayas. Here I indicate the location of Mount Kailas.



With Swami Sivananda in Rishikesh.

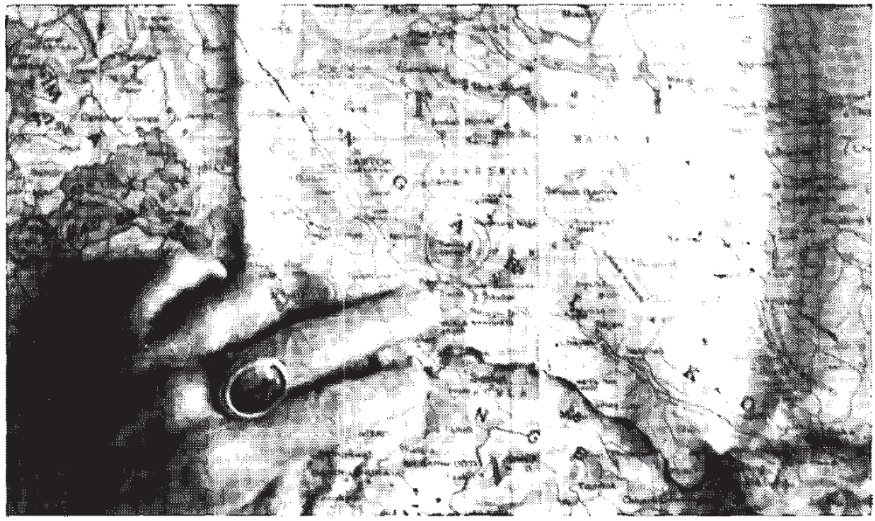
Surely, a diplomat representing a foreign country must have dreamed and lived the adventure that I undertook in India, during the sixty-five years of the Hitler Era (1950s of the Judeo-Christian Era). I was also helped by the books and maps of the Swedish explorer Sven Hedin, Hitler's friend, recommended by my Master. I imagined them concentrated on the maps of Tibet and the Kailas, looking for the entrances to the refuges of the "Hollow Earth".

At the Rishikesh *Ashram* I consulted Swami Sivananda about the caves of Mount Kailas. He had made that pilgrimage, but had not seen any caves. I acquired a painting of the Kailas from "Lama" Govinda and talked to him. He never saw an entrance either. He was a German, with a Bolivian mother, married to a *Parsi* woman. Interesting and learned, he published the *"Tibetan Book of the Dead",* in a translation superior to that of Evans Wentz. I often visited him in Almora and together we contemplated the Nanga Parvath and the superb, almost endless line of the Himalayan peaks. It was he who made it possible for *"Rider and Co.",* London, to publish for the first time *"The Serpent of Paradise"* in English. He referred me to Gerard York, literary advisor to the publisher, who had already edited Govinda's books. We had a special bond because, years later, my German publisher of *"The Visits of the Queen of Slaba",* at *"Aumm Verlag",* also edited him. There appeared his beautiful autobiographical book, *"The* Comino *of the White Clouds*".

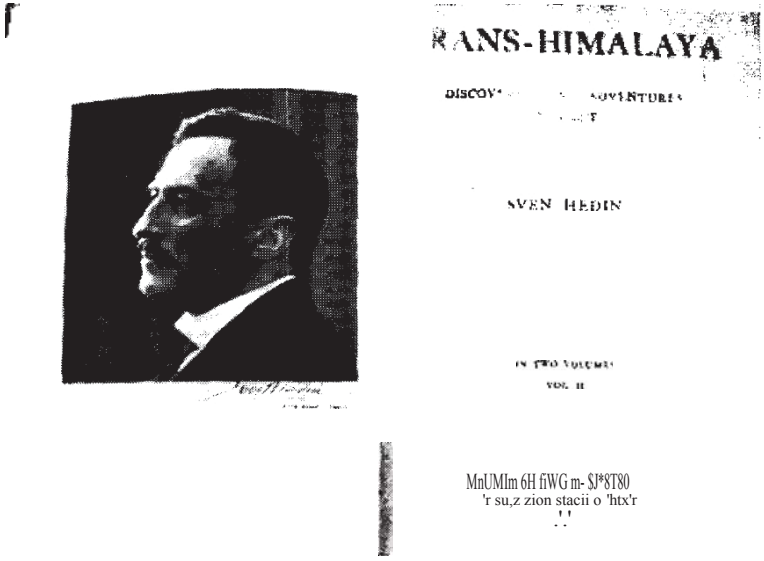
In Ashahabal, in Kashmir, near Srinagar and on the way to Pahalgam, lived Sao mi Ashokananda. He was an expert in the "Tri/"i" philosophy, the original system of that region of Aryanism, today of Muslim majority, although held by India.

The Kashmir conflict between Hindus and Muslims cost one million dead, after the independence of that country. The United Nations sent observers to keep the peace. To this day Chile has military delegates. In those years, Major Raul Igualt of the Chilean Army arrived. He visited me at the Legation with his family, and we became good friends. Together we undertook the expedition to Hamarnath, Shiva's sanctuary, in the Himalayan heights of Kashmir. The first part we did on horseback, then on foot, on steep and dangerous trails.

Also, in the suburbs of Rozaball, we went to visit the "Tomb of Jesus", known to very few. According to legend,



Pointing to Mount Kailas on the map of India.



Explorer Sven Hedin, friend of Adolf Hitler, and the cover of his book 'Transhimalaya".

Jesus did not die on the cross, he traveled secretly to India and is buried in Kashmir. In front of that mausoleum, like the one in Santiago de Compostela, I asked myself the question: "Who is really buried there?

Major Igualt became a Colonel. His daughter married General Viaux, protagonist of a failed military uprising during the Frei Montalva government. He supported his son-in-law and both had to leave the Army.

When Major Igualt finished his mission at the UN Delegation in India, he was replaced by Tassara, now General, whom I have already mentioned in these pages.

In the Cavern of Hamarnath, in its dark center and guarded by half-naked Brahmins, stands the ice *Lingam* of God Shiva. But there, too, I did not find the "entrance".

The Swami of Ashahaval, seated in the shade of a large fig tree, returns painfully from a *samhadi. He* listens to my queries and says to me:

"Go to Benares. Look there for Gopinath Kaviraj. He claims that his Master was initiated in an *Ashram* of the *Siddhas* in the Himalayas. He claims that there would be a secret and mysterious institution, very old, called 'fño e/no inn. Look for Gopinath Kaviraj. He can give you a path.

* * e

In ghostly Benares, Gopinath Kaviraj, sitting on the floor, legs crossed, swings like a pendulum. He hears me and, without looking at me, sends me to have a *yantra* done.

"-When you're ready, come back," he tells me.

I will have to go through tortuous alleys, pass by the "Temple of the Monkeys", the "House of the Widows" and continue, always surrounded by begging children, pilgrims, the dying and the lepers, until I reach the man who will make me the yont *ra.* It is a strange drawing with somber and bright colors. I return with it to Gopinath Kaviraj, who observes it carefully, as a doctor would analyze an X-ray. In this case, the X-ray of the soul.

He interrupts his pendulum swinging, and, without taking his eyes off the *yontro, he* speaks to me:

"-Go to Orissa and look there for Smom' *Bhumanaada.* He knows how to reach the *Siddha-Ashram* you are looking for and help you.

El Monte Kailás, pintado por el Lama Govinda.

El Lama Govinda y su mujer.

Sunya con el Lama Govinda, en la ciudad de Almora.

You will get there.... But, you know, the real *lStddha-Ashram* is within yourself. Why are you looking for it outside?".

The *Siddhas* are superhuman beings, half divine. In the night of time, in the ages, they came to this earth, to the Continent of Hyperborea, coming from some parallel world, from 'another situation'. Some fell prisoners, "in love with the daughters of men". Others returned to their "situation" of origin. Some come and go, inhabitants of the "Hollow Earth", of an astral, subterranean world .... Would they be the Masters of my Master?

I will go to Swami Bhumananda.

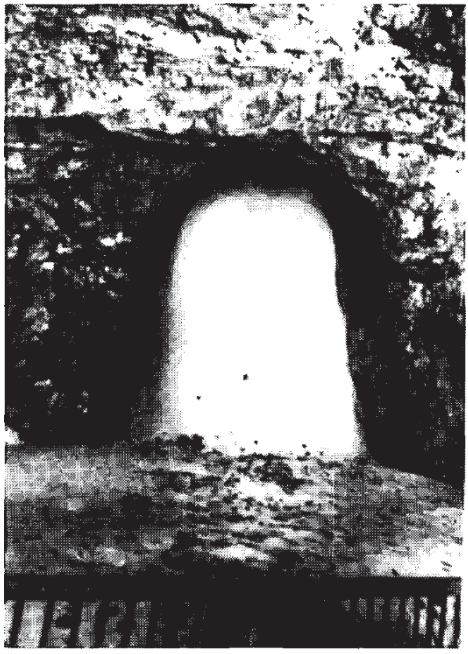
The torrential monsoons, the floods of the terrible summer, I inn ped would go 11egar to Orissa, where the Sine mi *Bhumananda* was waiting for me, after having communicated to me by letters. In the meantime, I decided to travel through the Himalayas, through the entrances of Tibet, in Kalimpong, in Almora. I would never meet *S!wamii Bhumananda.*

In Kalim pong, in those years, lived Prince Peter, from Greece. He was an anthropologist and was also interested in archaeology. He was accompanied by a Russian woman. In his house flew the flag of his country, next to the royal banner. One day he would try to restore the throne in Greece. He invited me to dinner and showed me stone figures found in excavations, along with necklaces and brooches made of human bones. I got *no* further information from him.

Also, in those years, Yuri Roerich, son of the famous Russian Himalayan painter, was in Kalimpong. He was a Buddhist scholar and author of the important commentary, "Blue Anals". We had tea at his home and, in the evening, he told me interesting things. He believed in the existence of the *Ashrams* of the *Siddhas, i*.e. the nunneries, monasteries or "secret centers" hidden in the Himalayas. And he gave me the names of the places where they would be:

"-There are two cities within the Himalayas," he told me, "Agartha and Shamballah."

He also referred to Blavatsky, as an interesting woman, who had not lied when she claimed to have been in a



The Lingham of God Shiva in the Amarnath cave in the Himalayas of Kashmir.

The tomb of Jesus, in Kashmir.

secret place in the Himalayas, where the Book of the *"Deyan.*

"In some descriptions of English military men, who traveled through Tibet, there is an account of an encounter with a Russian woman, who traveled alone on those steppes, accompanied only by a few native servants".

Yuri Roerich's mother was a very sensitive woman with paranormal faculties. Yuri confessed to me his great interest in traveling to Soviet Russia, to the land of his ancestors, where he believed he would find true interest in Tantric Buddhism. He finally achieved his goal. And soon after his death was announced, in Moscow.

However, the most interesting part of my trip through the Himalayas was the encounter with a stranger. Along those high routes I saw a foreigner coming one day. He was rather young, from some English-speaking country. We talked to each other and walked together for a long way. I don't know why I told him about my search. Moreover, I told him about my Order and my desire to meet the Himalayan See, for it "ruled for East and West", like the Holy Order of Tibet and Hindustan. We promised to meet again and I gave her my address in Delhi.

I have received two letters in this life that refer to facts of this dimension, in the essential search in which I have found myself. One, from this foreigner, referring to my Order. I received it in Old Delhi and it said to me:

"After our meeting in the Himalayas, I began to investigate about your Order and I have discovered the following: It had a fundamental importance and intervened decisively in the events of the last Great War.... I will inform you, but not in writing, but when we meet again".

Unfortunately, we never saw each other again.

The other letter was many years later, when I had already returned to Chile. An English reader of my books was telling me about his expeditions to the Kailés, once the Chinese opened the doors to Tibet and the Transhimalaya. In the middle of the night, he fell behind his expedition companions and lost his way in the forest. Suddenly, he spotted in the distance the lights of a city nestled in the mountain. That city was not supposed to be there, nor did it appear on any map. Was it Shamballah? Was it Agartha? He should have taken that direction, but he felt fear and sought to rejoin the caravan.

La famosa mística hindú, Ananda-Mai, en trance mientras canta. Los registros del cuerpo son limitados, las expresiones se confunden; pero no el sentido.

Ananda-Mai, joven.

I responded to this letter by telling this unknown reader that he had missed the unique opportunity to enter the *Hidden City,* since time without memory, and that it would never come again.

In Delhi I was visited one day by a tall, stocky man. He was a Frenchman, who had lived in Chile and traveled in Patagonia. His name was Fournier, like the author of *"El Crran Meaulries". He* was looking for a geographical point in Afghanistan, where four countries meet: China, India, Russia and Afghanistan. Opium caravans used to cross there and Alexander, in ancient times, also passed through it. He said goodbye to me with a big punch on the wall of the room (he almost knocked the building down) and promised to inform me about what he discovered. I never heard from him again. He had been a friend of the priest of Chonchi, in Chiloé, the same one I had met on my trip with the Nazi comrades, almost ten years ago.

How many strange and adventurous people in those far-off years in India! Men and women, now gone forever. In *New* Delhi, for example, there was the Chilean Ana Sanchez, follower of Padre Pio from Italy. She donated thirty rupees a month to him so that he could find her lost things, especially her glasses. But another Chilean who came from India told her that "the one who hid the things was Mandinga, a malignant elemental who fed on the "garabatos" (insults, swear words) that one had to utter for the losses". Once said, the thing would appear. And "the louder the 'scribble', the faster it was found".

Ana Sanchez began to combine Father Pi's rupees with insults to Mandinga.

Doctor Romero also passed through India. He used to say that whiskey had to be drunk neat, without water, because "if water had to be added, the manufacturers would have done it". He was the brother of Maria Romero, a well-known journalist and friend of Raul Silva Castro, the cultured literary critic. Alberto Romero, the novelist, was also her brother. Who remembers these people today? As if they had never existed. And they were known and discussed, as long as they lived. Today, not even their names engraved on the stones of their tombs are of any use (contradicting the *Edda's* statement*);* because "they are dead forever"... Like Hernández Parker, like Tito Munt, like Délano -Coke-, like Marcos Cham udez, the "Negro" Cortés, René Silva Espejo, Silva Carballo, Abel Valdés, the same Hernán Díaz Arrieta -Alone-, Luis Durán, Mariano Latorre,

The ceremonial greeting with the Maharaja of Sikkim. In the back, the beautiful princess with whom the Italian writer Fosco Maraini fell in love.

With the Maharaja of Sikkim on my right; next to him his son, Maharaja Kumar, Crown Prince; on my left, the Diwan, India's representative in Sikkim.

Salvador Reyes, Juan de Luigi, Dario Saint Marie, and so many others, "dead forever", in the face of the total ignorance of the new generations, computers and cybernetics.

No one will resurrect them anymore. Not even me, in these pages.

But back to the subject. In my restless search for the summits of Asia, I arrived one day in Gantok, capital of Sikkim, a small protectorate of India, bordering Tibet and gateway to Lhasa. It was a semi-official visit, which I wished to make anyway, because it was there that Professor Tucci, an Italian scholar, had entered Tibet, accompanied by the writer and journalist Fosco Maraini, who did not continue any further because he fell in love with one of the princesses of Sikkim. He wrote a book about his experience, which I found in the ship's library on my trip to India. There he published a picture of the princess, a ti betana beauty. Underneath it was the following sentence, said by her: "4Am I a fool to think that to believe in a lama he has to be beautiful?

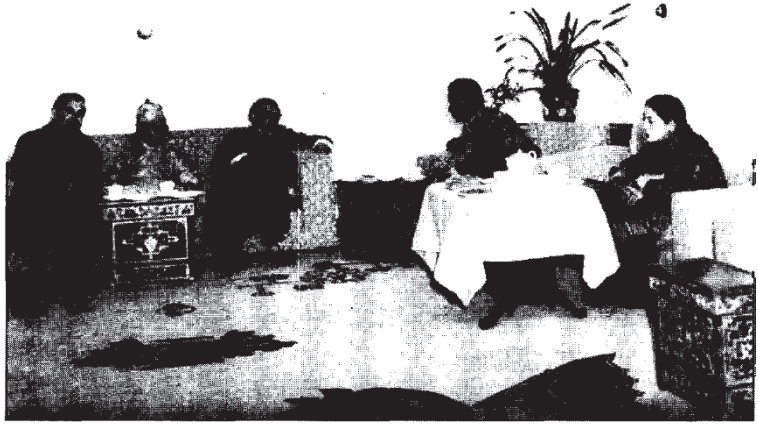
And now I was there, sitting on Chinese silk cushions, next to her, in Gantok, in the Palace of the Maharaja of Sikkim.

* * *

Di wan means Governor, Prime Minister, High Commissioner. The *Diwan* of Sikkim, that is, the Indian Representative to the Maharaja, was a ***Parsi,*** of the old religion of Zoroaster and the *bend Auesta,* of the Persians; when Iran was invaded by the Muslims, they migrated to India, where they preserved their traditions and their rites. In Bombay the "Towers of Silence" are erected, where the crows devour the corpses of the *Parsis.*

As protocol dictated, I first visited the *Dignan* and he organized the official reception at the Maharaja's Palace. At the door we were presented with arms by a squalid guard, wearing uniforms designed, not by Michelangelo, like those of the Vatican, but, apparently, by some 11th century Tibetan Tankas painter, all threadbare by now. We had arrived in an open *jeep*, driven by *Diwan* himself. The ceremonial, in this way, seemed to me like a visit to an old Chilean camp, where we were received by some tenants with "ojotas". Only the ponchos were missing. The rifles with which they presented their weapons looked like shotguns. It would have been better if they had bows and arrows. Once inside, the thing

Maharaha Kumar of Sikkim and his wife receive offerings from their subjects.



With the Maharaja of Sikkim, Maharaja Kumar, his wife and the Diwan of India.

changed, for it was all silks and brocades. The old Maharaja appeared, dressed in a robe of rich Chinese embroidery. I had to give him a long white silk scarf and he gave me back another one. It was the Tibetan ceremonial. When this was done, the two daughters and the Maharaja's youngest son, Prince Georg, entered the spacious hall. We exchanged words of courtesy. I am sure that none of them, including the *D(wan,* knew what Chile was. Although the exotic name ("a *lonel y name")* would attract attention.

Almost immediately the Maharaja invited me to the second floor of the Palace, to a large room, where on the walls he exhibited his paintings. The Maharaja was a painter and wanted me to admire his art. To my surprise I discovered that all the paintings were one and the same subject, a lake with a mountain in the background. He showed them to me one by one, at the same time pointing out their differences: a rock in a different place, a bird on the rock, or a fallen leaf on the ground. This extraphysical painting was like the music of India or Tibet; the music of the East, which, to the Western ear, appears monotonous, but which possesses notes imperceptible to us, subtle cadences, delicate variations, nuances that we do not perceive. The same with these paintings. A tone in the color, a delicate detail, that escapes us.

Perhaps that Maharaj, that King, was a genius of painting, appreciated only by himself, by his own people, or by the Dalai Lama.

I didn't dare ask him to give me a painting. And I am sorry. My Master, too, painted a single picture, with the same small variations, a lake (the Manasarovar) and a Mount (the Kailás).

Again the Chilean farm, its atmosphere. Very soon, the princesses replaced the servers and they were the ones who brought the trays with the liquors. There were only two, a sherry and a martini. Sitting next to the Maharaja and Prince Georg and served by that beautiful Princess of legend, I could hardly believe it. So I devoted myself to the martini, forgetting about the sherry. Prince Georg was telling me that he had studied at Oxford. I asked him if he had also been at Eaton and he replied that he had not; because "they did not allow anyone to come from the *Continent of*

Color." We were silent, while I thought about the seriousness of this fact: a Hey in his country, a demi-god for his subjects, suddenly feeling rejected and discriminated against because of the color of his skin, by the *white people,* of a mercantile Empire, despite being more Aryan, more truly aristocratic and with a more ancient and millenary tradition than them. Much more refined and wise. They have destroyed them, they have sickened their souls.

On a trip to London, I once had occasion to witness a polo match between the teams of the Duke of Windsor and the Maharaja of Jaipur, the same who was to receive the Queen of England in his Palace and arrange *safaris* for her. Well, when he applied to be accepted as a member of the "Cíuh *White"*, St. James Street, he was refused, because he belonged to the *"Coulour Continent",* and in order not to set a precedent. ..

More martini... another martini!... And now we were all singing and dancing a Tibetan opera, with strange guttural sounds and syncopated steps, or half-steps. The Maharaja sent for all the servants so that they could also sing and dance, as in a Chilean estate, the huasos and the patrons of yesteryear. Holding hands with the Maharaja and the little princess, so beautiful bla de Fosco Maraini), they slowly danced in a circle, in the great enclosure of the Palace, among curtains, brocatos and cushions.

Until the *Diwan* said: 'Enough.... We're leaving!

The martini exaggerated the ceremonial farewell: genuflections, glances, but no touching. And now we were again in the open *jeep*, in the snow, driven by the *Díwan.* Soon we arrived at his house, where Tibetan puppies greeted us barking and circling dizzyingly. To this day I don't know if this was really how it was, or if I saw it that way. We entered the living room, where, on a table, soup, glasses and cutlery were waiting for us. The *Diwan* left in search of his violin, he said. I felt that I was losing my balance and that everything was spinning around. I groped for my room and threw myself on the bed. Soon the *Diwan* arrived with a worried face and the violin in one hand.

"-What's wrong with you, are you feeling bad?".

"-Yes, very bad. My arms and l e g s get cold...".

He called his servants, who arrived with large brushes and began to run them over my body, to reactivate the circulation. In the meantime, they had stripped me of my clothes.

The *Diwari* called a doctor. He was a Hindu and I thought I saw in him a compatriot, lost as I was in these regions of Tibet, or pre-Tibet.

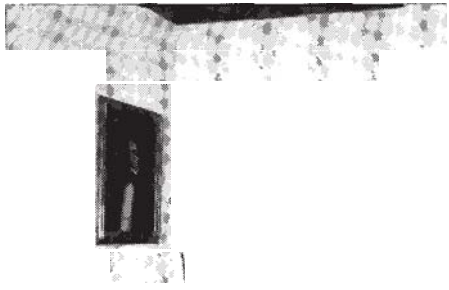
"If I die, you will cremate me,' I asked him, 'I do not trust these foreigners who have given me a poisoned martini...'". Very soon, Prince Georg and the two little princesses also arrived, informed by the *Diwan.* Maraini's "girlfriend" told me he took my hand and asked me:

"-How do you feel, Your Excellency?".

"-Better, much better, your Highness.... Don't let go of my hand....". I heard Prince Georg say to the *Diwari:*

"-This happens to me every night." And I fell asleep.

This event, the drunkenness of a Chilean, a foreign diplomat in the Kingdom of Sikkim, in the Maharaja's Palace, together with all the nobility, the Prime Minister and the servants (only the motley guard at the entrance was missing), was epoch-making and to this day, if memory exists in those high latitudes (and it does!) it should be commented on with affection and sympathy. After the dance of that hallucinating opera, an eternal friendship was sealed, although I never saw my "Martini brothers" again. Neither before, nor after, I am sure, a representative of a country has seen



t' There he saw an ex-
)$ experience seems to be similar to that of

' With Ka shm i r's Mabaraja, Kar ang Sing, at my home in Valparaiso, thirty-five years later.

da. The same things, in their natural spontaneity, happened to me throughout the length and breadth of that enormous world of the Far East, in the Indian Subcontinent. And perhaps that is why I am still remembered. More than thirty years later, the Maharaja of Kashmir, a cultured man, writer and poet, arrived in Chile for a conference of some international organization. The first thing he did was to look for me. We met as if we had only met yesterday. And, surrounded by my young comrades, men and women, he chanted *mantras* by the fire in the fireplace and consecrated the food of our meal, in the style of his millenary tradition. He was not surprised to see pictures of Hitler in my house. For him this belonged to the *Isamsara.* And our friendship was founded in the impersonal, beyond *Maya,* in the Eternal. In *HIM.*

I opened my eyes with difficulty. I thought I saw some luminous dots on the ceiling of the room. I thought I had been sleeping in the open air, under the sky, as I had done in India, and that they were stars. But I soon discovered that they were holes in the ceiling, through which daylight penetrated. Surely it was already late.

The *Diwan* entered, fully clothed, wearing a different Tibetan robe than the one he had worn in the evening.

"I am leaving on an expedition to the Tibetan borders; I am going with all the people of the Palace to receive *Maharaja Kumar,* the Crown Prince, who is returning from his visit to the Dalai Lama, to present to him his first male child".

"Tibet." This was the magic word. "Transhimalaya, the entrances to the Kailas...".

I jumped into the room.

'-I am all right now. Please take me with you. The

Diwan smiled, pleased.

'-Of course,' he said.

And so we set off on this incredible, phantasmagoric expedition, on dusty trails, in clear air, towards higher peaks.

There were three of us: the *Diran,* Prince Georgy and me. Silent all the time, just sucking in the oxygen of the Gods at the top of our lungs.

Caravans crossed us, or went ahead of us. Inhabitants of

the heights, subjects who were also going to pay homage to their future.

King. And I could not get out of my mind a legendary scene of the Chilean countryside, told by our "subjects" of Popeta, of the "tenants" receiving with flags and posters, on the dirt roads, with their chamantos, their attire and their mounts, my parents, recently married, arriving in a carriage pulled by percherones. The "patroncito" and the "patroncita", who were starting a new life and would soon bring a new "patroncito" (also a *MahOT J -Kumar* of the Andes) into the world: *I-El.*

"Towards the borders of Tibet". I must have looked like an eccentric foreigner, because I was dressed in military boots and a Prussian cape, as an officer of the Chilean Army, given to me by Major Raul Igualt, in Kachemira.

At noon, we arrived at a refuge between peaks. There the Maharaj was waiting for us with his sons. They were very happy to see me. They were waiting for us with delicious Chinese food. And no wine or alcohol. Just the sight of a bottle would have made me sick. Soon, there was music and drumming. The songs and prayers imitated the wind from the heights, hoarse voices, reaching the intensity, the depth of the hurricane. At the border, on the edge, a mounted group appeared, very slowly approaching in the distance. They were not many, five or seven, on ponies and yyo#s. They were descending a winding trail, clinging to the rock face and the abyss. The singing stopped, the crowd of subjects, who had come this far and were waiting around the shelter, threw themselves on the ground, bowing their heads, smearing their long beards in the dust.... And again I, remembering now the old pilgrimages to the "Ermita del Rosario", of my family, in Farellones, the motley "Misiones", the Counts and Countesses of Sierra Bella, with their tenants and their subjects, all mixed, all praying, on the high peaks of the Andes.

The ñfafioroJo-temor was a slender young man. He was carrying in his arms his little son, already consecrated by the Dalai Lama in Lhasa, and he was accompanied by his beautiful wife, a Tibetan princess. *I do not* know what they must have told him about me, before the ceremonial presentation, there in the refuge of the summits, exchanging also long strips of white silk: a current of spontaneous sympathy was established between us, which lasted throughout his life and continues even today, after his death.

The return to Gantok, from the heights, was indescri ptible. A demi-god welcomed by crowds, with countless stops at the

Dressed in the Tibetan robe, all covered with swastika, a gift from Maharaja Kumar of Sikkim, I receive the Dalai Lama in the Himalayas, at the gates of India.

Sívn Ardn nnsisuoro, the "Androgynous" Es- culture of Khajuraho.

way, songs, music, gifts. And the Prince, though distant, hieratic, had a smile, a word, a ritual gesture for each one.

And again he recalled the confession of Prince Georg: *"*They *do not* admit us, because we belong to the "Colored Continent..." What a crime! Never did the Spaniards, the Visigoths in America, never did the German colonists in Chile, commit such a thing. There must have been, somehow hidden, the destructive hand of the Jew, mimetized in the *"u'elsh",* and controlling the mercantile Empire of the ***"Company of the Indies",*** secretly in agreement with the ***"Beni-Israel"*** of India, to destroy the millenary soul of the Aryan-Hyperborean world of the Himalayas.

In the days that followed, I was invited to attend the Palace ceremonies in the capital of Sikkim. I was also able to discuss politics and religion with *MahoraJa-Kumar.*

Not many years after my departure from India, he was to succeed his aged father on the throne. Unfortunately, his beautiful wife died in childbirth and he married again an adventurous and ambitious American woman who pushed him to try to make the Sikkim Protectorate independent. He was dethroned and died soon after.

On my return to New Delhi, I sent him as a gift a box of Havana cigars, which he liked to smoke. He sent me the wonderful present of a brocade of pure Chinese silk, covered with *swastika leuógtras* (the same of the *"Bo"* religion*,* which preceded Tantric Buddhism and was adopted by Esoteric Hitlerism). With this precious fabric I made myself a Tibetan robe. And with it I received the Dalai Lama in the Himalayas, when he escaped from the Chinese invasion, and also in Chile (in the Andes) when he visited us, not many years ago.

Thus, once again, the beloved *Maharaja-Kumar* of Sikkim met again with his Dalai Lama.

LOSANDRÓGINOS

A strange visitor has arrived at my house. Standing in the doorway, tall, thin, with a saffron robe and a turban on his head, he carries a small dog in his arms, and he takes off his shoes to enter. His eyes are blue. He smiles, speaks, and I don't know if he is male or female. He says his name is Alfredo; he must be a man, therefore. But his

Mi amigo "Sunya Bhai", el "Hermano del Silencio", con su perro, encarnación de un familiar vikingo.

Sunya Bhai, el "Vikingo".

Urna con las cenizas de Sunya, el Hermano del Silencio, el "Vikingo". Las arrojaré en el Océano Pacífico, como si fueran las de Baldur.

initiation name is Sitriya. He reveals it to me, and claims to have received instructions to visit me. He has received them in silence, for he is the *"Brother of Silence"*. He is *Sun ya,* the "Void". And he comes to "feel my silence". He has been commanded to do so in the Himalayas, where he lives. He sits on the floor, cross-legged, in a corner of my room, next to his dog, and remains silent for a long time. Finally, he speaks again and tells me that he is Danish, a Viking, he says, and that is why he has blue eyes. His dog is not a dog, he is the reincarnation of a very close relative who died as a child.

He gets up and leaves.

Several weeks go by *and Sun* comes back, always unexpectedly. He declares to me that his dog has died; but that he has already reincarnated in Sikkim and that he will have to go there to meet him again. I tell him about *MaharaJa-Kumar* and recommend him to see him. He tells me that he has come to visit me before leaving, for he wishes to introduce me to *isister* Raihana, who is a su,ft mystic, who worships Krishna, as well as a seer, who knows the past of the reincarnations, by looking at the hands. Then Scnyo elaborates, speaks as never before, comes out of his silence and tells me an extraordinary story of an English major, who served in the colonial army of India and who, retired, resided in Almora, one of the main Himalayan gates for the pilgrimages to the Kailas. Also living there is *Sunya* and Lama Govinda, who occupies the stone house that was built and never used, Evans Wentz, an American citizen and editor of the Tibetan *"Book of the Dead"*, who had to leave at the outbreak of World War II.

When the English Major died, it was discovered that she was a woman. He brings me documents and writings about the incredible story. He saw the body and was present at the funeral.

I have next to me a stone head of the God Siva, sculpted in Khajuraho. It is *the* face of the Androgynous, of the Siva *Ardanasisvara,* male and female, not yet divided (or reincorporated). It is ELE LLA. Many times in my works I have tried to describe the *'Face of the Bridegroom"* (betrothed to himself). It is a sublime ecstasy, a supreme joy. With that Head I have illustrated my book "Lo *lserpierite del Paraíso".* It is here and I contemplate it, while I remember my dear Suriyo and his story of the English Major, who perhaps was neither a man nor a woman.

When *I* left India, *Sus* always kept in touch and never stopped writing me her strange and incomprehensible letters,

in the middle of which he would interject exclamations like "lYu/i"! He would also send me dried flowers from the Himalayas, which I still have.

In those summers, ól would have been in his seventies and I remember that, to prove to me that he was young, he would do a few quick hops on the tips of his toes, laughing and holding his turban. At the end of his days, he left Al mora and went to live in California, where a movement was founded around him. His followers were loyal to him until after his death. They published a magazine and asked for my help. *Isunya* was hit in the street by a car. Surely, with so much time in the Himalayas, he had lost the *"serise ofroad".* They sent me his ashes. I still have them here, in a stone vessel, in my meditation room. I have spoken to a Commander friend, of the Chilean Navy, and we are going to sail into the Pacific, to disperse them in the Great Sea. A Viking, a navigator, needs this rite. Although, in truth, he may have *been born on land.*

SISTER RAIHANA

He had the sacred disease of "white leprosy". His face and hands showed its stains. He lived without moving from his room, in a "Gandhian refuge", a sort of asylum for old mystics, near Old Delhi. I went with my wife, who had only been in India for two years, for the children's school. She saw his hands, not on the palm, but on the back; she concentrated a little, chanting some *mantras,* and explained that she had been, in her previous reincarnation, a woman from Kashmir. She had fallen in love with an English officer who had been killed in action (me) and had now met me again in Chile and married.

I also took my sister Berta to *isister* Raihana, who to this day remembers her and prays for her. Many Chileans visited her with me and asked to see her hands: Hernán Santa Cruz, Ambassador to the United Nations; Don José Maza, President of the General Assembly; the writer Luis Oyarzún, who told in a chronicle that she predicted the Chilean earthquake of 1960. One day, I took her to Arthur Koestler, the naturalized English writer, without telling her who he was. He saw her hands and told her that in his previous incarnation he had been a "mi/iiory *chaplain," a* military chaplain. This must have made quite an impression on that former militan-

te *(military)* communist-Marxist (priest-chaplain). Back in the car, she told me: *"It was suieel of her to tell me thai"*.

Koestler wrote a book about his experience in India and Japan: "Af *Lotus and the* fio6ot". I think somewhere he mentions me. But he was an agnostic, a desperate skeptic. He found in *euthanasia* his ultimate "religion" and committed suicide, along with his wife and dogs.

One day I was visited in India by the Chilean Professor Roberto Munizaga. He came on the recommendation of my very dear friend, Eugenio Gonzalez Rojas, Rector of the University of Chile. I attended to him as best I could. In good time, because he was a unique character, with a special sense of humor, incisive, sharp, as well as a philosopher and poet. Feared and detested by his students, who nicknamed him the "Mulata Sublime", he opened up to me, coming out of his introverted shyness. He even read me some poems dedicated to La Serena, his hometown, I believe. He said incredible things that were essential definitions, as well as poetic. For example: "Do you know, Don Miguel (we called each other "don"), here in India cows are pigeons... because they stand anywhere"... Or, when contemplating the streets of Old Delhi, crowded with people: "Here the National Stadium is coming out every time. ..".

He made a trip to see the tantric temples in Khajuraho, where he
Siva and Parvati love each other in the most difficult and contorted positions. He declared to me on his return: 'I have from a journey of abominations...". Only the painter Julio Escámez, who was also in India, was able to say things like this. For example, when I went to fetch him from his room, some maiianas, he would turn from the door and exclaim: "One moment, please, I forgot to put on my musculature ...".

Of course, I took Don Roberto Munizaga to visit *Sister* Raihana. But we arrived late and the doors of the asylum were already closed. What to do?

"-Nothing," I said, "Let's climb the wall."

And we climbed up. When we were at the top, straddling each other, we looked at each other. And he1, with a smile:

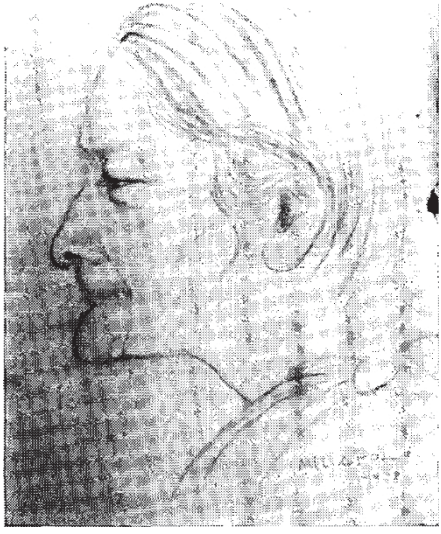
"-If my students could see me!".

Don Roberto left and I did not see him again until a visit to Santiago. He invited me to lunch at the old Crillon Hotel. We occupied a table in the courtyard, next to the wall with vines.

And we drank more than one bottle of good Chilean red wine. I had

The "Herma na" Raihan a, on the left, accompanied by a disciple.

Ivory statuette of God Krishna, gift of "Sister" Raihana.



Sister" Raihana, drawing of the Chilean musician Millapol Gajardo.

the wall in front, where the Chilean summer sun shone and the green of the leaves could be seen shining, with that unique green of our country.

"Look, Don Roberto, look at that leaf, look at it! He turned to look at it.

"-Ah!" he exclaimed. "It's a leaf of flesh and blood...!".

What will become of him? In the middle of the military regime I saw him appear on television criticizing the government. He said that the uniformed men, in the name of nationalism, were destroying the best of the nationality. The railroads, for example.

And he was right.

The last time I met him was one morning at the "Café Santos". He was holding a child by the hand. He introduced him to me. It was his grandson. "-We came from 'pinchar'[3] on Ahumada Street," he explained to me. "This spring the "girls" are really getting good.... *Aren't they* Is it true?"

And he turned to his grandson, who nodded, very seriously.

Sisfer Raihana made one exception, just one. He came out of his room one day, out of his meditation, out of his Sufi prayer. He came to see me in my room at the *"Ewiss Hotel"* in Old Delhi, a sort of hut, where I had moved, leaving the *"Imperial Hotel"* in New Delhi. Both belonged to the same owner, the hotel entrepreneur Oberoi. The mansion had belonged to an English Viceroy and had the charm of old buildings. I even had a swimming pool. In the garden, monkeys jumped from tree to tree. Climbing up a wall, I could reach an English cemetery, with ancient tombs, with inscriptions and poems. The hotel managers were an Italian couple from Florence, Aldo and Giuliana Cambi, young and gentle. I was the only diplomat in India to move to live in Old Delhi and the *"Swiss Hotel".* There were two other hotels. One, the "Cecil *Hotel",* English, where "iti o *Indians* rti o *dogs"* were not allowed, and another, more modern, also by Oberoi. The *"Cecil",* which I would not have gone to at all, was closed very soon, as it is not difficult to understand. India was now independent, no longer a colony of England. Only the Chargé d'Affaires

3. "Flirting."

Business from Austria had had the bad judgment to go and live there for a while.

Well, *Sister* Raihana came to see me at the Swiss Hotel, coming out of seclusion and accompanied by Alfred Wuelfred, an attaché of the German Embassy in India, who had been taken prisoner during the war and kept in an English concentration camp. He converted to Hinduism, learned Hindi and assimilated almost completely into the life and customs of the country. We met, I don't remember how, and together we attended the Great *Kurnrnefa* at Allahabad. Now he was coming with Raihana to visit me, for I was ill, bedridden and in great pain. It was indeed a "doctor's visit". And the "doctor" was her.

Raihana brought me as a gift a crystal with the face of the sun engraved on it, from Suryo, and an ivory statuette of God Krishna, playing the flute.

"-The crystal take it in your hand," he said. "Feel its vibration, its solar energy. To Krishna, put it on your warden's bedside table. And let us now listen to the enchanted music of his flute. I will accompany you by chanting the *mantras* that will heal you...".

And he sat on the floor, near my bed, on the *Kashari* carpets, *in* the twilight of the evening, while the German friend lit some sandalwood sticks, which enveloped us in their perfume.

I closed my eyes. *Mister* Raihana began to recite a hypnotic melopea, in sacred Sanskrit. And in the background, far in the background, I heard the Flute of God Krishna, who began his Dance with the *Gopis,* the shepherdesses of Gokul, and with Radha, his Beloved. She accompanied him dancing and also singing. And the soft and cadenced voice of Raihana was that of Radha, the Beloved of the God, in the gardens of Vrindavan.

Without knowing how, I fell asleep. And I healed.

Years later, when I was living in Montagnola, in Italian Switzerland, in Hermann Hesse's old house, I received the gift of a pencil drawing of *Sister* Raihana's face. It had been made and sent to me by the Chilean musician, Millapol Gajardo, who studied in India the Hindu logo, becoming a virtuoso.

and a specialist of his music. Our friendship has lasted through the years. When I presented my book "Los Misterios" to the public, he played the background music. Also now, just recently, on my eightieth birthday, he presented me with the performance of a ***"Raga*** *del Atardecer"* ***(****Sunset* ***Raga).*** And it could not have been otherwise. While he played the Khishna flute, Sabela, the Celtic *meiga*, accompanied him on the ***tampura.***

I remembered my ***Sister*** Raihana and tried to let my thoughts reach her where her ashes are now, to join them to those of Suityo, in the deep sea, where everything vanishes. .

BROTHER OF LECTIE

Before returning to the laborious search, I will continue a little more relating these small stories, or events, that allow us to penetrate the soul of this ancient people, better than with philosophy, religion or the Great History. There the idiosyncrasy of India is revealed, sometimes; because these details are worth more than texts, or volumes.

In the street, the half-dressed Hindu ("never badly dressed", as Neruda used to say) begs, begs and begs, never satisfied with what he is given. He will never be grateful. In "Hindi" there is no such word as "thank you". For the Hindu thinks that in asking he is doing a favor to the giver, enabling him to improve his bormo. Nor does the dying person, lying on the road, ask for help, nor does he expect it. And nobody offers it to him, because he will have to hurry alone, until the end, his Destiny, to reincarnate freer and better. This belief in *karma* and reincarnation is kept in the deepest part of the Collective Unconscious of India, so that even those who say they are agnostic, rationalist and do not believe in anything, inside, very inside, have "five thousand lives", contrary to the westerner, who, even claiming to believe in reincarnation, has only one life, believes in only one. The result of this is very important, contributing to the fact that the Hindu is less individualized than the European. Also, less rushed, because he has eternity, so to speak. And this faith is beyond the mind and reason. That is to say, in the most authentic, in the blood, in the truth.

However, -and this I came to discover almost ten years later-, it was not always like that, because the "Idea" of reincarnation appears in India when the Aryan is mixed with the Dravidian, with

the

The *Tantra, the tantric, orphic, gnostic metaphysics, so to speak, rejects it with the Kamal ía, replacing the Samadhi and pretending to affirm it with the Kamal ía. Tantra,* Tantric, Orphic, Gnostic metaphysics, so to speak, rejects it with the *Kamal ia,* replacing Samadhi and pretending to affirm, or to reach the *Absolute Self,* the *supreme Indiuiduation,* ending with the Eternal Return, with the Reincarnation of Buddhism and Vedantism, propitiated and propagated by the *Beni-Israel.*

Upon discovering this, I decided to leave India; for the seduction of the

Slamadhi, of loss in the Great Ocean, is almost irresistible. On the Himalayan paths, on the pilgrimages to

Badrinath, I found officers of the Indian Navy, educated in England, with scientific training, now stripped of their military, physical and psychological attire, who went along those routes, barefoot and also half-naked, covered with ashes, with cow dung in their hair, fulfilling the rituals that would help them to "reincarnate better".

I used to go out in the evenings to the outskirts of Delhi, to tour the forts and palaces of the Mughal emperors, contemplating, from their turrets, the flight of the birds and the intense colors of the monsoon skies. One day, I forgot the key inside the car and locked the door. I had the duplicate at the hotel. There was nothing to do. Before breaking a glass, I waited for someone to transport me to Delhi. And I tried to stop some motorist, or some wagon pulled by buffaloes. I saw a truck coming and waved at it. It stopped. It was driven by a young man, dressed in a *dothi,* a kind of "diaper" floating between his skinny, lanky legs. He was barefoot. I explained to him what had happened to me. He offered to take me on the condition that I would first accompany him to his village, where he was to drop something off. I accepted.

Like almost all villages in India, it was a hamlet with

mud rooms, pressed with cow dung and roofs of branches. People moved all the time, going from one side to the other, the women carrying water in large pitchers balanced on their heads.

The man invited me into his house, where there was a fire burning and the *chapati,* the delicious bread, was being heated over the embers.

Indian. He invited me to taste it and his wife brought me a glass of milk. I ate and drank. And we were ready to leave. My host was beside himself with happiness that I, a white, blue-eyed *Sahab,* had been sitting in his house, in his village, sharing bread and milk with his family. I was not aware of this difference. The truth is that I have never, until very recently, come to realize it.

He dropped me off at the Imperial Hotel in New Delhi. I went in with him, holding hands (Hindu custom), passing through the reception and the corridors, before the astonished gaze of the Italian manager and the employees. We said goodbye in front of my room, joining hands and saying, *"Namaste!".*

But the story doesn't end there. A week later, I received a phone call from the front desk. I was told that a man in a *dothi* and barefoot wanted to see me. I asked who he was. I was told, "Your milk brother". At first I did not understand anything, thinking it was a joke, a joke of some Chilean visitor, one of those who, from time to time, appeared in India. But, when I thought of the *dothi, I* "fell": it had to be my host in the village, the one who had transported me in his truck, to find the spare key.

And so it was: "my milk brother", for we had drunk together in his home the milk of the "Mother Cow", of the "Mother India"!

I immediately received him at the Embassy office, ceremoniously greeting him with joined hands, and again saying, *"Namaste!"* ("I greet the God in you!").

SHANDALA

I wished to spend a few days in Udaipur, in the Palace built in the middle of a lake, and I left, taking with me my driver and my *bearer* (vallet). We marched at a regular speed, driving on the left side, according to the English custom, in force to this day in India. The road was often crossed by groups of trekkers, camels and cows. Suddenly, from the side of the road, a woman jumped out, trying to cross the road. The car failed to brake and hit her head-on, throwing her several meters away. Almost immediately, a caravan of women and men appeared in the cross country, approaching with large

cries and screams. They surrounded the body lying on the road. I had gotten down, together with my servants and, leaning back, I held the head of that young woman, who was in agony. Her husband arrived and took her in his arms. She sobbed inconsolably. I, too, let my tears roll down, hiding my face in my hands. A chorus of voices rose to heaven, repeating mantras and prayers.

I abandoned my car there and spent the whole day in the neighboring town, with the police and filling out paperwork. We returned to Delhi and I did not think of returning to Udaipur until next year, on the same date, and after I had succeeded in clearing my driver of all blame in that death.

When we arrived at the crash site itself, I asked Michael if we could go to the dead woman's village. My servants were reluctant to go, believing that the family and villagers would take revenge on us. But I insisted. As if they had known beforehand, a crowd surrounded our car. And a man pushed his way in, approaching. I had gotten out. He took me by the hand and, without a word, led me towards his house. There, he looked deep into my eyes, until they watered again.

"-I come to ask your forgiveness for the death of your wife!" said I. 'W wish to make it up to you, as I c a n . . . ".

He touched me again, now on my face, with his fingertips.

"Lord, by God, by Vishnu! How can you think of that? I have never forgotten you and I was waiting for you. I knew that you were coming..... It was enough, more than enough, that you cried with us..... It was called Shandala, and it was your destiny....".

Yes, her name was Shandala, fine and delicate, with her dark ivory skin and straight, black aqua hair.

She died in my arms, many years ago, on the side of a road in India, near Udaipur. She "detached" from her body, to a new incarnation. ..

Shandala means sandalwood perfume, sandalwood flower …. I have never forgotten it.

CHINESE MANDARIN

I wanted to get to Tibet any way I could, to the Transhimalaya, to the Kailas. The Chinese Ambassador to India was Pan-Tsu-Li, an important official in the communist hierarchy of his country. We often coincided in our positions at international meetings held in New Delhi. We became friends and I got him to extend an official invitation to visit China. When he came to inform me of the news, he asked me what I wanted to see in his nation. I immediately replied:

"-Tibet, Mount Kailas."

His broad Chinese smile faded, he became serious. He soon left and I never heard of the invitation again. I did not insist either. I only wanted to go to Tibet, China did not interest me. I had understood that they would never let me pass that way into the territory where I was to fulfill my "Mission".

When Professor Munizaga came to India, already at the end of his trip, he expressed his desire to be invited to China and asked me to help him with the Ambassador. He had little time left and I had to act quickly. I then committed a breach of protocol, encouraged by my friendship with the oriental diplomat. I picked up the phone and called him at his Embassy, asking to speak directly with him. He got on the phone without waiting. I then expressed my wish to be received. He asked me when and I said immediately. In spite of the surprise he must have felt at my haste and my direct and informal attitude, so little "oriental", he agreed. And we arranged to meet in an hour at his Embassy.

My second mistake was to dress in an Indian suit of my own invention, made of raw silk, by *Sadhi,* from Gandhi's workshops. Ambassador Pan-Tsu-Li's sensibilities were thus touched, due to the traditional rivalry between China and India, exacerbated by border problems and the Tibetan situation.

I arrived accompanied by Professor Munizaga. *We* were shown into a small room where there was a table set in front of the armchairs we would occupy, served with the most exquisite delicacies: pastries, sweets, jams and candies, as well as some fine porcelain jars with Chinese tea.

The Ambassador waited longer than expected. And when he entered he wore the stereotypical Eastern smile. He sat down and waited

for me to speak. I began by referring to the professor and describing his merits, his desire to know China and his conditions to deserve an invitation. The Ambassador listened without saying a word and Don Roberto Munizaga did not open his mouth. Only I kept talking. Meanwhile, our host did not make a single gesture to invite us to taste the delicious delicacies, which we devoured with our eyes. The Chilean professor's gaze widened through his glasses, going from the tray to the hieratic face of the Ambassador.

I stopped talking, considering that the interview was over. The Chinese man, with polite manners, accompanied us to the door of the Embassy. And that was the end of it.

Already on the street, we looked at each other and I asked Professor Munizaga why he had not opened his mouth.

"Look," he answered, "first, I was listening to you; then, I was observing this Ambassador. And something very strange happens to me, I see one person t h r o u g h another. And do you know who I saw all the time in the Chinese Ambassador?... General Ibañez!". I was enlightened. It was something extraordinary, a revelation. Yes, i n d e e d : Ibáñez was a Chinese, a Chinese Mandarin!... Who but him would have been capable of such an ordeal (Chinese ordeal) as the one we had just undergone, sitting for more than an hour in front of the most exquisite delicacies, without being invited to eat them? Only this Ambassador... and General Ibáñez. Thus, my friend Pan-Tsu-Li wanted to erase, or rather, to balance my lack of courtesy and protocol. We could remain friends. ... But my visit was never formalized, nor was it ever invited. to Professor Munizaga.

However, from all this I gained an incredible insight: *General Carlos Iboíiez del Campo was a Chinese Mandarin.*

I learned about it in India, thanks to a Chilean professor, a *"mutant".*

DIPLOMACY

I was undoubtedly a diplomat *sur generis.* The reader will have realized this by now. But what is diplomacy? I entered through the "window". I did *not* have a "career" (but what career can one have in diplomacy?). I was not what is called a "professional diplomat". I belonged to the rare species of "hereditary diplomats", who improvise, who "do" diplomacy. In

the twenty years that

I was involved in that, I never returned to Chile to stay or serve in the Ministry. Those were the times when ambassadors were approved by the Senate, being, moreover, of the exclusive confidence of the President of the Republic. "*Envoys", in* the old style, like those who carried presents and were accompanied by a cohort of servants, represented the kings because they were kings themselves and had their personal fortunes to collaborate, like my grandfather, Joaquín Fernández Blanco, who was ruined serving Chile in Spain, and like my uncle, Joaquín Fernández y Fernández, who was not ruined in Paris, but who gave me the wonderful advice to never have a secretary of the Ministry, but to hire native personnel.

Also, when I left Chile, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs gave me the same foolish instructions they give today: to transform the representation into a commercial office, advertising our products, iron ore, copper, etc. Today's rulers would like to have floating or wheeled "malls" carrying our raw materials and where the Ambassadors would be the sales managers. Today's rulers would like to have floating or wheeled "malls" carrying our raw materials and where the Ambassadors would be the sales managers. Selling and buying. But all this is useless and is just one more sign of the decadence, provincialism and "si utiquería"' of our people. The total lack of condition and class of our "career diplomats", who have ended up handing over Laguna del Desierto and will do so with the Continental Ice Fields. As Vicente Huidobro used to say, it would seem that there is a genetic "foolishness" in the Chilean race. We have "farreado" our geography and our imperial destiny, being able to have been owners of two Oceans, in the polar end of the world.

At the same time as I did, Ambassador a dor from Italy, Alberto Berio, who had served with great success and for several years in Chile, moved to India. He and his family became good friends among us; his daughter, Pucci, was much loved and popular. Diplomacy, in its essence, is human relations.

The Berios took a Chilean woman with them to India as a lady-in-waiting: Eliana. The Ambassador gave me his friendship and his family was mine while I was alone in India. He gave me

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4. Cursillery.

advice on diplomatic life. As the years went by, I found him one day very worried, in his chancellery at the Embassy. I asked him why. And he confessed to me that he had just received the third commendation from his Ministry. Before my joy, he declared: "This is not good when it happens, it is almost certain that you will be assigned to Timbuktu". . . I have made the mistake of doing things and succeeding. They do not forgive you for that in the Ministry, nor in the government. . . The best thing to do is to do nothing, not to make trouble, to go unnoticed, so that they think you are dead, that you do not exist..... That's diplomacy...".

In fact, shortly thereafter he would be taken out of India and sent to Ethiopia (not "Timbuktu", which I don't know what that is).

It would not be long before I myself could see how "getting things done" unleashes the envy and hatred of "professionals" in diplomacy and politics.

Although I sold saltpeter and copper in India, I did not do it explicitly, but by chance (as if by "chance") and thanks to the human and also religious, philosophical relationship. So one could say that in India (and also everywhere) what is needed to be able to sell and buy is not an economist, but a philosopher, a believer, a yoga.

When I arrived in India, as I have said, saltpeter, Chile's natural fertilizer, was losing ground to ammonium sulfate, a synthetic fertilizer, cheaper and marketed by the United States of America. Replacing Chester Bole as Ambassador in New Delhi was John Sherman Cooper, a former Republican Senator, married to an intelligent woman, a polyglot, who spoke even Russian. He also had a Chilean employee who cooked delicious empanadas. He had also been a delegate to the United Nations, where he met and courted our Anita Figueroa, a mythical Chilean delegate of those years. Everything was in place for me to become friends with the American Ambassador. He ended up helping me to sell saltpeter in India, at the expense of his ammonium sulfate. I got Chile to decorate him and I personally took the decoration to Washington, even though the Americans, like the English and the Indians, do not receive decorations (nor do they give them, unfortunately). An exception was made in this case: the decoration was accepted, but Ambassador Cooper had to deliver it immediately to the State D e p a r t m e n t .

When I had to start some important negotiation at the Ministry of Economy of India, I would ask for an audience with the Minister and I would come to see him in my Hindu costume, in *bhadi.* We would talk about anything, usually yoga, religion, or I would tell him about one of my pilgrimages. And it was not unusual for us to end up standing on our heads in the middle of the office. At the end, the Minister would come to his senses and laughingly ask me why I had come.

"-To sell saltpeter," he would say.

"-Ah, it's already bought," he would reply.

And it all ended with the usual *Nomosfé.*

Such were the Hindus. And not only them, because one day a diplomat married to a Thai woman, *Herr* Alusa, arrived in India as Austrian Ambassador. During the protocol visit, to introduce himself, he told me about his interest in *Hatha-Yoga.* We continued talking, when I returned the visit. He asked me if it was too difficult to stand on his head, as he needed it as a healthy exercise.

"- Especially for an Ambassador," I said, "That's the best way to understand world politics: feet up and head down."

With great humor he asked me to try, and so we stood in his office trying to stand on our heads on the floor. Several times the Ambassador rolled over, falling noisily on his back. We laughed out loud. His secretary came in, worried perhaps by the noise. He was astonished to see us *upside down. A* career civil servant, he did not understand anything and, surely, to this day he will remember those two eccentric ambassadors with scandal.

When I was appointed in Austria, Ambassador Alusa was the Secretary General of his Foreign Ministry. We were great friends and he always helped me.

Yes, true diplomacy is fundamentally based on human relations.

Ambassador Berio, from Italy, was replaced by Count Giusti del Giardino, owner of the famous Giusti Gardens in Verona. He read Neruda and had socialist tendencies. He never used his title. It was he who recommended to me in Venice the pension "A fe *S!olttte da Cici" (*pronounced "chichi"), known only to Venetians and Englishmen. It was very close to Ezra Pound's house, in Querini street.

My friend Georg Middleton, the Deputy High Commissioner of Great Britain, left India upon the arrival of High Commissioner Malcolm McDonald, another special man, an Asian art collector and bird scholar. He had come from Canada, where he had written a book: *"The Birds of Cariadó"*. His wife, Audry, was very beautiful. In India, Malcolm, son of Ramsay McDonald, wrote another book: *"The Birds of* Mc *Garden"*. Upon his departure, Ceorg Middleton

-As I have already said, he gave me his entire collection of Spanish writers. I bid him farewell with Manuel Machado's poem: *"I am of the Moorish race, a daughter of the sun, who has won all and lost all, I have the soul of the Spanish Arabian spikenard...". The* Ambassador of Saudi Arabia, in his traditional tunic, and the Ambassador of Syria, the poet Omar Abou-Ritshe, were present. He came from Argentina, spoke Spanish, was simultaneously accredited in Chile and married to an Argentine woman of Arab origin. He recited on that occasion his poem in Arabic: *"Khajuraho"*.

He said he preferred to say it in Arabic, because English was a very complicated language, where, according to Voltaire, "it was spelled came- llo and pronounced dromedary."

The Spanish Ambassador was Count Luis de Arta za, owner of the Murieta vineyards. A great sportsman, he had been the famous "óocé" Olivares of Spanish soccer. A goat hunter in the High Himalayas, he managed to get Franco to appoint him to India to continue his *safaris*. I always refused his invitations to kill beautiful Bengal tigers. But he was a great friend of mine and of the Chileans who passed through India. Moreover, thanks to him Sergio Figueroa Tagle was able to continue working as an interpreter for the United Nations. Driven by his uncontrollable sense of humor and knowing that there were Chileans at a UN meeting in Delhi, in the middle of an argument between the Russian and American delegates, he said into the microphones: "The Russian *ate the ox* (Chilean idiom for "to get angry"). And another time, when he was translating for the Mongolian representative, he stopped and, after a pause, explained: "I cannot continue translating, because the representative of Outer Mongolia is speaking in the language of Inner Mongolia...".

The directors in charge of the Conference decided to expel him, and if they did not do so, it was due to the intervention of the Count of Artaza, who went to talk to them. With his imposing presence of an aristocrat from the times of Don Quixote and with his English

with an Oxford accent. He was a great gentleman and gave me his book *"Hunts in the High Himalayas"*. I still have it with me. On a visit I made to Madrid, he invited me to a bullfight, where he explained to me that nothing better could happen to the bull than to die fighting and with the possibility of winning. Putting balls on his horns, as in Portugal, was like exchanging whiskey for milk and a sentimentality of old maids and English tourists. The revol ution, or Spanish civil war, had its deep and metaphysical cause in the prohibition that the Republic imposed on bullfighting. The Spaniards, a people of men, had no escape from their energy other than to kill each other. For the rest, bullfights had their origin in the *Mithraism* of the Legions of Rome. They were a vestige of something religious, even more interesting than Christianity. Rather, they are the same thing. Instead of crucifying a "corde- ro", a bull was crucified: the Dragon. It was the fight against the Dragon. And the bullfighter was St. George.

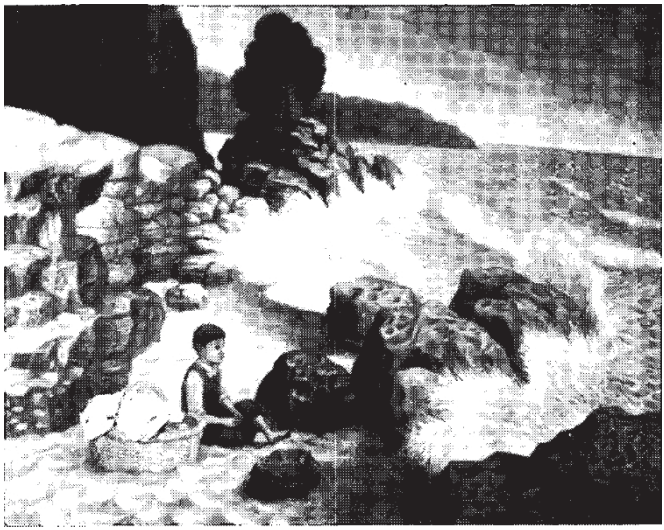
What characters came through India! Gonzalo Montt, for example, a Chilean of yesteryear, whom Ibañez named in a representation in Korea. He was also a hunter and arrived in India, unfortunately without coinciding with the Count of Artaza. I went to wait for him at the airport. He brought his rifles and shotguns inside long stockings and a tie instead of a belt. He confessed to me that he had asked to be taken out of Korea, "because he was beginning to find his cook good-looking".

I introduced him to the U.S. Ambassador (not Cooper, who had already left) and Gonzalo Montt launched into a tirade, accusing the U.S. of being a servant of the Jews, who were leading the world to total disaster.

Montt had the figure of an English colonial officer, with his trimmed mustaches and blue eyes.

The Swiss Ambassador was Monsieur Cutat, an intellectual and theologian, quoted by Julius Evola. He had converted to Catholicism and studied Hinduism, Eastern philosophy and Buddhism, trying to establish a bridge with Western thought. I coincided with the Ambassador of Argentina, Fatone, a scholar of Hinduism, who recommended important texts to me, which we consulted in old bookstores and with whom we fought together to defend Antarctica.

The French Ambassador was another interesting character; Count Stanislas Ostrorog. He was born in Turkey and still exists



Child by the sea, by Escá-me z. Painting made in India. S irvi ó as a model a Hindu child.

his family's house, by the Bosphorus, not far from a café where Pierre Loti wrote "Les *Desencan* fndas "[5]. His father had been a great Arabist, which made the Ambassador a supporter of the Mohammedans in Kashmir. He gave Pondicheri to India, thus balancing his preferences. A collector of Persian carpets, he was my teacher in acquiring them. I still own a *Kashan,* which he recommended to me.

Ostrorog was from a noble family of Polish origin and Napoleon gave them the title and French nationality.

From Chile came to India the French diplomat Christian Belle, later Ambassador to Afghanistan. He always had on his desk table a photo of a beautiful Chilean lady, surnamed Marchant, whom he had loved. He was a deep and fine spirit, an excellent poet. I have his book "Chanson *de Pas",* which the Chilean poet Enrique Gómez Correa liked so much. Nobody knew or knows the poet Christian Belle.

We were talking in my Embassy, under the Julio Escámez painting of a boy sitting by the sea, with a huge basket, bigger than him. I asked him one day:

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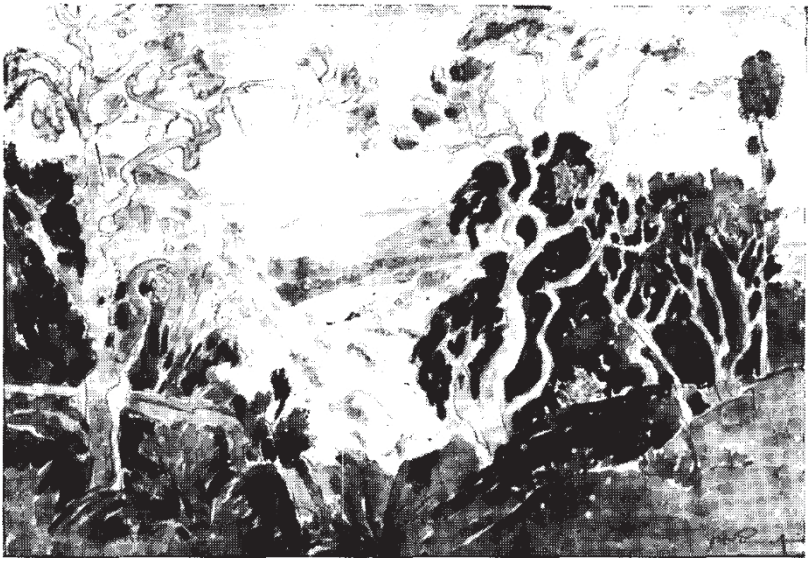
5. There is also a "Pierre Loti Passage" in Valparaíso. Who knows today who Pierre Loti was?

"-What will you carry inside that big basket?".

"-He carries his dreams," he told me. "The boy's loose ones are more big than he is...".

HORACIO SERRANO PALMA

He was a unique, unrepeatable character. He arrived one day in India, accompanied by his wife, Elisa Pérez Walker, niece of Mr. Horacio Walker Larraín, Minister of Foreign Affairs of President González Videla -the same one who withdrew his nephew's immunity, allowing him to be imprisoned in India-, cousin of the Ambassador to the Vatican, Clemente Pérez, father of the current senator of the same name. Beautiful and distinguished. We were not related to Horacio. His family, Serrano, is from Concepción, although it is possible that originally we were. They were four male brothers, all very special, José was Head of the Saltpeter Office in London; later, Ibáñez appointed him Ambassador to the United Nations. He was the first husband of Lu z Rivas, the beautiful Luz Rivas Freire, of whom I have already spoken in the second book of these "Memoirs"; separated, he later married a South African woman, impressed, I believe, by the resemblance she bore to María Luisa Zorrilla, sister of Enrique, my nacista friend (with a "c"). José died too young and Horacio sent Marita, the South African, to India. She married in my house the Ambassador of Japan, the noble descendant of the *lshogun,* His Excellency Koto Matzudaira. Marita gave me a painting of her father, the famous Pierneef. I have it next to me. It is a landscape, a watercolor. Another painting I also have, I think I told you, a sunrise in the Himalayas, painted by Roerich. It is an oil painting and was sent to me by a young collector, unknown reader of my books and a painter himself, John Manchester. A magical relationship was established with him, in the distance. He lived in New York and found that painting in an antique shop. "It was meant for you," he wrote to me. Then he gave me a painting of his, a flower from the New Mexico desert, in Taos, where David Herbert Lawrence lived. It was a kind of white sun, with an old man's face, a bristly beard, and a very long stem. Well, one day, a Chilean painter visiting Yugoslavia, where I was, committed the sacrilege of cutting off the stem, mutilating the flower. As if he knew, as if he "felt" it, John Manchester never wrote again. I never heard from him again. But the most



Watercolor by the South African painter Pierneef.

The flower painted by John Manchester.

The most precious of all my paintings is a watercolor of Adolf Hitler: a mountain in the Alps from his youth, just like the Melimoyu[6]. I also own a watercolor of the Ticino, painted and dedicated by Hermann Hesse.

Horatio had only daughters. Three or four women, I don't know anymore. He called them 'las *pestes',* 'his *pests'.* And they called him "el *tata".* In India he bought fine Persian carpets, for each one. It was the 'dowry', so he could marry them, he said. They will marry for the carpets," he would say. He returned to India alone, on a trip to other countries in the East. He told me about his experience in Cambodia, at the ruins of *Autor-Bat.* He was being transported in a *fti/ts/iow, a* wheeled cart, pulled by a barefoot runner. When he arrived at his destination, he asked him for the price of the trip and the driver charged him an exorbitant sum. Horatio stared at him and gave him a 'topo'."[7]. Such was the strangeness of the native that he could do nothing but burst out laughing. I had never seen that, a *'tapa'.* And Horacio added:

"Never, in the five thousand years of Cambodia's history, never, no one had ever made a 'tapa' in that country, let alone next to those legendary ruins.... I was the first, the only one and maybe the last... When I realized this, I thought of Napoleon shooting the Sphinx, and I knew that I had been more civilized and original. A *"tapa"* did no harm to anyone, nor had it damaged the ruins. It was a sacred *mudra "chilensis".* And, moreover, a *mantra,* because it sounded.... When I realized all this I felt grateful for the driver and I paid him what he asked for. I believe that to this day he will be talking about this strange Chilean *guru*, who made that magic sign in Cambodia. ..".

Since then, every time something seemed wrong to us, or that we did not want to do, we repeated with Horacio, in unison: *"Tapa Cainboyana!*

President Juan Antonio Ríos appointed Horacio Serrano Minister of Agriculture and, later, Minister of Defense. Upon assuming the latter Ministry and on his first day in office, he was greeted at the door by the guard, who presented him with weapons, knocking the

6. I reproduced it in the second volume of these *"Memoirs".*
7. Typical Chilean gesture made by striking a hand against a fist. closed from the other.

rifles and clicking their heels together, at the same time they said, sonorously: "Good morning, Minister!

Once at his desk, Horacio sent for the Chief of the military guard, and told him:

"Commander, don't do that to me anymore. No more presenting me with weapons... because it scares me...".

That was Horatio, a brilliant eccentric. An engineer, he had been educated at Cambridge and at M.I.T. He almost made me break off my excellent relations with the Count of Artaza. He was in India when I had to decorate the former Dutch Consul in Chile, who had been posted to New Delhi. With no one from Chile in my Embassy, and wishing to give more solemnity to the ceremony, I asked Sergio Figueroa, who was also there, to help me to decorate the Consul, and Horacio, who was also present. I invited the Count of Artaza, as representative of the "Mother Country". In my speech I mentioned the Consul's absent wife and toasted them both with champagne. The Consul replied by toasting me and my wife, who was also absent. Then, out of all protocol, Horacio raised his glass and said:

"The toast here has been made to the Chilean Consul and the Chilean Ambassador. I toast to the *ladies* of the Spanish Ambassador...".

There was total silence. The Spanish Ambassador swallowed hard. He was an inveterate bachelor and tremendously "spider-stung "[8] , as we say in Chile. I don't think he ever forgave me for that joke, that ***gaffe*** of "my cousin".

From India he went to Japan. And from there he wrote to me: "It is a charming country; it would be much more so if it were inhabited by Italians...".

Beyond all this, Horacio Serrano Palma was a serious intellectual of keen intelligence. Some years ago he had edited a magazine of great quality: *"Tres Ensayos de Verdadero Interés",* and published books such as *"Entre Mar y Cordillera"* and *"Por qué* ***Somos*** *Pobres".* In "El Mercurio", for several years, until his death, he wrote a vignette on Greek thought and short and condensed articles, COfi various topics of "true interest".

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8. In love, "don Juan".

He was an exceptional being, unrepeatable. One more Chilean, one of those very special ones, that are not found anywhere else in the world and that nobody remembers among us anymore, as is the custom, as if they had never existed. In this particular case, his daughters (the *"pestes"),* all three (or all four) writers, have almost never referred (although they are in daily publicity, as journalists) to the talent and the work of their extraordinary father. (From his

Horacio was a "Gandhian" in Chile. No automobile ever came to his farm. He would go to wait for his mother-in-law at the railroad station in a cart pulled by oxen. And in India he would receive letters from the foreman, telling him that the *"rosilla"* cow had given birth to a calf. He would show it to me, saying:

"This foreman writes in Sanskrit, better than a Hindu philosopher, or Vice-President Radha-Krishnan. Do you understand anything? We are going to have to ask the Vice President himself to decipher these *sutras* for us.... I think he is talking about a cow that gave birth...". Horacio Serrano was dark, green-eyed, neither tall nor short, wiry, like a true Spanish gentleman, from Old Castile.

An Old Christian.

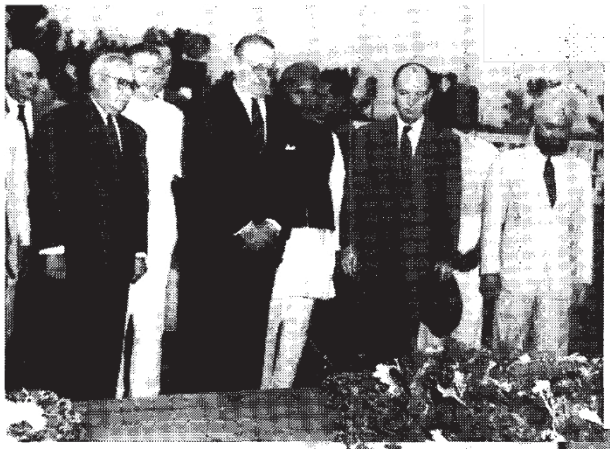
DONJOSEMAZA

"Neither the child, nor the rats of his house, remember them anymore; because they have died forever, like all the dead of the earth, who are forgotten in a pile of dull dogs".... But García Lorca sings to them "their brave bravery"; because "they will not be born again, nor Andalusians, nor Visigoths, nor Chileans so authentic...".

The *Edda* believed that it was enough to engrave their names on the stone, together with their *runes.* But this is no longer useful in the *Kalt yuga,* which began just with the writing of the *Edda* and with all writing, which impoverished the memory of men; in addition to the number, the demographic explosion, which makes it impossible to remember those few in the midst of so many.

The *"Protocols of the Brass Sages"* recommend "to put an end to History", to the memory of the great events of History, to the great men, to the "cult of the personalities", as the Marxists and the Jews (who do not even remember a Moshe Dayan) ordered. Heroes no

longer exist, they are useless, they must be forgotten. Only cybernetics, the "virtual reality", the



Don José Maza pone una corona de flores en el "Samadhi" donde reposan las cenizas del Mahatma Gandhi. A su derecha Pedro Álvarez, y Guillermo Carey a la izquierda.

Cena de despedida de don José Maza. De iz-quierda a derecha: Mi-guel Serrano; el Primer Ministro Nehru; Indira Gandhi; Ana Tagle de Carey y don José Maza.

José Maza con Nehru.

Internet, computer and plastic speed; neurons, plastic *chips*.

So it will be; but I remember them and I sing "their brave bravery", their greatness, their sympathy of Chileans, or of illustrious Hindus.

The time came when I considered it necessary to sign a commercial treaty between Chile and India, in order to "tie up" in time all that I was achieving by "standing on my head" and that could end once I could not do it anymore, or that other Ministers not interested in the Hetero-logo, would replace the current ones.

For this I thought it was very important to invite to India a unique personage, at that time President of the General Assembly of the United Nations, in the position previously occupied by Nehru's sister, Mrs. Pandit. He had obtained India's vote for the election of Chile. The chosen one had been Don José Maza, a very special man, grandiose in all the gestures and events of his life. The incarnation of Casanova, even in physique. Tall, manly, handsome in his composition. Senator, President of the Senate, he could have been President of Chile -and a good President-, for being perhaps the only Chilean who never had an inferiority complex, except for the unfortunate and fatal accident of a duel in the middle of the street and for matters of love. Of a great love. The husband of the one who later became his wife for life and, surely, the only true love of Don José, found him in the street and shot him. José Maza was saved by a book of poems by Baudelaire, which he was carrying in his hand. He fell down wounded. From the ground, he drew his revolver, mortally wounding his opponent.

For a long time, the scandal was alive in Chilean society. While José Maza was convalescing from his wound in the hospital, my grandmother, Fresia Manterola, went to visit him, thus taking his side. He had been a good friend of my father's, and my grandmother could not forget that. Don José got better and married the widow. She was Doña Raquel Lyon, a beautiful woman, with whom Don José formed a couple, united by death and until death. Her children came to love Don José. He was truly a charming man.

There was no one better than him to help me to bring forward this treaty of friendship and trade with India, where I wanted to leave the sale of saltpeter and copper "oleada y sacramentada".

However, and even though his intervention was decisive, because of the important position he held at the United Nations, Don José Maza could not officially figure in the management. He was a State guest from India. I needed to bring a delegation of saltpeter and also of copper. The first was not difficult, since it was enough that they came from London, with the director of the office, Don Pedro Alvarez, and two collaborators, Mr. Desnaux and Mr. Zaliki, the latter representing *"Rallis India",* the Greek agents, with headquarters in Bombay. But, again, luck came to accompany me, because, in those days, Guillermo Carey, one of the directors of the copper in Santiago, must have arrived in India, on vacation and passing through Delhi. He was accompanied by his wife, Ana Tagle, a genuine exponent of the distinction and beauty of the women of the Chilean upper class. I went to wait for him at the airport when I heard of his arrival. And there I told him:

"Mr. Carey, your vacation is over. You are Chilean and you have to help me to get the commercial treaty with India, to sell your copper...".

He stared at me in horror. I added:

"-You will not regret it, for you are going to be received as a guest in this Country."

In truth, I don't think he ever regretted it.

* * *

Don José Maza arrived directly in Calcutta, an enormous city with a population the size of that of Chile. For the Indians, the importance of a country was then measured by the number of its population, so that, after China, India was the most important in the world. India was increasing by twenty million human beings per year. Let us imagine, then, what Chile, with the population of Calcutta (four million in those years), would mean for India. And with that country I intended to sign a treaty.

The Hindu temperament is split, it is proud from the outset and, at the same time, it withdraws and becomes humble in the face of a strong position. It is the three hundred years of British colonialism. When, soon after my arrival, I went to Madras to visit Rajagopalachari, former first Governor of independent India and father-in-law of Devada Gandhi, the Mahatma's son, he received me saying:

"I know nothing about Chile, other than that its diplomatic representative was imprisoned for smuggling gold....".

I replied that it was so; but that I had read that several Indian diplomats had been imprisoned for the same or worse deeds. After that I was able to initiate a friendly and deep conversation with the former Governor who, among other things, told me that he did not visit the *swamis* and *gurus* because he did not have to comply with the ceremonial genuflections and presents. He also told me that he did not understand why we Westerners came to seek in Hinduism, having Christianity. "To each his own and on his own path, for all paths lead to Rome, if followed with faith and dedication."

I went to Calcutta to wait for Don José Maza. They took him directly to the Government Palace, where they had arranged his rooms for the night he would spend there.

Before dinner, I accompanied him to his bedroom, where his suitcases were brought. The first thing he did was to show me a copy of a telegram he had sent to his wife from Jerusalem. It said: "Blessed art thou among women...".

"-I wrote it in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher," he added.

Then she took out a "necessaire" with shaving products and colognes from her briefcase and placed it on a piece of furniture next to a mirror. On her cheeks she sprinkled a blusher.

"-You have to hide the pallor of fatigue," he explained.

Dinner, in the enormous dining room, served for the two of us by an army of employees in turbans, uniforms and bare feet, was solemn. Don José was beside himself with satisfaction. Leaning back in his chair and looking at me with pride, he said to me:

"Look at this tribute they are paying me. If it were not for me, when would you have been here, served in this way?".

That was Don José's way: total superiority complex. In addition to being a "lacho", by acquired speed, let's say it, because, deep down and in his own way, he was faithful to his Raquel, with that old fidelity of the men or husbands of yesteryear, that did not prevent them from throwing their

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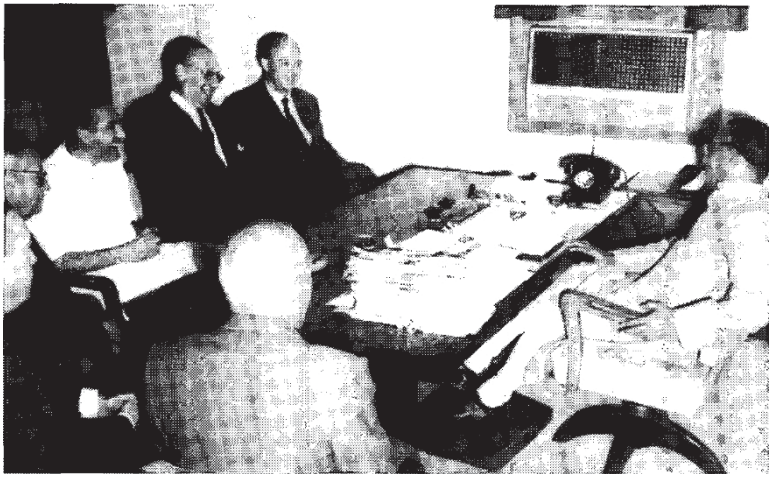
9. In love, "don Juan".

Meeting for the Commercial Agreement with India. To the right of the Chilean Ambassador, Mr. Zaliki, representative of the Saltpeter, based in Bombay; to the left and center, Mr. José **Maza;** then, Mr. Pedro Álvarez, representative of the Saltpeter in London; Guillermo Carey, representative of Chilean copper; and Mr. Desnaux, Director of the Saltpeter office in London.



Meeting with Mr. Lal, from the Ministry of Economy of India. Don José Maza, Pedro Álvarez, Guillermo Carey and the Ambassador of Chile laugh at one of the jokes that were told and that eased the tensions to move forward with the Trade Agreement.

"If the wife was in danger, or in difficulty, they would jump out of their beloved's bed to go to her aid," as a friend and comrade of the old days confessed to me.

In Delhi, they held a public ceremony in honor of the President of the General Assembly. The Representative of Poland, Katzuky, spoke; I believe Felipe Herrera, who was passing through India (a Chilean socialist who was President of the Central Bank and acted in important international organizations) and I also spoke. Don José Maza did not speak English, only French. He responded with an impro- vised speech in Spanish. He was a great orator, the old-fashioned way. A young Hindu woman acted as translator. When he finished speaking, Don José turned to me and asked me to continue translating what he was about to say. With surprise, I agreed, standing next to him. He then began to praise the translator for her great ability and "for her beauty, which was that of all Indian women". This fascinated the female audience present. The photographers then asked him to pose with me and the translator and other ladies in the audience. Don José gladly agreed and placed the young Hindu girl n e x t to him, who was wearing a sari, exposing her belly, as is the custom. Don José found nothing better than to take her by the waist, placing his hand right on her bare skin. of the young woman. Slowly, I said:

"-No, Don José, that c a n 't be done here." He looked at me, smiling:

"Ah, young man! So, this one is from your herd"[10]..... Well, I'll I quit!".

From New Delhi we went to Benares, on the banks of the Ganges. Here, at the Hotel, on arrival, he was met at the door by the whole servi dum- bre, formed in their uniforms and lined up. On their shoulders they carried something that could have been brooms or broomsticks. Well, Don José, very stiff and with his chest puffed out, reviewed them, as if they were the military men in front of "La Moneda "[11].

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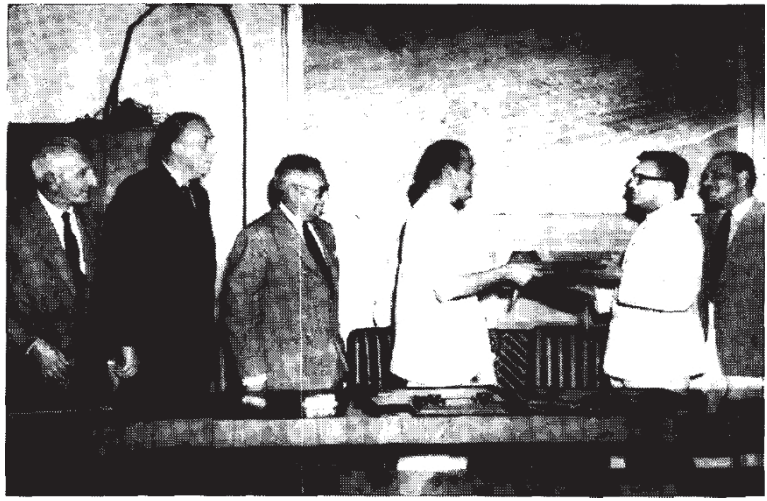
10. Troop of mares or other animals.

11. Presidential Palace of Chile.

FiFmo with Mr. Lal the Commercial Agreement ¢n India. From left to right: Senior Mr. Zaliki, representative of Saltpetre in Bombay; Mr. Desnaun, of the Saltpetre office in London; and Don Pedro ÁlvaFez, DiFector of Saltpetre in England.



We exchanged the signed documents of Chile's First Trade Agreement with India.

At the end of our visit to that city and as we were driving to the airport in the official car, Don José spoke to me: "You are a writer, well, I am going to tell you a story. And I give it to you, so that you can write it down:

"In a village there lived a young girl. One day a rumor arose that a great man had come to visit the town. She wanted to see him pass by from the road. She was going to leave early that morning; but her mother asked her to fetch water from the spring. And so, when she reached the road, the great man had already passed...".

Don José, moved by his story, looked out of the car window, as if looking for that little girl, who arrived late to see him...

SIGNING OF THE TREATY WITH INDIA

José Maza did not participate in the treaty negotiations. He acted from a distance and by presence. They were long and difficult. Don Pedro Alvarez, Guillermo Carey, plus Desnaux, Zaliki and I were engaged daily in intense discussions at the Ministry of Commerce, with the Undersecretary, Mr. Lal, a true genius with numbers, sympathetic and with a great sense of humor, but who was willing to argue point by point, not letting anything pass that was not to his own convenience. In his brain he had figures, *stocbs,* statistics, everything there, to make it appear at the **right** moment**,** just like today's computers. However, when the tension became unbearable, Guillermo Carey would appear with a joke or some Chilean joke, previously translated into English.

Do you know, Mr. Lab? The other day, in the cemetery next to the Ambassador's house, I found a grave of a candidate for Congress, with the following epitaph: *Here I don't go out either...".*

A general guffaw and we all interrupted the discussion to go to lunch. There the differences were smoothed out and there were more **jokes.** Like the one about a patient who went to see the doctor because "he had a tremendous amnesia". And the doctor would ask him:

"-How long has this been happening
to you?". The patient would answer:
"-What is it, doctor...?".

Princely marriage in India. Present, Pedro Alvarez and Guillermo Carey, invited by *me. On* the far right, on my left, the Mexican Miss Eugenia Soto.

The marriage of the Hindu princes. Seated on the floor, from left to right: Mr. Desnaux; Ana Tagle de Carey; Mrs. Krishna Hutheesing; Guillermo Carey; Miguel Serrano and Don Pedro Alvarez.

Mr. Lal told a joke about the sthfis, who in India are like the Galicians in Argentina, or the Germans in Chile. Two *sihhs* were on a train, sitting opposite each other. One asks:

"-Where are you going?".

"-Am I going to Mysore, and you?". "-I am also going to Mysore."

"How extraordinary is the science of today," exclaims the first *sith.* "To imagine that you are sitting turned in that direction and I am sitting in the opposite direction, and we are both going to arrive at the same place....".

I invited Pedro Alvarez and Guillermo Carey to a typical party, a Hindu marriage, where the Maharaja of Kapurtala (a *Sikh,* precisely) was getting married to a young Hindu girl of the upper caste. Moving among the guests, Carey would approach me from time to time. And he would ask me:

"-Tell me, 4who is that?".

"-He is a Maharaja," I would reply.

"But I've seen him in Santiago, on San Diego Street...".

And then:

"-That lady who goes there is the same as the Gutierrez; she must be Gutierrez...". .".

The Treaty got bogged down and would not come out. There was a moment when we thought it had failed.

Prime Minister Nehru offered a dinner at his home to Don José Maza, inviting all the representatives of the Latin American countries accredited in India. After the meal, we Chileans were invited to a private meeting in a small room, while the rest of the guests remained in the large halls. At this meeting, Don José took the floor to refer to the Treaty and, addressing Nehru, said to him:

"-Mr. Prime Minister, we are in difficulties; but you and I are politicians and, therefore, we know that as long as there is conversation, there is hope; nothing has been lost yet...".

Nehru nodded in approval.

Meanwhile, outside, Latin American diplomats were concerned about the private meeting of the Indian ruler with the

In front of the site where Gandhi's ashes are kept with Mrs. Krishna Hutheesing, Nehru's sister, and India's Minister of External Relations, Krishna Menon, on his right.

Chileans and all kinds of conjectures were made. Later, the Brazilian Ambassador asked me if it was true that Chile was joining the group of "Non-Aligned Countries".

At that time, Nehru, together with Nasser of Egypt and Tito of Yugoslavia, had given birth to the exclusive "Club" of the "Non-Aligned", on the fringes of Russia and the Western bloc. They were not neutral, but active in their marginal position.

I thought it was interesting that they thought so and gave the Brazilian Ambassador a "non-committal" response as well.

We used every possible trick and gimmick to go ahead with the Treaty, to get it unstuck. In those days, Prime Minister Nehru's other sister, who lived in Bombay, was in New Delhi. Unlike Mrs. Pandit, so unspontaneous, so solemn, Mrs. Krishna Hutheesing was cheerful, friendly and also pretty, with her almost white hair and her dark, fine-featured face. She loved to dance. I invited her to dinner at a restaurant in New Delhi, in the company of Peter only.

Alvarez and Guillermo Carey. Guillermo Carey was a great dancer and I especially asked him not to stop asking Mrs. Krishna to dance. So he did. And they "danced like tops". Soon Mrs. Krishna confessed to us that her brother had committed a folly by imposing the dry law, prohibiting alcoholic beverages in Delhi.

"-Look we force to drink nothing but juices, and on this occasion...!".

Don Pedro Alvarez told her that he had a bottle of whiskey in his hotel and that she could go and get it. Mrs. Krishna brightened up. "Great! We'll go drink it in my room, since here. we can't."

"-And where is his room?" we asked in chorus. "-In the Prime Minister's house, my brother. He sleeps at this hour and he won't notice anything...".

The reader may not believe what I am telling you, but it is all true, absolutely true. Guillermo Carey, who is still alive, can confirm it.

We ended up in Prime Minister Nehru's Palace, in Mrs. Krishna's room, drinking Pedro Alvarez's bottle of whiskey. And when we raised our voices and laughed out loud, Mrs. Krishna Hutheesing, putting a finger to her lips, said to us:

"-Don't make too much noise, or my brother might wake up; he's sleeping in the next r o o m . . . ".

And the time came to sign the Treaty. New difficulties appeared. Curiously, not on the part of the Hindus, but (and it was not difficult to imagine!) on the part of Don José Ma za. He wanted to be the one to sign it. This was not fair and I could see that this long work was getting out of hand. Guillermo Carey came to my aid again and found a great way out.

"-Tell him that he cannot sign, because it is a very small thing, a treaty between two countries, being the "President of the World", Repre- sentant of all Nations in the General Assembly."

I did so and he was immediately convinced. I signed the Treaty with India, perhaps the first Agreement of its kind to this day.

As a farewell to Don Jose Maza, I offered an official meal at the Hyderabad Palace in New Delhi, with the presence of Prime Minister Nehru, his daughter Indira and the Ambassadors of our Continent, including the Ambassador of the United States, plus the Ambassador of Spain. The Chileans surrounded Nehru, forming a separate room in a corner of the great hall. No politics, only personal inquiries about his life as a revolutionary and fighter for the independence of his country. They asked him about the prisons of England, about details of India's living history. Nehru, fascinated to be able to talk about all of this, regardless of the interests of today's politics, would go on as never before, regardless of time or hour. It was his daughter who came to his rescue, graciously telling us that we had kidnapped her father.

In this way, Nehru was seduced by Chileans and by Chile, a country with a population not much larger than Calcutta's, but with uncommon sympathy and intelligence.

* * *

I also gave, in my house in Old Delhi, a very intimate meal for Don José Maza. I thanked him for his invaluable help on behalf of our country. In his reply, he mentioned my father: "- What could I have imagined that here I would find the son of my father?
of my dear friend Diego? Let's toast to him, in his memory...". As in Darío's poem, I "drank the lagríma and the wine...". Don José gave me, as a gift, a bound copy of the Chilean Constitution of 1925, signed by the President and all the members of his party...".
his ministers. He had been one of the architects.

Today this specimen is in Santa Cruz, in Colchagua, in the Carlos Cardoen Museum, along with other things of great value that belonged to me.

Now, this special story has an almost unbelievable epilogue. Twenty years later (as in the novel "The Three Musketeers", who were four, as were we: Don José Ma za, Pedro Álvarez, Guillermo Carey and I), more than "twenty years later", when the military coup took place in Chile, I had to go to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, which at that time was located at the Ministry of Foreign

Affairs.

Palacio de la Moneda, recently bombed by the air force. I had to cross a room empty of furniture, with papers scattered on the floor. There was only a young civil servant there, collecting and gathering those documents. I went over to look. And s u d d e n l y, with excitement and surprise, I seemed to recognize a seal and a signature. It was the emblem of Emperor Ashoka, of India, the Lion with two Heads, and the signature was mine. The Document was burnt at the edges by the fire, but intact; it was the Commercial Treaty, signed in New Delhi!

CLAUDIO ARRAU

Cla udio Arra u never knew the debt I had acquired with him in India. Shortly after settling in, we received a letter at the Legation from the musician's representative in New York, asking for help to give a concert in India. In the fifties, Arra u had not yet succeeded in establishing himself throughout the world as the greatest living pianist. There were countries where he was not known, or fully appreciated. In Austria, for example, the Capital of Music, there was a curious phenomenon of resistance because Arrau was musically educated in Germany, the Austrians considering that only the Vienna School could interpret Beethoven and penetrate his musical essence. But, in time, they became convinced that there was no one in the world with the genius and mastery capable of performing all of Beethoven's sonatas as he did. And they made him their favorite.

In those years, India's Minister of Culture was the Minister of Culture of India.

Rashhumari from Kapurtala, an elderly, distinguished and wise lady. Officially, I should approach her to propose the invitation to our pianist. But I had realized that the key to success in India lay higher up, at the top, in the undisputed Ruler and Chief: Nehru. What could be the way to reach him, not as a diplomat, but humanly, to the intelligence and heart of this solitary and withdrawn man? Nehru was a widower, living alone, in his Palace, the Prime Minister's residence in New Delhi. He was accompanied by his daughter, Indira Gandhi, who was married to Ferosh Gandhi (a *Parsi, an* Old Persian ori undo from Zoroastrian Persia, with nothing to do with the Mahatma). Not agreeing with the authoritarian character of his father-in-law, he decided to live separately. He was also a parliamentarian, a member of the Congress Party. Indira

did not follow him in his "exodus", preferring to stay with his father, to accompany him and run the house. Her children, two sons and two daughters, stayed with them. Indira was as lonely as Nehru and ignored by the diplomatic and political world in those days. I thus discovered that the direct way to Nehru's heart could be none other than his daughter and grandchildren.

Like all solitary beings, Indira found refuge in music and art. She enjoyed painting and was an assiduous reader. Eventually, I would bring Hermann Hesse's books to her, even though he was an unknown writer in many countries of the world in those years. She was passionate about *"Stdd/iort/te". He* loved Western classical music. That is why I decided to approach her to **get** Claudio Arrau's performance in India.

No doubt Indira Gandhi was flattered that the representative of a country had chosen her **as the** influential **woman** capable of deciding to invite an artist, bypassing the regular channel of the Minister of Culture. **She acted,** I think, partly on the grounds that I was new to diplomacy, too young (we were the same age) and, perhaps unfamiliar with diplomatic practices, could make a mistake, which she was not unhappy about, since the Minister of Education and Culture was also a woman.

However, in spite of everything, the Minister did not feel overwhelmed, and later invited me and Arrau to a meal at her home.

Indira Gandhi prepared the coming to India of Claudio Arrau, who was able to give a concert in the presence of Prime Minister Nehru. Since then, our relationship became more or less permanent, and she came to play a fundamental role in the defense of Chile's interests in Antarctica, as I have narrated in volume II of these *"Memoirs".*

It was in this way that Claudio Arrau helped Chile a lot, without knowing it. And it was also **he who allowed me to initiate** something very great and wonderful: my relationship with Indira Gandhi.

I went to wait for Claudio Arrau in Bombay. The German Consul in this city was none other than the former Minister Counselor of the *Third Reich* in Argentina, von Pohamer. The same

I was going to see him to help me travel to Berlin, in the last days of the war, to fight alongside Hitler.

Von Pohamer had been a convinced Nazi and his post as Consul was a *capitus diminutiu,* as he should have been Ambassador. The Germans considered Arrau as their own; he arrived in Berlin as a child, with his mother and with a scholarship from the Chilean Government, as a musical prodigy. The musician considered himself more German than Chilean, declaring that even though he spoke Spanish, he had to translate, because he thought in German. The Chilean Government, as a special deference, granted him a permanent diplomatic passport. However, he found it difficult to declare that he was Chilean. I had to force him to confess it in India, in the press interviews he was given. At that time, he was still living in Germany and was moving permanently to the United States of America, to Long Island, where he became a permanent resident. When I asked him why he did it, he replied that the "Yankees" didn't understand anything about music, but they still filled the concert halls. "To succeed in the world, you had to make it there, because it was the capital of records and money.

When von Pohamer learned that Arrau was arriving in Bombay, he contacted me to invite us to a dinner party. He was a great lover of music, as a good German, as well as an expert in Hinduism.

We met at his home. Arrau was traveling with his wife, Ruth Schneider, beautiful and gentle. I was accompanied by my wife, who had just arrived in India. The Consul's wife was German, born in Argentina, so the conversation was in Spanish, as Ruth Schneider also spoke it.

All that night, von Pohamer and I looked at each other from time to time and fell into silence, hardly containing our emotions. We said nothing to each other and pretended not to recognize each other. How many things came to our memory! Other times, great times, golden shadows, dreams of Paradise? We would never see each other again.

After that curious dinner and already in the street, Arrau declared to me: "It is rumored in Germany that von Pohamer is a Nazi...". I pretended not to hear him and changed the conversation.

I managed to get Arrau to stay at the *"!Suiiss Hotel"*. The day of the concert, an hour before, he locked himself in his room and lay on the bed, while his wife, Ruth, seated on a chair, watched motionless his "yoga concentration". His "relaxation", as he explained to me later.

Claudio Arrau, in his concerts, was always nervous as a beginner. That time, he was totally "possessed", as he himself confessed to me later. He played Lizt's *"Mephisto Waltz"*, a Mozart set, and ended with Beethoven. The audience was transported.

However, as is customary in India, there was no applause. And this puzzled him. I had to explain to him this difference with the western audience, who stand up from their seats, shout, flatten and even "kick" the floor, like a horde of primitive savages. Since then, I cannot resist such an absurd spectacle, which always sounds to me false, exaggerated, and which, nevertheless, performers and virtuosos feed on in the West, and cannot do without. Arrau was no exception.

In India, I met Professor Hipolito Galante, Cultural Attaché of Italy, who also came from Chile. He was a refined musicologist, who never went to concerts. He locked himself in his room (also at the Hotel Suizo) to read scores. He could also say: "Silence the orchestra to be able to listen to the music! .. He wrote a "definitive treatise", as he explained, on Music. He did it in hermetic Latin, so that only the learned, a very small elite, would read it, since he did not believe in mass culture. He edited a few copies, which he sent to the Vatican Library and to the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C., and nothing more. He had been a friend of Unamuno and remembered his walks in the Plaza de Salamanca. He said that the only country *he knew was* Spain. He traveled every day on foot from New Delhi to Old Delhi. Arriving at the hotel, he would drink a "campari" with soda. "This way I over-live," he would declare to me, 'and I will not indulge the Italian government, which has sent me to India to die; because they think I was a fascist."

Years later in Austria I met a relative of mine, Juan Pablo Izquierdo Fernández, a young and extraordinary conductor, who was just beginning his career. He also conquered Vienna. He "concentrated" on memorizing the music he was going to conduct; with his eyes closed, he read it", during the day before and on the morning of the

concert. Then he "projected" it, "embodied" it in the orchestra. I have never heard anyone orchestrate ("embody") Bach's *"Art of the Fugue" in* such a way.

We were walking through the night streets of old Vienna. And I would say to him:

"-Don't ever make concessions to the horrible system, dear Juan Pablo...".

But in today's world, after the "world defeat", all values have been upended. Nothing is healthy, pure or just. Music is corrupted, true poetry does not exist. Ezra Pound was imprisoned, Richard Strauss died in misery and even von Karajan himself had to make concessions. In India, believing he was in front of an audience of ignoramuses (because they did not applaud), he played *"Cavalry Rusticana"* for them.

Regarding Bach, Arrau confessed to me that he no longer played him on the piano, because he could only be heard on the harpsichord. From him I also learned that great music could not be heard during meals, because there was not the necessary seclusion. Either one ate, or one listened to it. Greek music, played during banquets and heard by Plato, had been different, or else the Greek man was different and could do both at the same time.

Arrau, after a concert, would "let loose". He needed to feast on the most delicious delicacies. He did so in India, in Austria and in Chile, where empanadas and beans made him sick for several days and he had to cancel concerts.

In India, Arrau went to listen to a concert of Indian music on "A/í *India Radio"* and came back bewildered.

"-It's like an orgiastic jozz," he told me. "It's improvised. It's a competition between musicians and the one who wins, sticks his tongue out at the other. Besides, there are sounds that escape the Western ear."

How important it would have been, I think, if this great Chilean musician had met the expert in the Indian ***"Raga"***, my friend, Millapol Gajardo, and I could have listened to what they were saying!

* * *

The Claudio Arrau concert was attended by Prime Minister Nehru, accompanied by his daughter Indira. He did so fresh off a plane, which brought him back from an exhausting political tour of

the provinces.

Claudio Arrau and his wife disembark in India, at Bombay airport.

of the Punjab. I suggested to Arrau to give the concert for the benefit of the victims of the great monsoon floods. It was a complete success. Prime Minister Nehru sat next to me and I could see how tired he was.

and how he struggled to stay alert. In the meantime, I told him:

"-Excellence, you have been very generous to be present here, after that long tour. Leave now. I will excuse you."

I saw his great relief, expressed on his face. But he wanted to meet the artist at that intermission and asked me to accompany him.

Arrau returned to India. We had become friends and I would wait for him on the plane when he arrived. He always had a book in his hands. He read everything, insatiably. He was interested in C. G. Jung. He wanted to know the ancient temples and monuments, *€fforo* and *Ayanta.* I remember we went together to the *Elephanta* Cave, where the three-headed Androgynous Siva, the *Trimurti,* is carved in the rock. There Arrau slipped and fell, hitting his hands. I was worried, believing that he might damage them; but he did not give it importance, getting up with agility.

He used to go around antique shops in Old Delhi with his wife. One day he arrived with a metal tantric statuette. He was as excited as a child with his acquisition. It was Siva and Parvati, in a *"hain.asuric"* posture. He never tired of admiring it, telling his wife:

Look, Ruth, look! You can see everything!...".

Since the end of World War II, with the physical defeat of Hitler's Reich, every artist, whether musician, painter or writer, in order to succeed and triumph on this planet, must pay a very high price to the system, selling his soul and his intelligence to the Jew who controls him totally. Hermann Hesse married a Jewess; Tomas Mann, too; C. G. Jung took a Jewish secretary. All of them had to write in favor of the Jews, condemn the non-existent holocaust (which they knew did not exist, since the real holocaust was the one in Germany) and attack Nazism, declaring it satanic, criminal and the ultimate aberration in the whole history of mankind. The Vatican itself (which like no one else knows the truth!) has had to fall on its knees (which does not cost it much, since it has done so since its birth) to lick or wash the feet of the Jews, imploring their forgiveness.

Claudio Arrau should not have been an exception. Ruth Schneider was Jewish (beautiful and kind, like Ninon Auslander and Anniela Jaffé); and this helped him a lot. Moreover, in several interviews, Arrau declared that a Jewish disciple of his, while performing a piano concert, had been taken prisoner by the Nazis and hanged; just because he was Jewish. This, for sure, never happened.

Even the Dalai Lama has had to pay a price for the *"Peace Prize"*. He travels with a Jewish interpreter and declares that he is "no longer a God incarnate". If he takes back Tibet, he will impose democracy (instead of theocracy). And he will dress the lamas in *"blue-jeans"* and feed them with "Mc Donalds".

How few there are today who are not willing to "win the world by losing their soul"! Only a Heidegger, a Strauss, a Hamsum, a Pound. Because, in the end, truth triumphed. At the gates o f the destruction of the world....

Adolf Hitler had said: "If I win the war, I will have dealt a mortal blow to the system of usury, controlled by the Jew; if I lose it, the Jew will destroy the world".

The Taoist sages of ancient China affirmed that "*when the music was decadent, the Empire* mounted". The satanic music of the present also announces the end of the world.

I met Arrau in many cities of this land. In Vienna I introduced him to Prince Franz Aupersberg and Princess Lily

We met Claudio Arrau again, thirty years later, at the Municipal Theater of Santiago. Mayor Carlos Bombal can be seen behind.

With Claudio Arrau and his wife Ruth Schneider, at the Teatro Municipal de Santiago de Chile.

Schoenberg, both musicians, with whom we dined at the restaurant *"Drie Huzards"*. It was in the beautiful Schoenberg Palace, at a farewell dinner in Austria, which Lily offered me, with Prince Willy Turn und Taxis as cook, that I met the Jewish conductor Leonard Berstein, married to a Chilean woman. And it was there that he said to me, as he said goodbye:

"-Greetings to the Jew...!".

I was returning to Chile, where Salvador Allende Gossens had won the presidential elections...

I asked, surprised:

"-To which Jew?".

After a pause, he answered me:

"-They are all Jews...!"

I have already narrated this incredible scene, and that extraordinary dialogue. And I repeat it, because of the unique importance I attribute to it and so that it may be recorded for History (with a capital letter), recorded here, in the *"P(edra"* of this Book.

The decadent Austrian nobility (like that of the whole world) has been and is ready to pay obeisance to him and to *cook* - also on their knees - for the overbearing and overpowering Jews.

In the same Schoenberg Palace I occasionally attended the degrading spectacle of seeing the elderly Princess mother, an enthusiastic reader of Rilke, who had lost all her numerous sons in World War II, renting her architectural jewel to the Hollywood actor Yul Brynner, completely drunk, to record songs in Russian, with a bottle of vodka in one hand and staggering. There was that distinguished lady, sitting on a sofa and applauding the bald actor, also married to "Chilean."

I was on vacation in Chile when Claudio Arrau gave a popular concert at the "Caupolicán" Theater, organized by Venturini, owner of that theater. President Eduardo Frei Montalva was there and his son, Eduardo Frei Ruiz-Tagle, now President of Chile, was also present with his wife. During the intermission, I took the latter to the dressing room and introduced them to the pianist.

Claudio Arrau declared his admiration for the people of Chile:

'-It is a unique village in the world,' he told us. "With what respect they listen, you can't even feel the flight of a fly!".

Eduardo Frei Sr. invited me to a tea he was giving to Arrau the next day, in La Moneda, which I could not attend, as he was leaving to return to Austria.

I did not see Arrau again until many years later, again in Chile and during the military government. I met him in the corridors of the Municipal Theater, during the rehearsal. The concert was magnificently conducted by Juan Pablo Izquierdo, precisely. Arrau's manager was his nephew. I showed him a photo in India with the great pianist and his wife. He borrowed it from me and never gave it back. In spite of the difficulties they made it difficult for me to see him, in the midst of so many people around him, Claudio took me by the hands and said to me:

"-Friend of a lifetime! ..". And I
never saw him again.

He died in Austria. Shortly before, he had been interviewed. He was asked:

"-Master, if you were to meet Bach, what would you say to him?". He replied:

'-What could I say to him? Just remain silent and worship- lo...".

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

When England was forced to give India independence, it did so by leaving a time bomb to set the subcontinent on fire. And it almost succeeded. It was prevented by Mahatma Gandhi and also by the first English Governor (actually a German), Lord Mountbatten. Until then, Hindus and Mohammedans had lived side by side as one nation. From time to time conflicts arose, but they did not escalate. Now, a war broke out, which in Kashmir alone caused a million deaths, with India invading this Muslim religious territory and installing a Hindu Maharaja. Gandhi, the pacifist, approved the invasion. Later, Nehru would imprison the Muslim leader, Sheik Abdulah, a friend of my predecessor, Dr. Juan Marin.

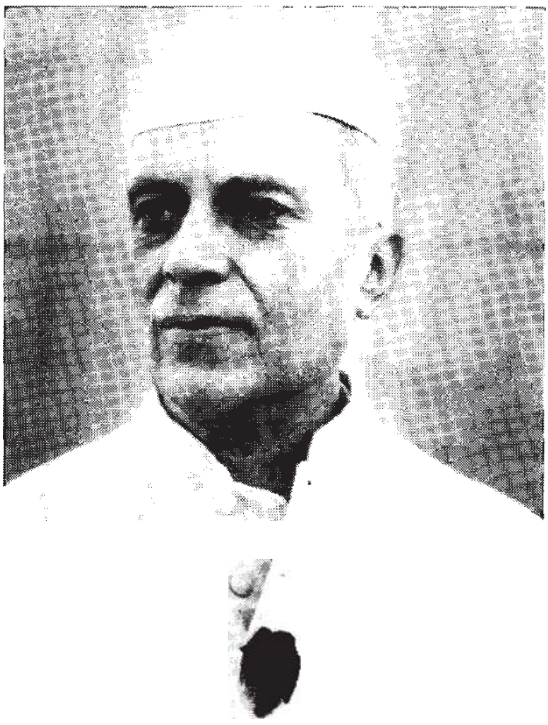
Indeed, to this day the conflict is not resolved, making it more and more difficult for Kashmir to remain in Indian hands. The Maharaja, Karan Singh, no longer lives in his palace in Srinagar and the *Triha* philosophy, that of the Saomi of Ashahabal, has disappeared from that territory. I think also the pilgrimages to Amarnath. The ice *Lingam* of the Phallus) will have melted in its impotence. Like East Bengal, now Bangladesh, Kashmir will be annexed to Pakistan sooner rather than later. The United Nations military observers, led by the Chilean General Tassara, were there to prevent it and to avert the war which, from time to time, threatened to break out or was declared.

India never accepted the partition of the huge subcontinent into two countries for religious reasons, aspiring to a new reunion. Even when Gandhi approved of the military invasion of Kashmir, he continued to maintain his peaceful mentality on the newly created frontiers. If the Hindus set fire to a Muslim village, the Mahatma would go there to pray among its ruins. And being a Hindu, he would recite the Koran. A Hindu fanatic assassinated him.

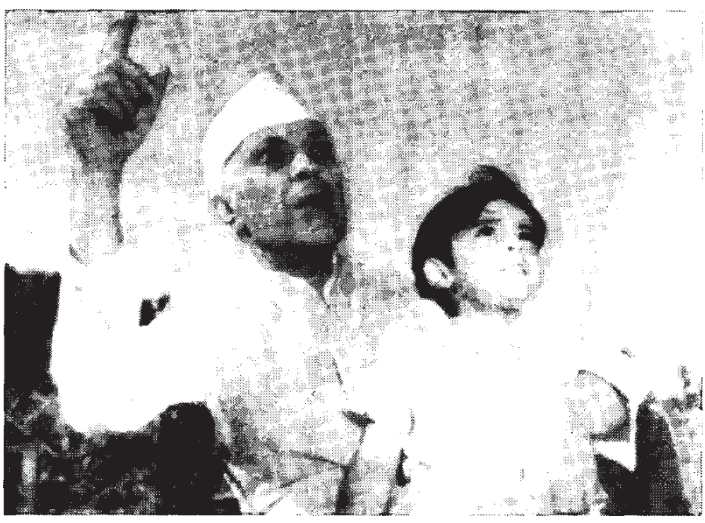
One still remembers with emotion the speech that Nehru, the aristocrat, the Brahmin, - Gandhi's favorite disciple, the *uaisha,* of the merchant caste - pronounced at the death of the Father of India's Independence: "The *great night has fallen upon us ...". ..".*

Ja waharlal Nehru was of the priestly Brahamanic caste, originally from Kashmir; *"ne hrs"* means "channel"; an Aryan, whose ancestors were very white. (As the years went by and the Hindus considered me as one of their own, as a form of flattery they would tell me that I "looked like a Brahaman from Kashmir". And my driver, Michael, would add: "You, Excellency, are from Prime Minister Nehru's family; you are his brother, or his son, and Mrs. Gandhi is his sister, or his wife...").

Upon Gandhi's death, Jawaharlal Nehru was the undisputed successor, going on to govern India as its Prime Minister. He had received a humanist education at Oxford, where he obtained a doctorate in law, like his father, also a fighter for independence, who lost his fortune and was imprisoned by the British. Jawaharlal joined Gandhi's movement and also saw prison in India and England. When his wife died, he was released only to be allowed to go to collect her ashes,



Jawaharlal Nehru with his rose in the eye. Signed and dedicated photo.



Jawaharlal Nehru le points out the flight of an airplane to his grandson Rajiv.

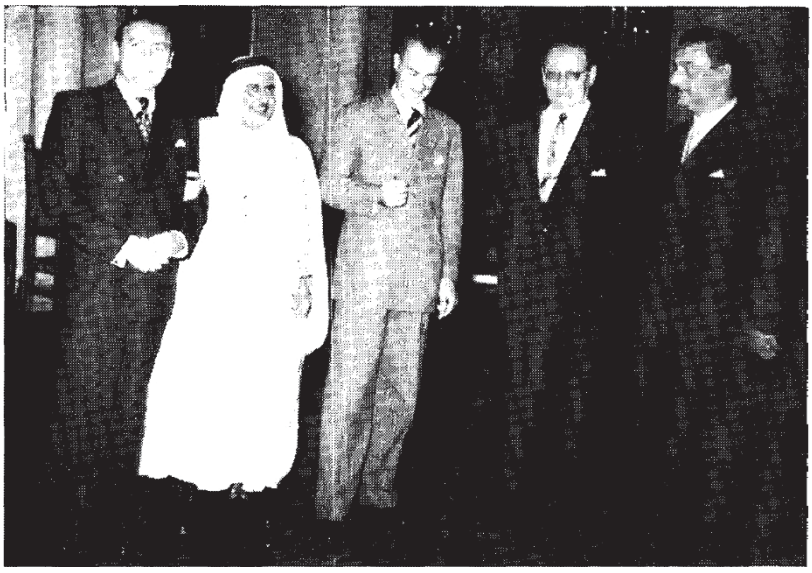
She had also been imprisoned in Switzerland, where her only daughter, Indira, was being educated at a young age. She had also been imprisoned, with her mother and her doll.

The great thorn in Nehru's heart was the partition of India, to which he never resigned himself. He truly believed in peace and preached it to the world, in the style of a Brahmanical priest. That is why, when he fell into the contradiction of militarily invading Goa, to expel the Portuguese, under the pernicious influence of the then Minister of Defense, Krishna Menon (who, however, disarmed India against China), I publicly criticized Nehru for this contradiction, in statements in the Chilean press. Nehru knew about it; but he did not care; perhaps he even approved of it, reflecting that the Chinese, with great wisdom, did not expel the Portuguese from Macao. I was then able to say and do whatever came into my head in India, even more than the Hindus themselves. Indeed, I had become like a "son of Nehru".

And who was Nehru? A loner, as we have said. A cultured man, a reader of Frost, of Pound, of Joyce, of Elliot. A poet himself. A poet of life. He adhered in England to the socialist current of Laborism, adopting that white cap from the socialist uniforms of the West, of the thirties, and imposing it on the Congress Party of India. He rarely took it off, as it fitted him very well, covering his baldness and becoming part of his figure.

Nehru was extremely controlled in everything, in his words, in his expressions and in his feelings. From his clean and aristocratic figure there emanated a charm that captivated the masses, in such a way that it could be said that the immense India, with its variety of creeds, languages and races, was fascinated, "in love" with him. He was a natural leader, to whom everything was accepted.

However, despite esCo, Nehru was generally not understood by foreigners, in whom he produced an opposite effect of pride, of "splendid isolation", which made them feel rejected by him. For example, Nehru rarely looked them in the eye; or else he shook hands in a flaccid manner and looked away. In particular, to diplomats who had to queue up at the airport for the arrival of a dignitary.



Don José Maza, to his left, the Ambassador of Yugoslavia; to his right, the Ambassador of Syria; to my left, the Ambassador of Saudi Arabia, all of them very close friends of mine.

With Jawaharlal Nehru, before his departure for the Rothan Pass. Roto signed.

foreigner, or of himself. However, I discovered very soon that if he did not look from the front it was because of delicacy, or because Hindus see in another way, with other eyes than those of the face: *they feel,* intuit, *know* better in that way, without the eyes, nor the look, getting in the way. And when Nehru shook hands, turning his face, he also felt the contact of the other's skin and the squeeze of his hand, in a special way, said much more when he wanted it. That is why I never let myself be negatively impressed by such details, like the diplomats in Delhi. On the other hand, the true Hindu greeting is the joining of hands in *Namaste. The soul,* rather than the body, is greeted in this way. *There* is *no* physical contact. *L "¡Noli me tangere!").* Already the ancients, the Romans, established in the West the *yuric/io dextrorum,* taken from Mithraism, the shaking of the right hands, as something exceptional and almost religious. Only with "democratic promiscuity" has this become vulgar and commonplace. Until very recently the English, in Oxford and Cambridge, only nodded to each other, without shaking hands. The Queen, the royals, never do it (Lady Di notwithstanding), and at official receptions they only *touch* with gloves (See my photo with Queen Elizabeth in volume I of this *"Memoirs").*

But Nehru could also be passionate, violent and emotional. I had just arrived in New Delhi to witness this incredible spectacle. The Prime Minister of Pakistan was arriving on his first visit to India. We have already said how much Nehru regretted the partition of Greater India and how he had wished it would never happen. At the airport, with all his ministers and the foreign diplomatic corps, the arrival of the plane, which was to bring the Mohammedan ruler from Karashi, was awaited. Nehru paced nervously on the slab, surrounded by a large crowd of people, who had been purposely brought in to warmly welcome the Pakistani Prime Minister. Worried that the reception might be cold, with the fratricidal war still very recent, Nehru spoke to the crowd, asking for an enthusiastic reception. The people, as we have said, adored their leader and obeyed him blindly. The result was extreme and uncontrolled. As soon as the plane arrived and with the foreign ruler still on the steps, a human mass overflowed, breaking the ranks of policemen and

soldiers, running over half the world, so that we could see the Ambassador of Japan rolling on the ground and others having to hide behind chairs. It was at that moment that we witnessed a spectacle never before seen or imagined. Nehru, enraged, before the impotence of the guards, snatched the baton from a policeman and plunged into the midst of that uncontrolled mass, dealing blows on all sides. When his people realized that Nehru himself was giving him such a punishment, they quieted down, dispersed and disciplinedly stood their ground, now cheering from a distance.

I was standing on a chair, so that I could see the incredible scene better, having next to me, on another chair, the Ambassador of Yugoslavia, who could not believe his eyes, even more so coming from a communist country. We became close friends with this Ambassador. After some time, when I was appointed in his country and he was a high official, Secretary General of the Presidency of Tito, we remembered and commented with admiration that scene and the foolproof courage of a ruler, a uthentically, *physically democratic,* so to speak, in the sense of Classical Greece. He was truly part of his people, one with his nation.

This is impossible to understand in a communist dictatorship, where the ruler never goes out on the street without the escort and protection of hundreds of guards and even airplanes, let alone facing the blows alone against a crowd. My secretary, Mani, later told me: "You can be sure that those who received blows from Nehru's baton were happy. And those who did not, were very sad...".

Even today I close my eyes and try to remember that episode, in my memory I see a great dark and feverish mass, churning uncontrollably. And, in the middle of it, a graceful white figure, with a cane in his hand, as if it were a sword *(Excalibur),* giving blows, until he calmed the waters of that sea, as if he were a magician, a sorcerer.

After two years in India, my wife and children had to return to Chile for the children's education. In those days I was struggling to get the support of our candidate for the

I had visited, without much success, the Indian delegate and former president of the international organization, Mrs. Pandit, Nehru's sister. Overbearing and lacking in sympathy, even though a beautiful woman, because I was not an Ambassador, but a Chargé d'Affaires, she received me with disdain and did not pledge her support. I then decided to go directly to Nehru, requesting an interview. They gave it to me and I arrived there with my whole family, on the pretext that they wished to bid farewell to the Prime Minister. I went in alone to his waiting room, while they waited in the anfiesala.

Nehru listened to me attentively, but without committing himself. At the end of the interview, I told him that my family had come with me, that they were returning to Chile and wanted to say goodbye to him.1 Nehru himself opened the door of his office and went out to look for them. My daughter brought him a large bouquet of flowers and we all presented him with photographs, as well as his book of memories, so that he could sign them for us. The photo I am publishing here was signed by him on that occasion, more than thirty years ago. Excited with our affection, he never tired of giving big pats to Cristián, my youngest son, very small then and very dark.

When we left, I was sure that we had secured India's support for Chile.

That evening, I was to attend a party that Nehru was giving in honor of the Head of the Government of Burma, who was visiting India. When I entered, Nehru was receiving the guests together with the other Asian dignitary. With a big smile he shook my hand and introduced me as the "Ambassador of Chile", ostensibly promoting me in rank. And then, he declared me, aside:

"-Do you know? I gave the beautiful flowers to my child..." ("Do you know? I gave the beautiful flowers to my child..."). That is, to Indira.

I accompanied my family to Karachi, Pakistan, on their return trip to Chile. Then, at the airport, I saw the plane leave, just as years before they had seen my ship leave, in the port of Valparaiso. Separations and returns. .. There went the plane, ascending, ascending, until it was no more than a dot, until it became invisible.

And, inside that small dot, in the sky, all my family.... I didn't understand anything, I have never been able to understand... Those

bodies, those lives of mine, and here I am now, alone, without them. Something absurd, impossible... There is something strange here, that is wrong, very wrong.... All physical life on earth is made of these absurdities. Because once upon a time it had to be different: that in leaving one goes with them, even if one stays; *united and separated* forever. There and here, at the same time. So it was in Hyperborea and so it will have to be again. In a Hyperborea i/totentndo, recovered.

I understand what Rimbaud felt when he left: "To leave is to die a little". And now I also understand Omar Cáceres: "He who leaves cleans the world...".

Yes, because physical life is evil. Momentary evil. The resurrection of the flesh must be after having recovered ubiquity, with a ubiquitous flesh, of subtle, imperishable *urafa.*

FROM LEGATION TO EMBASSY

Four years passed without my returning to Chile. My vacations were spent in expeditions to the Himalayas, in interrogating the yogas, the wanderers, the *sadhus.* At night, sometimes, I dreamed of Chile and went back to walk the old streets and the beautiful squares of yesteryear, in the Santiago of those times.

In 1957 I decided to take my vacation in Chile. My intention was to obtain from the Government the promotion to Embassy of our representation in India, with the installation of an Ambassador of this great country in Santiago, on a permanent basis. So far, the concurrent representative of India resided in Argentina and, from there, visited Chile from time to time. Under Nehru's leadership, India acquired an international stature of the first magnitude, which was maintained while his descendants, his daughter Indira and his grandson Rajiv continued in power, as in a hereditary monarchy. With the assassination of both, plotted by the Secret World Government *(Empire)*, India began to decline, until it was left in the second, if not the first *"Wave"*.

I did not have a definite plan to achieve my project, which I had not communicated to anyone. But I was sure that something would happen in my favor, that the Angel, or *HE,* would come to the aid of Chile and India. And so it was, although in a rather indirect way, preventing me (my self) from making a fatal

mistake.

In fact, it had occurred to me, when I learned that the Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee was Don

Eugenio Gonzalez Rojas, the former professor of philosophy at the Barros Arana School, first approached this Commission t o propose and convince it of the advisability of upgrading the status of our Representation in India. Without revealing this idea to him, I asked Don Eugenio that the Commission meet and invite me to listen to me. Eugenio Gonzalez proposed it and succeeded. The Commission wanted to know about this exotic and fascinating world. So the day of the appointment arrived: four o'clock in the afternoon, in the Senate, entering from Teatinos Street. Worried, I went too early and decided to make the appointment, sitting in a small and beautiful square in the east of the city, in front of a church. Without realizing it, the time passed. And when I looked at the clock, it was past half past four. I arrived at the Senate and found Don Eugenio strolling down the corridor. When he saw me, he asked me what had happened to me, since the senators had gotten bored of waiting for me and had left. I excused myself as best I could, and explained to him now the real reason for my visit to the Commission. He stared at me in amazement and said:

"Come on, you have an angel to protect you! The senators, among them Dr. Eduardo Cruz-Coke, wanted you to tell them about your esoteric experiences in India; but if you had brought up this matter of the Embassy, they would have been very surprised, because you were skipping the regular channel. President Ibó ñe z would have heard about it, and... well, you know him... He's the man you should go to first. And in this case, it doesn't matter if you bypass the Minister and his Ministry. He will even like it. ..".

Yes, what angel, what being protected me? Some "spirit" of the old pla zoletas of my youth, of the old streets, that trapped me, that held me. Or the yogas of the Himalayas ....

And they would continue to help me, because I did not know how to get directly to the President before the Minister of Foreign Affairs, whom I did not know because he was new. It was through him that I would have to request the presidential interview as a matter of protocol. The Minister was Osvaldo Saint Marie, Dario's brother. But I would have had to inform him of my plans beforehand. And I did not want that.

1**

It was early summer in Chile. I had not yet seen anyone outside my family. No friends. I was walking that morning, again along Teatinos, between Moneda and Agustinas, looking for the *"Librería Ortentalista"* and, suddenly, I ran into Carlos Ibáñez Jr.

"Man, what are you doing here? I thought you were in India. Surely you have come to get your transfer to Austria, which has become vacant with the coming to Chile of Enrique Berstein...".

"-No," I replied, "I am here to try to promote the Representation in India. I must talk to your father.

"You are coming right now to have lunch with him and me at La Moneda.... On the way I will try to convince you to go to Austria".

And, without further ado, he took me by the arm and turned me in the direction of the Presidential Palace.

We climbed the stone stairs and went straight to the main dining room. The President had not yet arrived, but there was his wife, Mrs. Graciela Letelier, surrounded by a group of boisterous friends, who were selling raffle tickets. As soon as the President entered, they failed; but he, visibly annoyed, managed to find out what it was all about. When he saw me, he showed his joy and exclaimed:

'-I knew you were in Chile; but I didn't think I would see you so soon."

"-I found him in the street and brought him here, to see if we can convince him to go to Austria, Dad," said Carlos.

We sat at the table. I was on the President's right. I tried to explain myself:

"President, I have really come to try to convince you of the need to promote our diplomatic representation in India to the rank of Embassy. It is not possible for India to have its Ambassador in Argentina and, from there, to visit Chile from time to time, without having anyone permanently here...".

This is always the case with third order countries, they have their embassy elsewhere...".

"-No, President, India is very important, it opens the doors to Asia. The Pacific Ocean is the sea of the future. And Chile was known throughout Oceania, for its merchant marine; the Chilean peso was called *"Chilean dollar"*. Besides, our destiny in the Pacific is marked by the possession of Easter Island".

"-Easter Island? It's useless, man... I'm going to sell it...".

I swallowed saliva. There was silence. I decided to break it: "-President, don't think I'm interested in being promoted. to Ambassador. There is nothing personal in this. It is the Country and it is its destiny in the Pacific, in Asia. It is India, which I have learned to love. And it is Chile. I do not have the degree to be Ambassador, I am only Minister Counselor and Chargé d'Affaires".

"Look, it doesn't matter at all. If I decide, I can name him Ambassador...".

This was the end of the conversation, because the subject changed abruptly when Mrs. Graciela asked me about my return trip to India and whether I would go through Europe or Asia.

I replied that I wanted to visit Asia, since I wanted to see Japan and Hong Kong on the way.

"-Ah!" she said. "What luck! Because Carlos Vasallo, the Undersecretary of Foreign Affairs, had promised to bring me from Hong-Kong a Chinese ebony wood stool, to put a vase on top; but he didn't. There are also the *Koromandel* screens, with inlay. I wish to acquire them, if you send them to me, I will thank you...".

I saw the President turn red and make great efforts to contain himself.

I replied, quickly:

"Mrs. Graciela, Carlos Vasallo had already told me that he had not been able to acquire the stool and had asked me to do it for him". (This had never happened before, and I was trying to help him, as I was very fond of him. *Thus,* also, I was relieving the President's tension and bad time).

Carlos Vasallo left the position of Undersecretary at that time and was replaced by Enrique Berstein.

During my visit to Hong Kong, I bought a *Koromandel* screen and two Chinese stools with a marble surface. One I sent to Mrs. Graciel a, on behalf of Carlos Vasallo (who never knew of this shipment); the other I kept for myself, until today. And the screen was sent to her as a gift from my wife.

Dario Saint Marie was a famous journalist in his time. Very young in the first Ibañez presidency, he collaborated as one of the geniuses (the *"cabros")* of Pablo Ramirez, Minister of Finance. Ibañista of the first hour, he was not with him in the elections, as we have seen, but with Arturo Matte. Bitter, he lived on sporadic collaborations, drinking and smoking like a suicide. That's how I left him, when I left for India.

Domingo Fuenzalida, the owner of the Naturist Restaurant (see volume II), was a friend of his. One day he found him in his room, lying on the floor and almost in an alcoholic coma. He decided to help him and took him to his house in Cajón del Maipo, in San José, on the way to Lagunillas, to recover. She convinced him not to drink or smoke again. Indeed, the high altitude air was his salvation. Over the years, that house became his. Dario married a young woman of German origin and had several sons.

My surprise was great when, upon my return to Chile in 1957, I found Dario Saint Marie as the right arm of President Ibañez, his collaborator and advisor. He also had control of the official press and woe betide anyone who touched a hair on the President's head, because, as a great polemicist, he would liquidate him mercilessly. In those years, he published a full page of the newspaper "La Nación", with a list of names of political adversaries, accusing them of being "smugglers and smugglers". Salvador Allende appeared.

Dario Saint Marie may have had many faults; but he possessed one great virtue, which balanced everything: he was a faithful friend, who put his heart and soul into friendship.

But how had he come to have such a prominent position, after having been completely sidelined, outside the government of General Ibañez, who never forgave disloyalty, or what he believed to be disloyalty? Darío himself told me. He was a very skilled psychologist, he knew people immediately and he hardly made mistakes. He was only wrong about Frei Montalva, whom he believed to be "an impeccable Swiss", as he told me. His sense of humor was devastating and his description of the political characters of those times was laugh-out-loud hilarious. He described Corvalán, the Secretary General of the Communist Party, as a Mercedarian abbot and Volodia Teitelboim as an Augustinian altar boy. He called Salvador Allende "the square", and said that he stole Allende's suits, because they had the same "size"; he described him as lacking all political depth. "He

described him as lacking any political depth.

He would fall asleep as soon as I began to make an in-depth analysis of the Chilean or world situation, and would only wake up immediately when I mentioned the number of votes or the amount of money that would be necessary to buy this or that.... And he would fall asleep again when I started my speeches and reflections". Of Antonio Coloma, the Senator, he said that he was a vase, or a vase to put at the entrance of a house, and he called Jorge Alessandri "the lady"; another one, "hands pochas"; he also called Corvalán "Condorito".

Darío Saint Marie even had his own newspaper, *"El Clarín",* which became famous for its headlines and fearsome for its diatribes and polemics. He handed over the management to "Gato" Gamboa, who today still runs the newspaper *"La Cuarta",* if I am not mistaken. One day I met Carmelo Soria, father of Carmen Soria, the beautiful journalist and faithful daughter. He was one of the victims of t h e 1973 drama.

But, let's get to the point, or to the subject: How did Darío manage to become the "factotum" of the Ibañez government? He told me himself. He started writing articles analyzing the situation in Brazil and attacking General Getulio Vargas. Ibatiez was in no better or easier position at that time, governing with independents and with the political parties, left and right in opposition. He understood the "message" and sent for Dario Saint Marie. That is how the latter, with a stroke of his pen (with only his "pen") put things in order and affirmed the General's government.

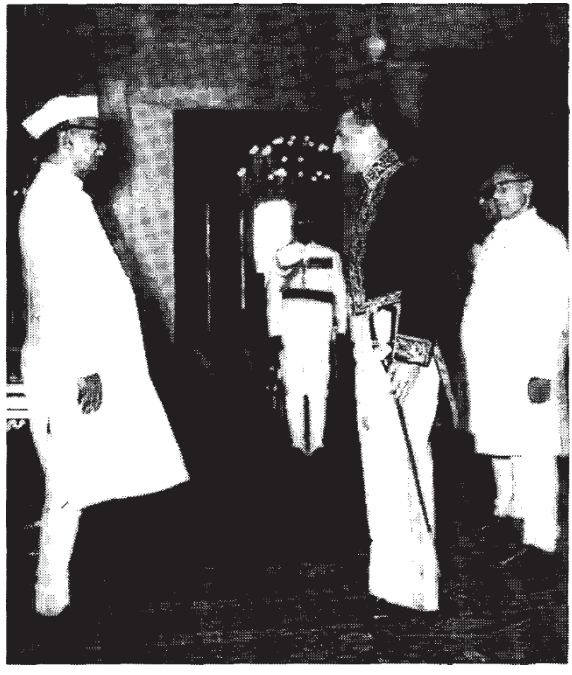
Osvaldo Saint Marie, Darío's brother, was now the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Darío had also succeeded in having José Serrano Palma, Horacio's brother and ex-husband of Lu z Rivas Freire (see volume II), appointed Ambassador to the United Nations.

Minister Saint Marie told me that Darío had managed to get the President to invite me to a lunch (lunch, as the Spanish say) in a "private and very exclusive little room in La Moneda". He wanted me to "tell him things". And that is how I found myself in the strangest of lunches, where I was unable to open my mouth or "tell him anything".

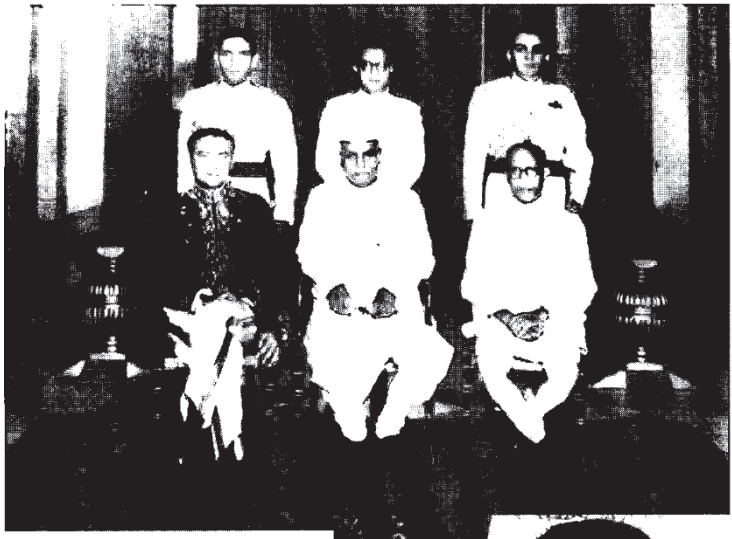
There were five of us, the President; the Minister of Foreign Affairs; the Minister of Agriculture: the dentist Pertusiet

(appointed by the President); the Minister of Foreign Affairs; the Minister of Agriculture: the dentist Pertusiet (appointed by the President).

Presentation of C re d e n c e l e s as E mbaja-doren India. With the Lancemos of Bengal.



He presented credentials to P re s ide nte Raj end r a Prasad on May 31, 1957.



Arriba, foto oficial de mi presentación de credenciales como Embajador en India, junto al Presidente Rajandra Prasad; a la derecha, como Embajador de Chile en India, portando el uniforme y la espada diplomática de mi abuelo, don Joaquín Fernández Blanco.

that infuriated the agrarian right); Dario and me. I think Pertusiet also had something to do with sports, because he began to speak, developing the following theme:

"Look, President, look: the Director of Sports buys a lamb, and for the regattas in Valdivia he eats it whole and only with his compadre, the Chief of the regattas.... And this costs him ten thousand pesos (it would be more than one million today) ...".

Ibanez replied:

"-Bad, then, man; because the cake is not divided...!".

Dario interrupted, with a strange story:

"-You know, the other day, I rode a horse...".

"-You?" the General asked. "I don't believe you; if you don't know how to ride...".

"That's how it will be; but my horse bolted and I couldn't hold him. I spoke in his ear and said: 'Stop, little horse, stop, we're going to kill each other! And as the horse did not stop and we were going to crash right into a wall, I threw myself off the horse and saved myself; but the horse crashed...".

I did not know what hidden meaning, what allegory was behind all this, being unaware of the behind-the-scenes of my **country**'s politics**,** due to my long absence in Asia.

There was silence. Then there was talk of something else, which I no longer remember. And we got up.

Outside the room, on a small table, he had left a Chinese ivory figurine, a gift for the President. When he saw it, he took me by the arm. And it was then that he said to me:

"Man, to bring this to me, from so far away.... A thousand thanks... Do you know...? I wanted to do things in my first Government; but here, in Chile, nothing c a n b e done.... *It is the weight of* the *night...".*

Thus, the President, General Ibáiiez, came clean with me.

Before leaving for India, Dario Saint Marie revealed to me: "Osvaldo, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, is going to Australia and Japan. Get him an invitation to India".

So I did.

The Representation was promoted to Embassy and I was promoted to Ambassador. President Ibañez had reestablished the use of the diplomatic uniform and I was able to present my new

diplomatic uniform.

I was wearing my grandfather's uniform, with which he presented his credentials to King Alfonso XIII in Spain, which my uncle Joaquín inherited and passed on to me.

I only made one modification: white pants, because of the weather.

THE GESTURE

The retinue of the Minister of Foreign Affairs was composed of the Chief of Protocol, Enrique Berstein; a young secretary, surnamed Lira (who died very young); Abel Valdés, a journalist of the "Diario Ilustrado", cultured and distinguished. And I do not remember if anyone else.

They stayed at the Presidential Palace in New Delhi, *Rashtrapati Bhauan,* former residence of the English Viceroys of India, imposing as the Vatican.

The first thing Osvaldo Saint Marie, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, did was to ask me to accompany him to his bedroom. And here he handed me a sealed envelope from the President, Mr. Carlos Ibáñez del Campo:

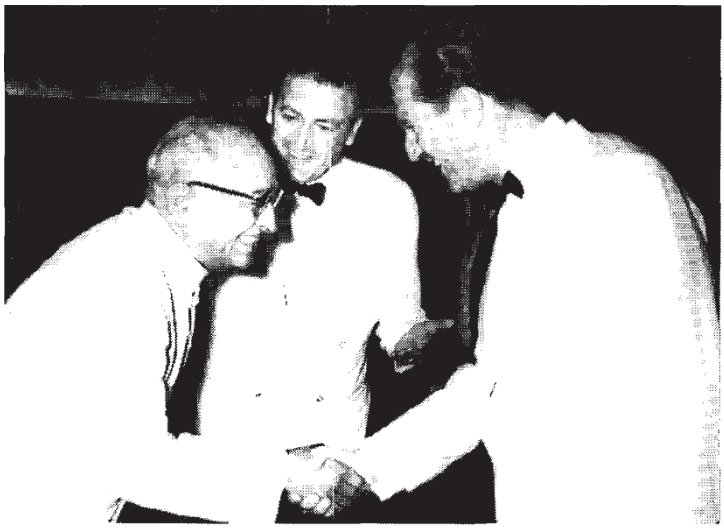
"-He ordered me to give it to you as soon as you disembarked. Because you were going to have expenses with us....".

I opened it. Inside was one hundred and twenty dollars. Just what the *Koromandel* screen had cost me.

But it wasn't all easy.

I had advised the Minister of Foreign Affairs to bring a gift for Indira Gandhi. Berstein insisted on following the protocol procedure of delivering it through the official channel, that is, through the Chief of Protocol of the Indian government, which would have lost its emotional effectiveness, I claimed. I strongly objected, recommending its direct delivery, by the Minister himself to Mrs. Gandhi, during the meal that the Prime Minister offered her. Osvaldo Saint Marie supported me.

I also managed to ensure that at the farewell banquet, that the President of India gave to the Minister of Chile, something unusual and also out of all protocol was done. We were in the



Chilean Foreign Minister Osvaldo Saint Marie greets a senior Foreign Ministry official in *New* Delhi.

I accompany C h i le Foreign Minister Osval do Sa i nt Marie to lay a wreath at Mahatma Gandhi's "Samadhi" in Delhi.

The dining room of honor of the Government Palace, where, on a central wall, hung the gold tableware of the former Viceroys and that Lord Mountbatten gave to India. The food was typical Indian and I could see the effort and displeasure with which the President and other diners used the cutlery. I remembered Nehru's words to a European journalist: "Eating with a knife and fork is like making a declaration of love through an interpreter. .. One should eat with one's hand.

I looked at Minister Saint Marie, seated across the table from me, and said to him in Spanish:

"Minister, would you dare to eat with your hand? With only one, with the right hand. The President and the Hindus will be enormously grateful to you and will give you whatever you ask of them.... .".

The Minister laughed:

"-And why not? Of course I do! But you have to show me how it's done."

I saw the scandalized face of Enrique Berstein, who was forced to imitate us, even more so when the Minister's wife, a real lady, also began to eat with her hand.

Not to mention the joy and surprise of the hosts. The cutlery was put aside and the conversation became loose and informal. It was a great success.

Thus, we Chileans, in those years, won the sympathy of the Hindus and became known, despite the enormous geographical distances, our small population and the *"lonel y name"* of our country.

This was also thanks to a Chilean like Osvaldo Saint Marie. "*Paleteado",* as they would say today.

However, bureaucracy, lack of imagination, narrow-mindedness and envy would not spare me or ól. A constitutional impeachment would cause him to lose his office shortly after his successful Asian tour. And, as the years went by, I would also suffer the consequences, victim at the same time of the lingering hatred of officialdom and bureaucracy, which do not forgive.

As the beloved Italian Ambassador Alberto Berto used to say, *"There is no need to do things".*

Osvaldo Saint Marie and his wife, together with *Miguel* Serrano, accompany Nehru, in a Fecepciórl.

Dario Saint Marie.

The last time I saw Dario Saint Marie was in Spain. In Chile, the *"Unidad Popular"* had just triumphed, with Salvador Allende. Dario had helped him indirectly by supporting Radomiro Tomie in his newspaper, *"El Clarin",* and, in passing, also Allende, against Jorge Alessandri, who was running again for the Presidency. Darío had voluntarily gone into exile in Madrid. According to what he told me, Salvador Allende wanted to keep his Diario, and at the same time to keep him away from Chile. He threatened him, telling him: "You leave, or I'll make you put a 'homfio *de color'* (I've never been able to find out what that was). And, then, I will make a beautiful speech at your funeral".

That day Saint Marie read me an extraordinary letter from Salvador Allende. It was three or four handwritten pages and absolutely premonitory. Written a few years before, he predicted that "if I *came to power in Chile, the country would never be the same, because* I was *going to produce an enormous* commotion*, revolutionizing everything...".*

What has become of this letter and where did it go, this priceless, truly historic document?

Darío died in Madrid, shortly after the military coup in Chile. All his properties were confiscated and to this day have not been returned to his relatives, as far as I know. His newspaper disappeared, as was to be expected.

In those same days I met another voluntary exile passing through Madrid: Raúl Ampuero, ex-Secretary General of the Socialist Party, an impeccable character, a true idealist. I asked him why he was not in Chile, and he expressed his total pessimism: "If Alessandri had triumphed, it would have been a disaster. With Allende, it is a tragedy...".

Ampuero represented the anti-Masonic current of the Socialist Party. Allende was a Mason and a Jew (as Leonard Berstein confirmed to me).

I remember I told Raúl Ampuero:

"But you have a great future in Chile". And he

answered me, with a smile:

"-Yes, I have a great future behind me ...".

He was a good friend of Hector Barreto. I would not see him again until many years later, during the military regime. He died recently, in Chile, his homeland.

Mexico €1ty,
17th November, 1961.

Wy dear Ambassador,

Thank you for your message of go od .it she s on my blr Chday wb.1cti re ache d me in lexlco City. It has been a pleasure ands .at 1 gPn c t l on to me t o c one forthe first time to Latin America. I have found welcome and offectlon everywhere which has deeply moved me.

Yours sincerely,

Jawaharlal Nehru

His Exce1le:cy
fi. t'Zguel Serrano Fernandez,
Arnba s sa dorof Ch1l€
25 PrIthvir,j Rond,
New Del M .

In this letter, which Prime Minister Nehru sent me from Mexico, he tells me that, 'on *his first visit to a Latin American country, he has been pleasantly impressed by the affection received and the warmth of its people'.*

MY FRIENDSHIP WITH NEHRU

When a Ruler really rules, listening to very few advisers, or listening to none, he is a great solitary. I have known rulers, politicians, statesmen, who had in their hands the destinies of many beings; but none of them I compare with Nehru, for his human quality, his stature, his culture and, why not to say it, for his mystery. He ruled over six hundred million men who worshipped and respected him as one of their divinities, in the huge Subcontinent. Once he was asked: "How many are the problems you have in India? And he answered: "Six hundred million problems". For him, every being, every man, was an individual, with his life, "his lives" at stake, which he had to consider. And Nehru looked at each one, analyzed each life in particular. He never took himself seriously, despite his *dandyism, his* aristocratic elegance, his sense of personal beauty; always the same impeccably white attire, always the same red rose in the buttonhole of his tunic. He traveled in a small automobile, made in India, without escort or guard; he slept on a cot and in a narrow room, with walls almost bare of decoration, with his small table of an attendant. One day his daughter Indira showed it to me. Fond of *Hatha* yoga*,* of physical exercises, he used to send me to his gurus, to teach me the combination of water absorbed by the neck, breathing and meditation. "Further I go no further," he once told me, "for, in this *Round,* or reincarnation, it is given to me only to be a ***harma*** *-yoga,- that* is, I shall realize myself in action and in service to my fellow men, and min *of those who are not..."*

In this last sentence, I discovered a mystery, its unfathomable depth.

He continued, "We can all be *Buddha;* but some of us must postpone it . . . We will have to wait. The *Buddha* himself voluntarily did not want to enter the *Ntruana,* to help those who were still here. He became *Bodhisattva ...".*

I never talked to Nehrn about politics. Consciously, to take him out of the tension of his daily worries. And he was grateful for that. We talked about the Himalayas, Hindu philosophy and the effects of yoga, as I said. I remember a funny scene, in a

Poto curiosa. With Prime Minister Nehru and Chilean poet Enrique Gómez Correa.

reception in the gardens of the Presidential Palace, offered in honor of the delegates of the International Health Organization, who had gathered in Delhi. In the Chilean delegation was none other than Dr. Tapia Fernandez, who had treated me, together with Dr. Bolivar, for my serious adolescent illness. Nehru approached us to offer us some small dates, telling us: "Taste these, they are made of lotus semi-leaves. We are eating lotuses...". As he was leaving, I remembered that he had just come from a visit to Japan and that the press had published that he had taken a typical bath there. I had also gone to a *Geisha* House in Tokyo, taken by the secretary of our Embassy, to take a very hot bath. I told the Prime Minister:

"-Excellence, you took a bath in Japan and I believe you have stated. that the water was very hot...".

Nehru, who had already gone some distance away, turned and, laughing his head off, exclaimed:

'-You are very naught y!".

And addressing our delegation:

"-lou hnow? ¥our Anibassador is very naught y!.... But reall y he is *not your Am bassador, he is our Ambassador...".*

Nehru always repeated the latter before any delegate or representative of Chile. He had done it in front of Maza and Minister Saint Marie and his companions. It made some of them break out in hives. But Nehru did it with the best of intentions, to help me, he believed.

Witnessing this special scene in the gardens of *Rashtrapati Bhavan* was the poet Enrique Gómez Correa, whom I had brought with me to the reception.

One day I had the pleasant surprise of being visited in India by my old comrade of Chilean Nazism, Manuel Mayo Bodelón. He was saved from the massacre of September 5, 1938, also by arriving late to Santiago from the city where he lived. He was now practicing iriology and healing with naturopathy and homeopathy. At that time, Nehru was in poor health and I proposed that my friend see him. It was a further sign of his confidence that he accepted. And so, our good Manuel found himself alone in the rooms of the Ministerial Palace, auscultating the iris, diagnosing and prescribing for the Prime Minister of India. As he did not speak English, he went to the interview carrying a dictionary, in which he pointed out with his finger the Spanish terms with their translation, to the joy and delight of Nehru.

If my dear comrade were still alive, how he would comfort us, remembering those times and that scene.

Only once did I talk politics with Nehru; but it was not really politics. When it came to Antarctica.

I have never revealed it in all its depth. At the end of the conversation, after a silence, we both looked at each other, now facing each other, something unusual for me, as I have already explained. Encouraged by this, I said:

"-Antarctica is something unique, very special. I have been there. It is the antipode of this other Pole, of these other ices, so far from where we are now. Through there enters the River *of Paradise,* which at the center of the earth forms a figure eight and exits above, through the head of the North Pole, as through the *Shahra Anahata,* or else, through the head of Sino. Your Excellency, no one may touch that world, because it would end the planet and damage the Cosmos in an irreparable way. There is the absolute white color, in its ultimate essence. The Pole

Stones engraved in the High Himalayas by Tibetan pilgrims. I picked up two at *Rohtang Pass.* One I gave to Prime Minister Nehru, the other I keep with me.

Sur is the sex of the world. Sex that has become mental, that has been recovered in its pristine purity, returning to its original energy. It is the *Libido* transmuted into *Kundalini,* sublimated. In truth, it is the *Albedo, the* result of the *Ontric Opus...* That pure and mental Continent, down there, so far away, must remain untouched, out of the ambition of involuted man. It is the *sacred White,* the *Albedo...".*

With a gesture she interrupted me, touching with her finger her white robe and then her red flower.

"-Yes, the *Albedo* and the *fiubedo.".*

Nehru knew everything. He had overcome the *Nigredo,* the *Black Opera.* And he lived in struggle with himself to attain immorta- lity in the 7tuóedn.

As I write this, I feel him next to me.

May *Karma-Yoga,* realized in action, in the warrior's combat, no longer return to this agonizing earth, where ant-men are polluting and defiling even the region of the Eternal Ice.... And may we meet again some *Brahma's Day.*

No. 1457-PMH/58

PRIME MINISTER'S HOUSE
NEW DELHI

June 24, 0958

by dear Amba4 a ad or

Ztt&lfit you for s end Ing me the pt eoe of s tone vhlc h you pick ed up at the Rohtarig Pcss I sa -e-y c1a't c- i'-ve It aoa 1c v111 rev "a me not only of the Rohtartg Pass but ale o you.

Yours sincerely,

Jawaharlal Nehru

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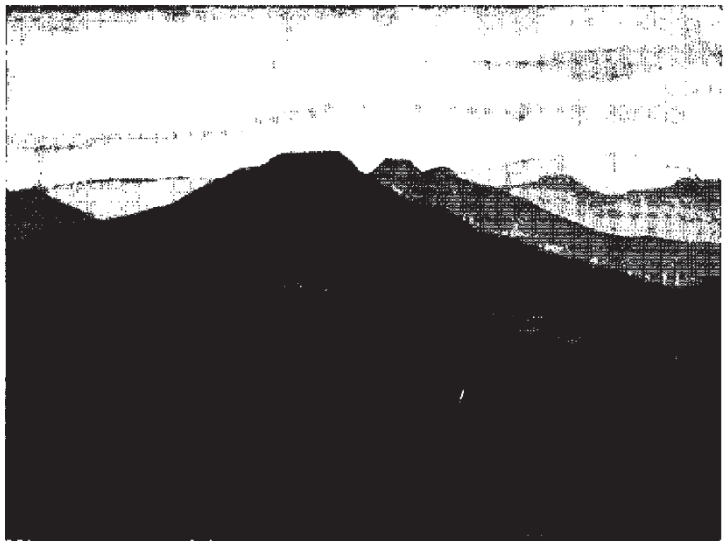
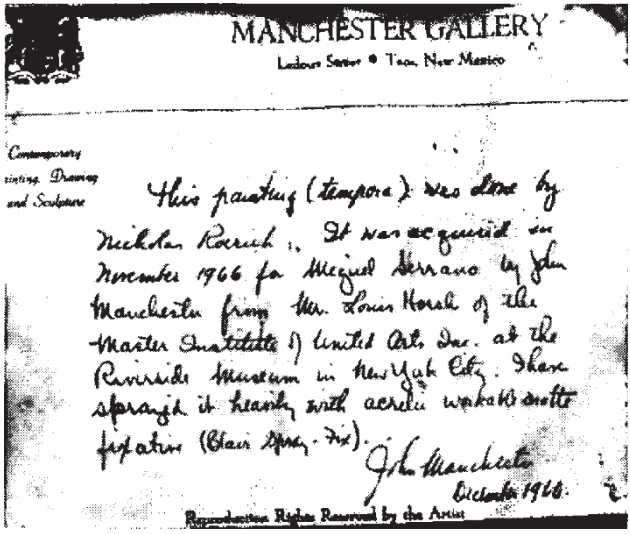
Serrano Fa mand ez ,

Letter from Nehru thanking for the *Rohtong Pose* stone.



Painting by Nicholas Roerith: 'Sunrise in the Himalayas".


MANCHESTER GALLERY
Ledoux Street • Taos, New Mexico
Contemporary
inting, Drawing
and Sculpture
This painting (tempera) was done by
Nicholas Roerich. It was acquired in
November 1966 for Miguel Serrano by John
Manchester from Mr. Louis Horsh of the
Master Institute of United Arts Inc. at the
Riverside Museum in New York City. There
sparagis it hearing with acrylic varnish matte
fixation (Blair Spray-Fix).
John Manchester
December 1968.
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Dedication on the back of Roerich's painting, written by John Manchester in December 1968. It says: "This painting (tempera) was made by Nicholas Roerich. It was acquired by John Manchester in November 1966 for Miguel Serrano, from Mr. Louis Morel Horsh of the Master Institute of United Arts Inc. at the Riverside Museurn in New York City....".

Always in search of the Himalayan entrances to the hollow earth, to Agort/io, to S/iomophos, I arrived at the *Kulu Valley,* passing by the house that the painter Roerich built among the mountains, and where he composed that *"Dawn of the Summits",* which I have in my possession and which was sent to me one day as a gift by John Manchester, that unknown young artist, who acquired it for me in the United States, and of whom I have never heard of again. He had read my books.

On the summits *of Rohtang Pass* I picked up two stones engraved with signs and in Tibetan language by pilgrims returning from *Ladah, a* region bordering Tibet.

Soon after, Nehru also made a pilgrimage to these regions. And up there, contemplating the remoteness of the *Ladah, he* exclaimed:

"-Yonder three another world!".

Back in Delhi, I wrapped one of the stones from those peaks and sent it to the Prime Minister, with a missive, in which I said:

"-Excellence, I don't know if you also saw these stones at *Rohtang* Pass. I took two, one for you. And I send it to you in remembrance of those heights. They say they are not to be taken from there, now I share this sacrilege...".

He answered me immediately, with a letter, which I still have:

"-This stone will not only remind me of those high peaks, but also to you.

Here, in my meditation room, in this Temple-Castle of Valparaiso, I still keep that sacred stone, engraved by the tantric pilgrims of the high Himalayas, together with the letter of that endearing Being .

SOMETHING DECISIVE HAPPENS TO ME

In my ascent to the heights of the Fiofitorig Pass, I was very close to the *Valley of Flowers,* an enchanted place, between peaks, covered with beautifully colored flowers. I was told that a foreign woman lived and died there. In my book about India I have told that I had a dream about her. What I did not say is that it was really with Af/ouine, who came to me walking among those flowers, as if descended from the Morning Star - the one that, in her memory, I evoked in all the dawns of India. I awoke as if from a trance, my face wet with tears. Already in the *Kulu Valley, the* last stage for the ascent to the *Rohtang,* I isolated myself in the

A child, an inhabitant of these heights, tells me about the "Street of Flowers" in the Himalayas.

My son Cristián (on the left) with the son of the Ambassador of Italy, Vittorio Giusti del Giardino, on an excursion in the Himalayas, accompanied by a Hindu guide.

I opened the window to the mountain, whose gigantic, snow-capped wall was looming over me. It was sunset. I began to imagine that she was coming down that icy slope. She was in her red nightgown and bare feet. Her golden hair fell over her shoulders. I closed my eyes, held my breath and concentrated deeply between my eyebrows, alternately repeating the *mantram* of the Third Eye *(Sñn§ro* One) and the name of the beloved woman. My whole body began to vibrate and a stream of fire ran up my spine. I lost consciousness and suddenly I was outside my body, with total lucidity, inside a rainbow of colors, so that the wall of ice was filled with flowers and moved, swayed, like a gigantic Antarctic *iceberg.* And then I found myself next to her, looking into her eyes and piercing me as if I were a window, open to the light of the Morning Star. I did *not* dare to touch her and it was she who took me by the hand, telling me: *"Come, I will follow the path of beauty, which fills the high peaks .... In its silence, the fiery lily of eternal love blooms".*

With a shudder, I returned to my body. Without proposing to-meto had found the key, my *claue* "the key", of the voluntary detachment of the astral body, of the *"Lingasarira"* of the Tantrics. And I had done it by the hand of the Beloved, thanks to her, in the *"wet cumin of tears",* of Alchemy, in the *'T'antrism* of the Right Hand.

For a long time I sat there, thinking, wrapped in deep joy and nostalgia for the Universe I had visited, being able to do so now at will, henceforth, for I had at last found the key to the Great Gate, overcoming the *Watcher of the Um brai,* my own para-laning self, rational thought. I could be *HIM* whenever I wished; *HE* and *SHE, hand* in hand, to ascend together and consciously the summits of Eternity.

But, then, right there, on that day and in that year, I decided to throw the newly acquired "key" out of the window of the refuge, so that it would get lost among the ice and snow of those peaks.

Because there, collected in myself, in my body and mind of this *Round, I* thought and thought.

I had not come to India to abandon my body. And although I was not a *harma-yoga,* like Nehru, I did have to keep looking here for the physical entrances to the inner *Temple* of my

On the expedition to Badrinath Cavern, on the borders with Tibet, accompanied by Brahaman Narwala, an intelligence agent of the Government of India.

On the expedition to Badrinath, with the N arw a 1a office, wearing the same sweater from my search in Antarctica.

Masters, to the *Hveca Land* of @garf/it *(Agartha1* and *ishampula íShambaIa).* If I were to continue *"detaching",* leaving my body aside, it would be unnecessary to continue acting on the surface of this earth. It would be enough to stay here in this shelter and in this room forever, *leaving,* when I wanted it to *Allouine,* to the "other side" or going with Off or to the celestial Hi perbórea; or, to become part of the Astral Battalions of the *Führer,* of his *"Wildes Heer",* there, in the *Other* Antórttcn; but this was not what ü/ and *She* wished of me, but that I should continue to fight the Great War here, without hope, with the infinite longing for *Her* and with the renewed idealism of all the battles lost (but not the *War).* Without my "I" knowing what for; but with faith unshaken and loyalty maintained through great trials and new defeats.

Yes, what had I come to India for and why? I gave myself as a pretext the search for the unknown roots of the legends and mythologies of the *Selcnam* and the *Onas* of the extreme south of America, of Patagonia; to know the thought and penetrate the philosophical systems of Aryan India; to get in touch with the yogas and ascetics of this country. But none of this was true. I was here because of my Master, for he had sent me in search of the occult Temple of the Guides, of the *Siddhas,* of the oldest and most powerful Warrior Order in the world, the one that knows the language of Atlantis and with powerful, pre-runic signs, fights in all the Universes. This Warrior Order r u l e d Tibet and Hindustan. And something I could never forget: the most important thing that had happened to me in my life was precisely the meeting with the Master and my initiation. And I came to the Master by Hitler, brought there by ff, and my Master was the one who revealed to me the secret Hitlerism and his esotericism. And the Master was a Hitlerist from before, from always and to the end.

And here I was, never able to abandon either one or the other. That is why I had thrown away the "key", which someday, in this very *Round,* at last I would finally ally it, or, in another *Round* of the Eternal Return, I would recover it, extracting it from the eternal ice, where it is kept.

I am going to stop here for a moment, interrupting the story, to deal with a very important subject, having to be faithful to myself and to a very selective truth, which differentiates me, to carrying myself a separate path, within the Initiation of the Order, as if it were *another* separate and different *Initiation.* A *Family Initiation,* so to speak, that was latent in the genes, in the inheritance, like a note, or a musical motif, that in some way, or form, the ancestors had been "intoning", perhaps without ever developing it in its totality. *The "ritornelo"* was mused by Elena de las Viñas Cortes, here in Valparaíso, in the XVIII century, contemplating through her window the ship that left with her beloved, don José Paramá, and never returned; it was later intoned by her daughter Josefa (Pepita), while she was embroidering a little sash for *me,* who would be born one hundred and twenty years later. And in my mother's family, Don Rafael Fernández Concha, the Bishop Emeritus, would dream of the beloved, whom he had renounced, to project his memory very high, towards the Blessed Virgin, the Eternal *Feminine.*

My case was not very different. As if guided by a Fatality, I arrived at the feet of the dying *Allouine*, repeating the Archetype, in an Eternal Return of the Same. In the soul there was a numinous explosion, which brought forth from the depths, faces, dead voices, ancient songs of the dead, stories, pains, dramas, eternal loves, or which were now eternalized, by repeating themselves, resurrecting.

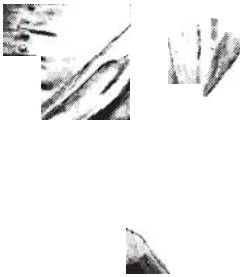
Up there, on the peaks of the *Rohtang Pass* in the Himalayas, I was reminded again of the Way and its imperative, inviolable laws. That Love was the purest that humans can even glimpse. Love indissolubly linked to death. She came to die and with her death to bring me the *Way of the Resurrection of the Flesh.* With the fulfillment of her Passion she made man's salvation possible. As she said: *"She died to give me her Eternity".* And one day I would have to give it back to her, immortalizing it in me.

And the resurrection of the flesh was made possible by "not touching the flesh". "*Noli me tangere."*

I may never, ever find it again, but inside....

Perhaps it will be possible for me to better understand this Mystery by reading and understanding the dramas and legendary sagas of

Bust of Dante.



Orpheus and Eurydice, Tristan and Isolde, Hamlet and Ophelia. Above all, of Dante's *"Diuina Commedia".* His Master, Virgil, takes him through Purgatory and Hell; but it is Beatrice who leads him to Heaven.

Dante saw Bea- triz only once in this life; she died soon. But she was always in his memory, in the depths of his being. And the mistakes, the falls of Dante with "his cross in question" no longer matter; because the way of redemption is not only in his memory, but also in the depths of his being.

She will be Her and because her soul already has a Face, that of Beatrice. The *"Fedele d'Amore",* secret corporation to which Dante belonged, as well as the troubadours of the Courts of Love of Languedoc (of *A-Mor),* possessed a whole path of Platonic Initiation, no doubt. Of the Tantrism of the Right Hand; of the *"Htimed Path",* of Alchemy, of the "Casino *of Tears".* And in this Initiation, the true Master is an invisible God.

The Archetype (Platonic) that aspires to develop, to incarnate itself, to take possession of someone of flesh and blood here on earth, in order to fulfill Itself; but, at the same time, to transmute a mortal human being into an immortal Superman, by means of the prefixed Drama, of very exact and repetitive stages, of this traditional and marvelous Initiation, destined to unite *EE* with the Superman and the Superman, by means of a very precise and repetitive Drama, of this traditional and marvelous Initiation, destined to unite *EE* with the Superman.

SHE.

Giving the Unnamed One, the Creator, the Faceless One, the Face of the Beloved. So now let us be *US.* Let us be *ELELLA.* In

my case, it is a kind of parallel Initiation. But I believe that Adolf Hitler also had it, with his dead Beloved and all the ceremonial and ritual that he practiced with her, in her memory. With a will of steel, it is necessary to live the *Path of the Inconsolable Vindus* to the end. The mental union, through the awakening, by

The Beloved herself, of the *Kundalirii* Serpent and of the Lotus Garden of the *S!hahras,* so that, as I was saying to Nehru, the *Libido becomes Kundn/ini* again. Thus it happens that the best age to perform sex, true sex, which is *mentalpuromerite,* will be the later years, the advanced age, for example the eighties, when the *Kuridalirii* has settled in the brain and the *Marriage* with the Eternal Beloved is fulfilled in the Cup of the Tree of Paradise, with *Si va* and *Paruo/i.* And with the Imagination *(Imaginary).* And in saying Imagination, we must remember Plato's Cavern, the images projected in the background, the *Illusion* and also the Hindu *Maya.*

The basis, the pillar of Tantric Alchemy, is the *imagery. To* imagine the Beloved, to imagine the *A-Mor. To* make love only with the imagination, just as the Creator imagined the world, projecting the *Idea,* until it is embodied. And, 1then, to succeed in passing beyond, without stopping at the embodiment of an idea. Here too, however, in order to succeed in this combat, one must not isolate oneself in a monastery, but rather follow the path of the *separated,* the *abandoned,* to the end, so that in this way the stages of suffering and longing are all fulfilled, one by one, just as in the Great War.

This was the *Esoteric Kristianism,* where everything has been transposed into the *Marian Mystery,* in the Cult of the Eternal Feminine, which makes possible the vow of chastity, collectivizing a Mystery and an Initiation of *A-Mor,* deeply traditional and individual, aristocratic and non-democratic, which was rediscovered in the 12th century, in Occitania.

A wonderful *non-existent flower.*

How strange it seemed to me to discover one day, in a conversation with Hermann Hesse, that he did not understand Dante at all. Moreover, he even referred to the *"Divine Comedy"* with hatred, being enthusiastically approved by his wife, Ninon Auslander. Perhaps under her influence. Although in all of Hermann Hesse's work the lack of the eternal feminine, in the sense of the novels *"She"* and *"Ayesha"* by Rider Hagard and *"Peter Ibensori"* by George de Mourier, is evident. His play, in *"The Steppenwolf",* is a reproduction of the theme of Mozart's *"The Magic Flute"*, with Hermina-Hermann, Pamina-Pamino; it does not approach the Drama of the Archetype, the nostalgia nor the pain of the *Metaphysical Widowhood* of the *Bridegroom.*

On the other hand, Professor C. G. Jung did understand it and was concerned about it, to the point of prefacing my work *"The Visits of the Queen of Sheba",* which I wrote in India under the imperious dictation of my Of, overwhelmed, possessed by the *Archetype of A-Mor.*

VISITS

In those years a number of interesting and internationally famous people began to arrive in India: Toynbee, Huxley and Arthur Koestler, among others. I have already talked about the latter and also about Toynbee. With Huxley we talked about drugs and he gave me his book *"The Door or [Perception",* with his experiences with mescaline. I have also related it. He was almost blind, but he had thrown away his glasses and, with certain exercises and strength of will, plus faith, he recovered quite a lot. Now he was going to meet Krishna Murti, in Madras. "This man is to me what Christ is to others...," he declared to me. I gave him a copy of *"The Visits of the Queen* of Soóo", which had just been published in India, in a very beautiful edition illustrated by the Chilean painter Julio Escámez and with covers lined in raw silk, from Gandhi's looms. His question, after reading it, was: "Is it a lived experience, or is it pure imagination?". Jung never asked me this question. He said, "Here appear clear archetypal figures ...". And that was more real than all imagination and all reality.

While we were having breakfast with Aldous Huxley at the Hotel *Ashoha,* from New Delhi, we talked about D. H. Lawrence and his posthumous work, *"Apocali* ***psis".*** Huxley believed that if Lawrence had lived he would have been a tantrist. And he told me of his last moments. Standing by his bedside, D. H. said to him: 'I am not here on this bed. I am over there, in that corner, looking at myself ...".

But the most important of the characters I met in those days, not because of him, but because of the consequences he brought to my existence, was the Italian filmmaker, Roberto Rossellini, author of *"Rome, Open City"* and *"S/rombo/i",* where he directed his then wife, the Swedish actress, Ingrid Bergman.

When Rossellini arrived in India, on the pretext of filming some documentaries about the country, his marriage to the beautiful actress was going through a definite crisis and I have the suspicion that he, as a good follower of his compatriot

Machiavelli, had planned to

English writer Aidous Huxley, in India.

his trip and everything that followed, in order not to come out badly from the imminent separation. First, he fell in love with the wife of a *s//th,* from Bombay, winning her over with the promise of a leading role in the film he was planning about India, which he never made. At the same time, he began to write some articles in English (which were never published) and which he sent in draft to Prime Minister Nehru, through a secretary. They were basically diatribes against the Nordics, against his wife's race, against "rery *u'hite people o[the North...".*

I still remember that phrase, repeated in all the articles. No doubt it had its effect on Nehru and his decision to grant permission (passport) to the young Indian girl, when she requested it to travel to Europe.

And I ask myself: How did Rossellini have such a fine and cruel ability to intuitively grasp the background of the Hindu's complex, the complex of color, which was revealed to me in all its magnitude in the conversation with Prince Georg, on the heights of Sikkim? Moreover, Rossellini began to let me know what he thought of Nehru, so that it would reach him, always through the same intermediary: "Gandhi was a politician; Nehru, a saint".

to...". And he had discovered it, he said, while traveling in the same plane, through the Punjab, watching Nehru's face in ecstasy, as he gazed from the heights at the newly built dams. "A mystic of progress and technology....".

Rossellini was introduced to me by Cambi, the Italian *managers* of the "Swiss Hotel" in Old Delhi, where he had also moved to live. With the Italian's sympathy, he won my trust. And I decided to help him, believing in what he was telling me.

I spoke to Mrs. Gandhi. She was restless and somewhat disturbed by the rumors and the husband's *sih/t* protests. She asked me to consult Rossellini directly about the truth.

I did so and he denied everything, accusing the husband of jealousy. I told Indira Gandhi so, and she decided to help him with the Government, besides showing Rossellini's films in the halls of the Prime Minister's house, inviting influential people.

The *sileh*'s wife was able to leave India. When she arrived in Rome, she was several months pregnant. Rossellini divorced Ingrid Bergman and married the woman. Big scandal in India; but it was short-lived, because somehow the whole country was flattered that a national woman was displacing a world-famous beauty, as well as "uery *white woman of the North"*.... For their part, the Italians also rejoiced at the exotic spectacle of seeing their well-known director marrying a woman in a *sari.* Those were still different years, with large corners of the planet not integrated, not leveled, not equalized in a false and destructive globalism.

Rossellini had pulled off the coup of a Machiavellian strategist and came out of his conflict with feminine power well, which had caused him to lose decisive points in a society of luminaries. Every time I remember this case, I think of the Austrians and the Chileans and how we have always lost to the Italians, Sicilians and Mafiosi. The Austrians, the Tyrol; the Chileans, Patagonia, the Laguna del Desierto and, very soon, the entire South Pacific. And this, without the opponent firing a shot, only on the basis of pure Machiavellianism. This comparison might seem disproportionate, but it is not. In Rossellini and his actions I received an essential psychology lesson on nationalities. As a Chilean, I looked rather bad in front of Indira Gandhi; however, when I tried to excuse myself, she laughed, telling me: "I see

En India con mi bambi "Sita". Detrás, el biombo koromandel, igual al que le regaláramos a la esposa del Presidente Ibáñez.

Con "Sita".

that you do not know the Italians. .. They are very nice, though. You see, I was going through Rome and an Italian started to follow me, saying things to me. I went to a *policeman* and asked him for help. He asked me what was wrong. I told him that this man was following me, saying things to me. "And what does he say to you?" he asked. "He tells me that he loves me." The policeman opened his eyes wide and, raising his arms to the sky, exclaimed: *"Ma, Dio'* Is that all? I love her too...!".

This is how it is with Italy and the Italians, you have to get to know them and beware of them in the fundamentals, where conflicting interests are affected. However, the balance will always be positive in the end. And this, apart from themselves, as if by an imperative of Destiny, or of the angel that governs them. Put in the balance, even if they do us a bad thing, the good that results from it compensates everything in the end. But they do not know it. Nor do they care. This, at the individual level; at the collective level, we must be careful. It is something else.

I have already told what I owe to Italy. To Hugo Gallo, exactly. However, my Master had to remove him from the Order, for disloyalty. And he never took this decision with any other person, as far as I know.

JE IFERJONES

The Cambi came to see me in my cabin at the Hotel. They brought me a message from Rossellini: he introduced me to the famous film actress of those years, Jennifer Jones, asking me to attend her and guide her in getting to know India, which she was visiting for the first time.

I didn't even want to listen to them, expressing my total rejection of Rossellini and any film artist who had anything to do with that environment. The Cambi expressed their sadness, as they could not understand my attitude. They too were Italians and found nothing wrong with Rossellini's maneuvers, which they basically justified as clever and intelligent. Like their compatriots (their amoral compatriots) they placed themselves b e y o n d good and evil.

The days went by and, one afternoon, while I was concentrating in my living room, repeating the *mantram OM* and breathing in the water, according to the practices of Prime Minister Nehru's *guru,* I

the telephone interrupted. It was *Signor* Cambi, who, on behalf of his wife, the beautiful Juliana, asked me to go urgently to his rooms, because they had something very important for me. Intrigued, I went. And I found myself suddenly with the two of them, plus a third person, sitting on the floor, legs crossed in the Hindu manner.

Standing on the threshold, I could not take a step. There was no more light than what was coming through the door. And another shadowy light was coming from wide open eyes, fixed on me.

"But something around her, something like sand falling on her, compelled me to look at her face...your eyes, yes. But not exactly this. With a light that is truly shadow. Astonishing that it falls from within on a light inuol mind. Centuries on something that is beyond time. Old age, decomposition, darkness of your mbas, above the eternally Jouen. Those eyes Gto me dejabart *ner nothing mós of the face. There was too much light, let us* all *shadow. I saw, instead, his hands and the fingers of his monkeys. Unique fingers, also escaped the centuries. Fingers of light fingers. Hands that may have been for ages in the sands, underground, plowing formulas or stones. Oh, what beauty, what passion, what emotion of love and madness of God were those fingers...! .!*

"His [rente was broad, like the disk of the moon; his neck, long like that of the statues in the temples of Madros...".

Yes! I was now in front of Jennifer Jones.

Who knows today what Jennifer Jones was, or who Ane Harding, Brigitte Helm and Ingrid Bergman herself were? And actors like Gustav Froelich, Hemmi1 Janis, Konrad Veit, Ivan Mojouskine, Douglas Fairbanks, Lawrence Olivier, James Mason, John Barrimore, Frederich March, Gary Cooper, Richard Burton? Almost all of them were stage actors before they were film actors. They played Shakespeare, usually, like Diana Rigg *(Mrs. Peel),* who deserved to be as much a "Lady" as Margaret Thatcher.

Since the end of World War II, the signs of the Apocalypse have begun to accelerate and the memory of men

Sculpture **of the head of the Queen of Sheba, found in Ur.**

disappears, falls ill of death. He no longer remembers what happened yesterday, who he is or how he got to be.

, + her brother, her father, her mother - who will remember Jennifer Jones? The world will to be destroyed by man, by a small group of men who control it. But man is being destroyed before the world; he is already destroyed.

Until that moment, until that evening, of those years, I had not seen any Jennifer Jones movie. Then I saw "The *Isong of* BernnrdeHe", *"Duel to the Cabbage", "love is a Many IS plendored Thing"* and *"Farewell to Arms".* Very beautiful all of them. But more beautiful was she; a great actress. She had won the *Oscar,* in 1943, at the age of 23.

I could never even imagine the importance that this shy, introverted woman, deeply wounded in her soul, suffering to the point of agony, was going to have in the events of my existence.

And again, as I have already explained, in the background of everything, in such a strange and mysterious way, the Italians, like somnambulists, like aerial geniuses, moving the pieces and the dice of Fatality, compensating good with evil and evil with good.

To Rossellini I owe the catastrophe 1unar, the numinous explosion of my meeting with Jennifer Jones and all that followed, spinning (or spun from Eternity), in the impenetrable net of Destiny. I'm sure I would never make a profit with gold, nor with gambling. But a speculation with the friendship of Italians has always brought me good luck in the end.

"I took that woman by the hand and led her to my hut in Old Delhi. There I picked up a fine hast ort *like a staff, which looks like a snake. The chiseled silver enuuel ue its dark wood. The hilt is the head of a lion with emerald eyes. A small ru bí eri eri the forehead indicates the* sttiof *of the third eye, that which is capable of ner the Hall of the Palace on the Tree of Life and what happens inside, understanding the* simboftsmo *of* ***that*** *embrace of love. It is the eye that always discovers the* ***Queen*** *of*

"I handed it to her, saying.'

"It's yours, [that's always ***yours. Don't you recognize it.*** *...? It's* ***called***

Aunda/int, *because there is a snake...'.*

"Then she, colt *her fine, long hands presented me with the first gift: a gold mantle, a* ceremonto *uestid nro of some ancient Maharaya of Udaipur.*

"'It's also his,' I dtyo, *'it belongs to him.'*

*"**I placed** my fingertips and **then the palm of my hands on** those gold polka dots, on the royal embroidery.... Yes, it was really* mco, I *recognized it".*

I still have it here, in my Castle-Temple of Val para iso, in the Meditation Room, after so many years.

Jennifer Jones traveled to different parts of India and Nepal, following my advice. On her return, she settled in the *"lswiss Hotel". I* then took her in the evenings to tour the nightmare and hallucination of those streets of Old Delhi and the docks of the Jumna River. There I introduced her to my old acquaintances and to the half-naked, crazy woman who talked to ghosts and scared away invisible beings. Jennifer was in awe of everything, as if discovering the world for the first time. "I am cloistered," she would tell me, "surrounded by artifice. I'm a prisoner; for the first time, I'm opening my eyes."

She was married to director David Zelsnick, who made her films exclusively for her. Her first husband, a great young actor, committed suicide. Jennifer lived in great tension, tormented by a secret pain. She drank. Like many other actresses, she went from one psychoanalyst to another. In Zürich, she looked for a solution in the "Psychology of the Depths" of Professor
C. G. Jung.

I introduced her to Indira Gandhi and her visit almost coincided with that of Dorothy Norman, an American woman who studied symbols and was a friend of Indira's at the time.

Jennifer Jones returned to psychoanalysis in Switzerland, with the Jungian professor Meier. I took advantage of the occasion to travel to that country also, with the intimate intention of meeting Jung, whose books I read and reread, and from whom I had received a letter in reply to one of mine with a copy of an article that had been published in India: *"La Creci[íxión del* lo".

At Mrs. Gandhi's urging, Dorothy Norman sent a telegram to Dr. Jacobi, Jung's disciple, to get me an interview with her teacher.

Although Jennifer Jones analyzed with Professor Meier, who would go on to replace Jung in his chair in Zürich, she did not know the latter. Her shyness prevented her from doing so, even though she was also a n enthusiastic reader of his work.

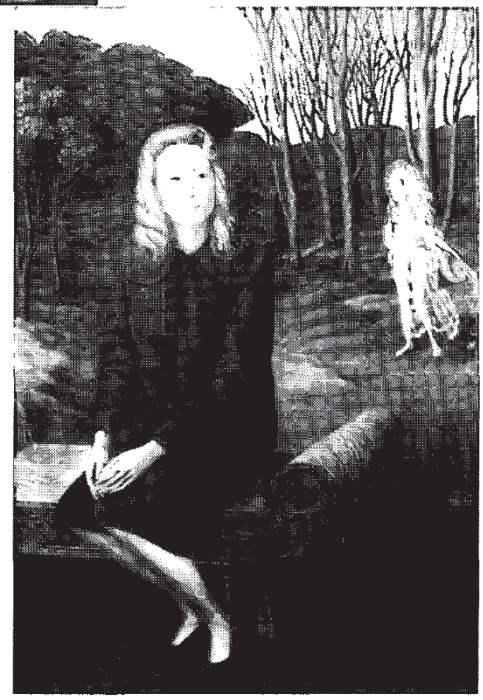
But all this that I am relating did not happen immediately after **Jennifer Jones**' first visit **to** India, nor after her departure. She returned twice more; then I was to meet her also in Vienna, in Zürich and in Montagnola, where I was to introduce her to Hermann Hesse.

After his first departure, I was - how can I put it? - ***surprised,*** to say the least, bewildered, as if a catastrophe had occurred at the bottom of the sea and the great waves of the surface *(tsunami)* were preparing to submerge Lemuria once again. Something even stranger came to me, the photo of a newspaper that I still keep and that I am publishing in these *"Memortas".* It was the head of a bust of the Queen of Sheba, which had been found in the ruins of Ur. Its resemblance to the actress impressed me. And my whole soul *(HIM)* was projected, without my being able to help it, across the *threshold,* beyond time, in huge far away.

"THE VISITS OF THE QUEEN OF SABA".

It is the most *"extraordinary book"* (to use Jung's words) I have ever written. Although all my work appears (that *appears* to me*)* as directed, it was dictated to me, it was not written by me, but by *HIM. It* was not the Unconscious that pushed me, but a Super-Conscious. The great Magician-Professor of Zürich came to define it, to describe it, from a

Miguel Serrano, cuadro pintado en India por el artista chileno, Julio Escámez.



Pintura de Allouine realizada por Julio Escámez, en Belgrado, Yugoeslavia.

at the beginning, enlightening me, letting me know something about my work that I didn't know. And also, for the first time, giving himself an answer, which must have been a revelation in his later years. He wrote in the prologue to *"The Visits of the Queen of Sheba":*

> *"**It is the least similar to the spontaneous products of the** unconscious to which I am **accustomed,** even if the **known archetypal figures** are clearly d(scernibtes... The **cognitive element** plays an irri- important **role**, as it resides in a nebulous background, in the colorfulness* of *the images.*

Up to that time, Jung had always considered the archetypes as products of a "Collective Unconscious". At the most, he had come to define them as *"psychoids";* psychic in part, at least in one half, thus earning himself the criticism of Julius Evola of "psychologizing the values of the spirit", aIchia, religion, metaphysics, the archetypes themselves, which for Plato would be on a plane immediately inferior to that of the Ideas. But now he suddenly discovers, thanks to what I *transcribed* in *"The Visits of the Queen of Sheba", that* these *"archetypal archetypes are the least similar to the spontaneous products of the unconscious"* to which he was accustomed.

That is to say, I *(fL)* elaborated them, captured them, "atra pe" them with a

its perconsciousness, beyond my "I".

As the extremes meet, the unconsciousness and the unconsciousness are similar, since neither is captured or "captured" by the consciousness. They act at the margin, from outside the brain, so that the "I" becomes a "hypnotized" performer, compelled, a *humble semant,* a humble servant. The difference, if there is one, is that the Unconscious acts by making possessed and clouding the cognitive capacity of the actor, of the "user". And the S uperconscious produces something like a state of sublime lucidity, bringing the illusion that it is one who finds, or seeks, the analogies, the relations, the interpretations of the Archetype and, therefore, seems *"at least similar to the spontaneous products of the Unconscious",* giving us the illusion that the *"cognitive element"* has played an important role, even if it *"resides in* the *nebulous background, in the richness of color of the images".*

In those days, I had moved to New Delhi, to a mansion that the *Parsi* businessman, Tata, had on *PrituiraJ Road,* for his representative in the Indian capital. The latter, a *gentlemari* by the name of Naoroji, also a *Parsi,* considered the house too big for him. He lived alone and, out of friendship, decided to rent it to me for Embassy and residence. Nothing better could be found; it had spacious rooms and a park with manicured lawns and beautiful flowers, in the style of the colonial period, which pleased the high officials of the Empire.

In the evenings, I would go for a walk along the avenue where the house was located, impregnated with the sensual perfume of the *ralhirani,* an intoxicating jasmine, like sandalwood. I wanted to go far, but I could not, and I had to return quickly to my desk, because one of the stories of "The *Queen of Sheba"* had "visited" me and was imposing itself on me, as if I had received a blow in the brain, or in the heart. And I wrote, wrote, wrote, until the story ran out, without knowing how or when.

I did it by hand, coin or today, and with the same ink pen with which I erase these pages.

And then, one day, the "Superconsciousness" should give me the "sign" and the supreme teaching, introducing in the middle of the stories and their legends something very strange and that distorted them or, better said, projected them, transfiguring everything, changing the game, the system, transposing, transpolating, returning me to the same origin, as in a call of attention, or a pre-existing, inescapable end that I had to *remember.* As if the numinosity of the *Queen of Sheba did* not allow (for me) another solution, nor another ending. And she said to me: "Yes, here I am; but you cannot be unfaithful. Your Myth is another. Rather, it is the same; but the solution is different. Love me, if you want to; but love me in *Her,* because I am *She....* And you too are Lf/o..." (So/tom!).

That night it suddenly seemed like a different story. I had to return to the house almost running and I wrote it all at once, shaken and in tears. I titled it *"The Mysteries".* It was *Allouine* coming back to visit me. I understood that I had nothing to do in the context of *"The Visits",* even if it was also a shuddering *visit* from the stars. The legends that *"HE"* dictated to me had not yet come to an end, and the end came suddenly, but also differently, because I was already *betrothed.* And they had brought him to my memory.

Thus "appeared" these two books published in India, in Spanish and English, each one with a special format: *"Los* Mis/ertos", on handmade paper in Nepal and kept in a small box lined with raw silk, from Gandhi's workshops. "*The Visits of the Queen of Snoo"* is a bibliographic rarity, because the Spanish edition bore the seal of Editorial Nascimento, even though it was published in India. It was authored by Carlos Nascimento.

Both books were illustrated by Chilean painter Julio Escámez.

And this is another story.

Julio Escámez arrived in India at noon one day. He came to my house with two letters of recommendation. One from Don Carlos Nascimento, precisely, who told me that he was like one of his family; the other from Pablo Neruda: "He is the best Chilean painter", he wrote to me, underlining: *"the best".*

I had to leave him alone for a while at the reception desk while I went to attend to office business and, so that he would have something to do, I passed him the originals of "The *Queen of S!aba",* together with the photos of the illustrations I had imagined for the book. They were repro- ductions of Hindu and Tibetan paintings and sculptures. When I came back, he had read the whole book. And he said to me, "It's something fundamental; but you can't illustrate it like that. I will do the drawings for you. I accepted with pleasure, although skeptical, because he was leaving that very night on a trip to South India. I could never have thought that on his return he would bring me the total of the illustrations, made in hotels and railroads. They were very beautiful and interpreted the work magnificently. I still have with me the original drawings of this book, of *"Los Misterios"* and "*La Flor Inexistente". I* only regret that Julio Escámez did not illustrate *"ELELLA".* Who could have done it better?

And that is how a friendship was born with this unique artist, with a very special personality that has endured in time and space, through many countries and many years.

He was a communist and must remain so, I am a na zist. But none of this counts. The friendship was born in India and we could well believe that it was not an encounter, but a "reunion", centuries in the past and *eories* in the future. Julio Escáme z painted my

portrait, and, in

Illustration by Julio Escámez, for "Las Visitas de la Reina de Saba".

The Mysteries.
Illustration by Julio Escámez.

And ugoeslavia, he played *Allouíne.* He was also a musician and, listening to Bach's *"The Art of Fugue", he* was recreating his image, while I was describing it to him. Sometimes, I would sit concentrating in the next room, imagining the canvas of the painting and projecting the image of Alto to him. One day Joaquín Gutierrez, a Costa Rican writer, married to Nascimento's daughter and a great friend of Escámez, arrived there. He looked at the finished painting and said to me: "This is the work of a Julio I don't know. *You are working together...".*

Julio Escámez had a great sense of humor, like almost all real Chileans, and he told fantastic stories, which delighted my children, about his adventures in India. I remember a very special one about his visit to Pondicherry, to Aurobindo Gose's *ashram.* He described the morning "glance" of the "Mother", from a balcony, to the visitors in the courtyard. Escámez met there an American in *shorts* and güayabera who invited him to "go to his island by bicycle". They left the bicycles on the beach and took a boat to the houses, where Julio stayed one night. When he got up the next day to have breakfast at a table in the garden with the American, he saw how the servants plowed the land with the fingers of their hands. Then the master of the house and of the island protested violently that the toast for breakfast was not "just right" and threw it away, accusing the *"bearers".* This outraged Julio, who got up from his seat to leave. The American, furious, took him to the dock, put him in a boat, removed the oars and with his foot gave a push to the boat, which went into the lake. And now we had Julio Escámez trying to reach the other shore, rowing with his hands, just as the servants plowed the land.

Upon finally reaching solid ground and getting out of the boat, Julio shouted, with
arms in the air: "I will never return to this island of pirates again...!"

Years later I repeated this phrase to the poet Nicanor Parra, who reproduced it in one of his *"Artefacts".*

Another time, in Yugoslavia, where I got the painter a scholarship, I picked him up in my car at the place where he lived. After I went out to the street, he came back to go in, telling me: "I forgot to put on my muscles...".

During the 1973 military coup I did everything I could to prevent the erasure of his mural in the Municipality of Chill án.

Portrait of the "meiga" Sabela, made by Julio Escámez in Va1para íso, in 1996, during his visit to Chile. Grau resemblance with Isabel of Portugal.

Isabel of Portugal.

After that crime, Julio Escá mez voluntarily left Chile and went into exile in Costa Rica, where he still resides.

Because of this, and because he is not interested in *marketing,* this great painter has been forgotten in Chile; instead, a Guaya zamin or a Matta are in vogue, as always, and are the fashion of the *snobs.* I only have paintings by Escámez, in my house, by Roerich, by Pierneef and Hitler.

* * *

Once again, synchronicity and magic! Already written in Spanish, *"The Visits"* and *"The Mysteries"* needed to be translated into English by a specialist, by a literary man, by a cultured man.

And it arrived, as always, emerging from the invisible.

There he was, standing in my office, handing me a letter of introduction from Alfonso Echeverría, a young writer, brother of my friend José and Mónica, married to Fernando Castillo Velasco, of whom I have already spoken in the previous volumes of these *"Memoirs",* son of Flora Yañez, nephew of Álvaro, (alias Juan Emar). The new visitor was a young American, professor of literature and translator of Spanish. He had come from Chile, where he had resided thanks to a grant from the "Fitffbrtg/tf *Foundat ion",* with the intention of touring India. His friend, Alfonso, had told him that there was no one better than me to help him. His name was Frank MacShane, of Irish origin, and he had graduated from Harvard and Oxford.

We had lunch together and it occurred to me to show him a prose poem of mine, which I had translated into English with my secretary, Ma ni: "***Papon**'s Visoiies".* ***I*** was planning to publish it in the literary page of the *'Hindustan* ***Times'***, New Delhi.

He read it and sent it back to me, saying, "It needs to be put in English. If you allow me, I can do it".

And so, without knowing how, I found myself in the presence of the English translator of six of my works of those years: *"The Visits of the Queen of Usaba", "The Mysteries", "The Serpent of Paradise", "The Hermetic Circle", "The Non-Existent Flower"* and *"ELELLA".* Thanks to *him,* I was projected in the Anglo-Saxon world and, from there, to the rest of Europe, as well as in India and Japan. He guided me to the publisher

With my friend and translator, Professor Frank MacShane, in Venice, next to Querini Street, where Ezra Pound lived.

English, *Routledge and* -ü *Kegan Paul,* and the U.S., *Harper and Rom.* The translation work

- ; *Visits"* section of the *"The Visits" section* of the "The *Visits"* hi-

We were in Kashmir, where each of us had one "The result was a miracle, since translating poetic thought is almost impossible. The result was a miracle, since translating poetic thought is almost impossible. Whoever read the book afterwards, including Nehru and the Vice-President, the philosopher Radhakrishnan, thought that it was not a translation, but that the book had been originally written in English, by someone who had mastered that language to perfection.

Frank Mac Shane and I were friends in India and around the world for many years. I repaid him by introducing him to Ezra Pound, in Venice, and we were also in Yugoslavia, in Austria and in the United States, at Columbia University, where he was a professor of literature. It has been twenty years since we lost each other, but I remember him always and every time I hold a work of mine in my hands.

Thus I published my book in India, in two languages. And I was helped in this edition by a Chilean visitor, very much appreciated to this day, the great doctor and hematologist Raúl Etcheverry, to whom I am very much indebted.

I have referred to in the first volume of these *"Memoirs", in* connection with the death of the Chilean medium and m utant Jaime Galté. He does not forget those days in New Delhi, nor the "visits" of the Queen of Sheba'°.

* * *

And so it was that everything was in order, each of the pieces in its place, for the appearance of that book which, besides allowing me to overcome, sublimating the catastrophe of the *numinous* encounter with the Archetype of the Queen of Sheba, led me to establish (re-establish?) an eternal bond with the giant of the Swiss Alps, Carl Gustav Jung.

I traveled to Zurich in the summer of 1961, taking with me the English drafts of the as yet unedited book about "my" Queen. I was also going to meet Jennifer Jones.

CARL GUSTAV KUNG

*"**There was** a man **who had no brains,***
to be able to think".

With Jennifer we would run down the green grassy hills in the vicinity of the *Hotel Dolder, or* go to dinner at the *"Francishaner"* in the old part of the city of Zurich, or at the *Keller* in the small square in front of the Cathedral, where Goethe also lived, in order to talk alchemy with Dean Johann Kaspar Lavater.

One night we were surrounded in the street by people of all ages and they began to dance in a circle around us, singing wedding songs from the ancient city of Ur.

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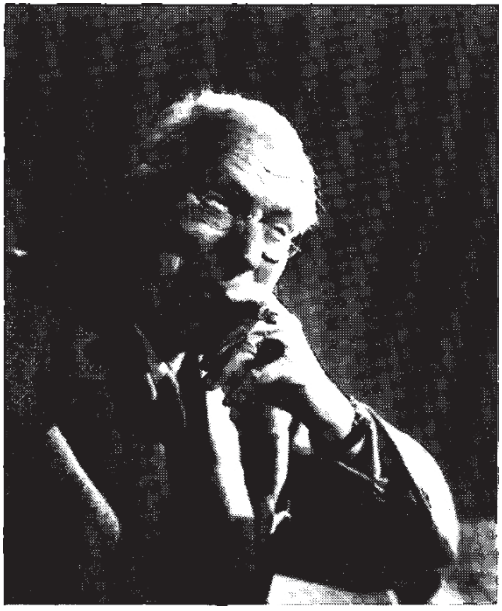
12. Dr. Etcheverry still remembers when we crossed almost all of Delhi on foot to rush to the printing house to rescue the originals of "Los *Visitas",* where there had been a fire. Nor does he forget his stay in the presidential *suite* of the *"Imperial Hotel*" -which I had obtained for him- and the strangeness of the *"bearer"* when he saw him alone in the huge room, asking him where he had left *his* wives.

Professor Carl Gustav Jung, with his gnostic ring. Photograph signed by me.



Professor Carl Gustav Jung, with his an il lo gnostic and his cigar.

Another time, in a bar, a stranger came to sit at our table. And he confessed to us: "I was dead; but nobody knows that now I am alive...".

And he looked at us fixedly, with his deep, abysmal eyes.

Those were the years when things were still happening on earth and adventure awaited us at every corner.

Adventure is a product of the soul of the West, of the white race, of the individualized being, who has only one life and nothing more, even if he claims to believe in reincarnation. He who has five thousand lives lacks the sense of adventure in the present time, in today, here, at this very moment. He is diffused, lost in eternity. That is why in India, in the streets of India, it is not possible to live an adventure as in the West. Nobody gets bored there either, because the one who is in dialogue with the Archetypes, immersed in the Collective Unconscious, cannot get bored. Only the cut-out individual, with a separate self, gets bored. Nor do animals get bored.

And this is what I was going to talk about in my first interview with Professor Jung.

Earlier, Jennifer Jones obtained some notes that the professor wrote on his trip to India. They were very important notes that were in the possession of Dr. Meier and she gave them to me. I have already spoken about this subject in my book "Of *Círc* NfO *Hermetic",* where I tell about my interviews with C. G. Jung and Hermann Hesse. After many editions, in almost all languages, the book still circulates worldwide, having been published again in German and English, very recently. I will not, therefore, repeat what was said there. I will only try to concentrate on the mystery of this relationship, trying to penetrate it as far as possible and permitted, for "if *one were to explain all things, they would cease to be".*

In a recent, extensive and excellent biography, written by the German researcher Gerhard Wehr, "C. G. *Lung, His Life, His Work and your influence",* he devotes two chapters to my relationship with him. And it is strange, stating that "in his last years the Doctor saw and received almost no one, none of his disciples and very few of his relatives, except a Chilean writer and diplomat, with whom he spoke things that he did not discuss with anyone else".

And so it was.

Jung wrapped their relationship in myths, almost religious symbols, undoubtedly magical. Finally, he gave me his ideological testament, in a long handwritten letter.

All this is known; but what no one knows is how the "Queen of Sheba" also intervened, introducing her sensitive hands into the deep circle of mystery. For Professor Jung had been visited by her equally, in other years and in his own time.

In Locarno I met him for the first time. There we talked about India and the non-individualized character of the Hindu, diffuse, lost in the Collective Unconscious, living the life of the Archetypes, where one yogi was similar to another yogi, so that by knowing one you knew them all. "It was enough to see Ramakrishna and it was no longer necessary to visit the Maharishi. They were archetypal."

There I gave him the English draft of *"The Visitations of* the *Queen of Sheba".*

And he wanted to see me again. At his house in Küsnacht, by the lake in Zurich, he told me that he had read my book and gave me advice:

"-If you ever have the glory, or the suffering, of meeting the Queen of Sheba, do not go and commit the sacrilege of marrying her. The Queen of Sheba is for love, never for marriage. It would destroy her, or both would be destroyed.... She must be drunk like a glass of cognac, in one sip. Cognac is drunk in small glasses, never in large glasses of beer... The Queen of Sheba, as you have written, comes and goes. She can also die. And he who stays and grieves here is sometimes unfaithful to her, in order to compare her with other women, appreciating her more, longing for her. Man is polygamous by nature, woman is monogamous. Only by the spirit does man overcome his instinctive polygamy. Only by violating herself does woman become polygamous. The Queen of Sheba is polygamous. She enkindles, she enamors more than one man. She is not Beatrice, she is not Marguerite *(nor Allouine,* I think), she is not Goethe's 'eternal feminine that leads to heaven'. If she does, it is in an indirect way, as in her book *'The* Visits'[3] ... .

13. But both *Allouine* and the Queen of Sheba are priestesses of the *A-Mor.* Even though they are different, they impel man to seek his lost

totality, to marry his own soul. Synthesizing, simplifying,

"The triumph of chastity is the supreme effort of man who aspires to transcend himself. Notice that the Pope has established a close relationship between chastity and the Marian Mystery. But the Queen of Heaven is also polygamous, she loves each and every man. But she demands fidelity and chastity from her devotees. Mary, like *Radha,* is unfaithful to her earthly husband. She is unfaithful to him with a God. She loves God. Along with proclaiming the dogma of the 'Assumption of the Virgin', the Pope has elevated the Eternal Feminine to the sphere of the Son and the Father, giving them both a feminine companionship, like Vishnu and Shiva, with Lashmi and Parvati. And there will no longer be a solitary male God in the celestial spheres. A sad God.

"However, with the Marian Cult, the Church of Rome has destroyed an individual religion, an Initiation of Love, which was developing in the twelfth century, in the Occitan courts and was spread by the troubadours. With the Virgin Mary it transposes the mystery, it makes it collective, democratic, when it was aristocratic par antonomasia; it destroys its secret, transforms the *soma* into mother's milk, at the same time that it turns the beloved into a mother, thus losing the magical virginity of the sacred priestess' ...'.[4].

We ***would say*** that *Affouine* represents the *"Dry Path"* of Alchemy, the Tantrism of the *"Right Hand",* and the Queen of Sheba the "*Wet* Cumin*",* the Tantrism of the "*Left* Phono*",* with the consummation of the *Mort huna,* in the magical coitus. *Allouirie, on* the other hand, is platonic love, is chastity. With the Queen of Sheba is *"the tiger",* to use the expression of Julius Evola; but both go on the razor's edge, on the path of *A-Mor* (Without-Death). And, sometimes, they even combine and help each other, as in my book ***"ELELLA",*** when in the initiatory practice of the *Maith one,* of the *"arrior without A-rnor",* the memory of the dead priestess comes to prevent the disciple, the *sadahho to* ejaculate *bundi* outside, and to fecundate himself, inside, espousing with his *ELLA.* In the *A-Por.*

14 It nullifies, nen tralizes the unfathomable depth of a Love individualized, between a man and a woman, alone, one-only for each other and faithful for all eternity, through and in spite of all falls, if any, and until there are no more falls. The Queen of Sheba and A///ouine have not lost their magical virginity, because they have not had children, they are not mothers, neither on earth, nor o f f earth.

However, Marian iconography (especially of the Black Virgins) could also be understood esoterically.

"Ah, chastity! Do you know that one can be chaste even if one physically loves the woman? This is known in *'Kaula' Tantra,* which is the only path capable of individualization in Hinduism and Aryan India. It is the *'Swedish Way',* as opposed to the '*Wet* Cumin*',* also, in Alchemy. But when the Queen of Sheba departs, tears are shed. And it is the *'Way of Tears'...".*

Professor Jung got up from his seat and went to take a book from his library.

(In order not to repeat myself, I am concentrating here the essences of more than one conversation with the great Doctor).

And he showed me, with his old hands, the drawings and symbols printed there.

"They were made by me and by a woman with whom we are collaborating in a process of indtoiduotion...".

"-Where is she now, Doctor?".

"Ah! He died, years ago. I'm very old, I'm a survivor....".

"-Is there a possibility of *post mortem life** What do you think?".

It was my eternal question, especially after Irene's death. I also asked Hermann Hesse. He and his wife were puzzled by my question and, as she later told me, did not understand me. Professor Jung, on the other hand, not only understood me, he also showed similar uneasiness and anguish, I would venture to say. *If the mind is capable of functioning outside of space and space," he said. time, then it is incorru ptible, im perishable...".*

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in the beginning, when he reproduced *Isis* (in the "Black Virgins", *nigredo j,* being the child on his knees, not the son of It, but of *Him,* the "EfiJo *def man";* that is, the *Krístos,* that the *A-3fodn,* the *Soror,* succeeded in bringing to birth in man, transm utting him into f-fomóre-Dtos, into Superman. But this esoteric truth was neither developed nor lived in Christianity (with a "c"). The Church of Rome destroyed the sacred mystery and the i edentor and magical function of the Eternal Feminine, of the Absolute-Woman, as the fecundator of the Father, of Man, who in the depths of her soul will give birth to Kristos, the *"Son of the Breath".* By destroying in the thirteenth century a great possibility of individual salvation and transmutation, of the Superman, of the *Man-God, of* an Aryan Initiation, it has fulfilled the work of Satan and the Demiurge.

The mind, I think, but what about "I", the individual? The Mind is *IT.* I know it is there, o/pho, that it was, that it will be; but.... "I"? And Irene? 4Will we still exist somewhere, even if it is at the margin of space and time, after having left the *earth?(Passed pp-f2p*

Hermann Hesse declared to me: "To die is to go to Jung's Collective Unconscious and, from there, to return to the form, to the forms...". He said "to go" and "to return". Who is "going" and "who" is coming back, "I", the "I"? Nietzsche thought of the Eternal Return of the Same. That is to say, we return, we returned, we will return, mechanically; because the time is infinite and energy is limited.

But none of this has anything to do with Jung's formulation and mine. With our similar anguish.

Yes; because where did that woman with whom he tried tantric individuation go? And Irene? On the *"Path* of *the Logos ...*

When I sent him my paper on *"The Crossing of the Self,"* I referred in the accompanying letter to the Hindu belief in *Maya,* where everything was illusion; life itself, death itself. And he replied to me that also the question of *Illusion* **would be** illusory. "If a man lost his money, no one was going to convince him that this was an illusion." There was a limit to self-deception. St. Augustine said: 'Since it is I who deceive myself, how can I deceive myself that I exist when it is true that I exist if I deceive myself?" But the first source, the *pamater* of all existential manifestations, of all philosophy, religion, wisdom and differentiated phenomena, was the Unconscious. It was there that everything resided, it **was** there that everything **was *known,*** *pre-cognized*.

I cannot help remembering that it was Nietzsche who first referred to the Unconscious, when he affirmed that within himself there was someone who knew more than he did. He in turn coined the German term *S!elbst* to name that mysterious *Self* who *knew.* The *Self* of Jung and his "Psychology of the Depths". *HE,* of these *"Memoirs".*

However, although Jung resisted his Unconscious with quasi-theological virtues, or brought it closer to the legendary *Tao*, he did not aspire to be one with *it.* And his process of *Iridicuociór*i was directed towards a differentiation and affirmation of the self, as opposed to the *Selbst, or* Hindu *Atman. He* found the ways to achieve this in Alchemy, rather than in psychoanalysis; in Tantric Alchemy. And here it is

The *imaginary* and *the subtle corp us* fundamental. But he did not get that far. It occurs to me that something interrupted him, a mysterious situation that blocked him, something perhaps in his Protestant heritage, or in the fact that he had been a Freemason. This prevented him from discovering esoteric Hitlerism. And his irrepressible hatred of Heidegger gives him away. We never spoke of this, by a sort of Destiny; or else, because I was not yet ready to expose it to him without reticence. Although I tried, in my last interview, in our magical and ceremonial farewell, when he received me dressed in a gold-embroidered tiinica, which seemed to me a Taoist habit from ancient China. Hanging on the wall, above his armchair, hung a large canvas with the figure of Shiva on the summit of Mount Kailas. Looking me straight in the eye, he said:

"-Only poets will understand me...".

And he knew I was one.

Then, I dared to consult him about the *corpus sut il* and my "astral detachments", with the tantric *"Lingasarira"*. But his answer prevented me from continuing to reveal to him my extraordinary Antarctic experience, and thus put a boundary between us. "This is as far as I can go," I said to myself. And I did not advance to try to discover, to know, if with the *imaginas io* and the *corpus suttl* we could resurrect Irene-Affoitine, me, and he the one who was his mystical *soror. I* still think that only thus it will be possible to reach the true *Indiuiduation* and the androgynous, bringing, with the *imaginatio,* the *sulil* Face of the A-Mada to my SLy to the *Selbst,* "illuminating the darkness of the Creator" and perpetuating the "I" in an *Absolute* (at the margin of space and time). "A dream undreamed even by the greatest utopians," as Nietzsche wrote. The overcoming of the Eternal Return; the transposition "into a world governed by other laws than those of mechanics, or by no law at all".

And I know that, from this point, at the very limit (when Nietzsche went mad), the initiates of Esoteric Hitlerism set out from there, in their supreme adventure of the transmutation of the *Absolute,* in the mutation of His man.

And no one like Jung was prepared to understand it, if he had had the courage to go beyond his own "psychologism", the baggage acquired in Freudianism and his psychoanalysis; but he was also defeated by the war and did not know how to overcome and stand up to the end, like Heidegger. And I believe that his

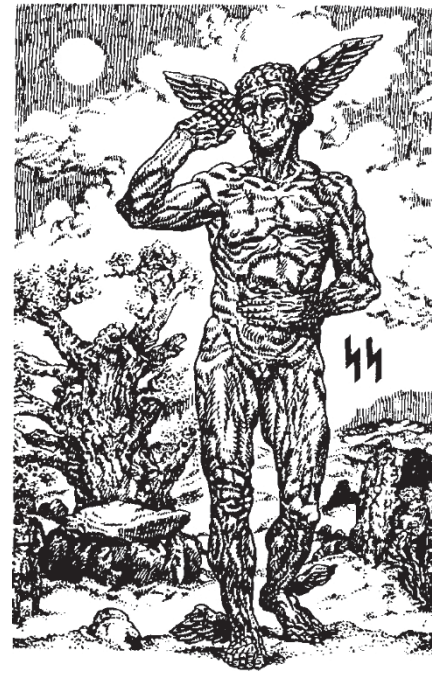
irrepressible hatred for the great German philosopher, which he manifested to me in that

The last interview was due precisely to the awareness of not having been able to emulate his example. For Kung had reversed all his positions during and before the Great War.

I have already referred to all this in depth in my book *"Manú. For the Man Who Came".* What a pity, what a great pity! If Jung had acted differently, perhaps he would not have been so famous today, happening to him like Ezra Pound, like Knut Hamsun, Drie u La RocheI]e and many others; but there where neither the voices nor the physical glances nor the glories of men reach, beyond the *"Fifth Heaven"* of the Cathars, a bell of pure alchemical gold, imperishable, would still be resounding *forever.* And it would repeat for all eternity his name and that of his *SHE.*

A book on Jung by Richard Nolle has recently been published in the United States by *Randori House and* in England by *McMillaii*: *"The Aryan Christ. The Secret Life of Carl Gustan lung".* This is the continuation of *'The Jungian Calto",* by the same author. Some documents are made known, trying to prove that Jung pretended to recreate a sort of Aryan religion, even incarnating in himself the person of an Aryan Christ, having manifested sympathies for Nazism. Nicholas Goodrick-Clarke, author of *"The Secret Roots of National Socialism"* and *"Sauitri Deni, Hitler's Priestess",* comments on Noll's work in several articles.
in England, claiming that Jung is presented in a one-sided light. In Noll's book, little known statements by Jung are quoted, with his opinion about the Jews. He considered them different from the Aryans and advised them to dress differently *"so as not to confuse them with us, because they are different in essence".* He also advised the Jungians, who attended the meetings at Count Keyserling's *"School of Wisdom",* not to be influenced by the practices of yoga; *"because yoga is ajerio to the* ***Aryan*** *tradition"***.**

As for the idea of the Aryan Christ *(Kristos), the* only thing I remember is Jung's statement that *he* was what Christ *(Krtstos)* was to the West. A symbol of *Totality.* Moreover it was "ttn *Circle, whose circumference was in all portes and its center in* none..." And, in this sense, if Jung



Sieg Heil!

Hitler doing the *"Varn-Mudra"*.

reached to consciously connect with its *f,* then it really was *Kristos.*

Shortly before his death he had a dream: He saw a huge round Stone *(La pis).* It was a version of totality. The Totality of the*[.* The "Disco Vol ante", the *Host,* the tonos *m undis, the Horn bre - Total,* the *Absolute Self.*

"If *I have reached that point, I can achieve nothing else, and I will gain nothing by destroying my treasure. For, by guarding it, by preserving it, I will help to illuminate the darkness of the Creator...".*

Yes! C. G. Jung was more profound and mysterious than he is made to appear in the book "Of *Christ Aryan".* His conceptions reached areas untouched by other humans, except Plato, or Meister Eckard. His version of Hitler is shocking and it is exposed in a book almost unknown today (for an explainable reason): *"Jung's !S peahings,"* by Professor McQuire, and edited by *Pririceto n Uriiuersit y Press,* with two chapters reprinted from my *"Hermetic Circle."* Nothing of that depth is reached in Noll's book.

Shut up in his cloister in *Küsnacht* and in his alchemist tower in Bollingen, Jung lived his last days, accompanied only by two women (or three), faithful priestesses (at least two of them were), plus his daughter. Miss Beiley was his Mira-Ben, a priestess of the cult, in *Küsnacht.* The fourth woman was already only in his *imagination* (and was "fo *who thought for the others").*

There, dressed in his ceremonial robe, as an ancient *priest of the Golden Flower, he* showed me his gnostic ring with the *Ophite* Serpent, transformed by him into the Krtstos of Atlantis.

And when leaving that enclosure and seeing him for the last time, his eyes gave off an intense and penetrating light, his image became larger, until it connected with that of Siva on Mount Kailas. And he smiled, and at the same time made a ritual gesture with one of his hands: The *Vara-Mudra.* The one that destroys Fear and grants Grace.

It was the farewell for the Eternity. In the *Eternal Return.*

CONARNOLDTOYNBEE

On my return to New Delhi, I came across a letter from Jung, referring to my book *"The Visitations of the Queen of Sheba".* In a few words he condensed it all, getting to the heart of the matter. This coincided with the coming to India of the English historian, Arnold

Toynbee. In Chile, his work was well known and I had read his *"Study of the Hislorto",* which he tried to contrast with Oswald Spengler's *"*Decadence *of the West",* which had so much influence on my generation. Among other things, Toynbee pretended to be a Catholic; but he was not. In truth, he was a British Intelligence agent, trained at Oxford, like many others. In World War II he worked in counter-espionage and "psychological combat". Perhaps this is the reason for his great interest in Jung. Together with Aldous Huxley, Alan Wats, Arthur Koestler, Timothy Leary and John Lily, they were in charge of the Great Conspiracy of the postwar period to liquidate two or more generations of Anglo-Saxon youth and, through them, the youth of the world. Each would fulfill his role to perfection, going as far as the propagation of the drug. An important center, in the seventies, was in Allende's Chile, with the "esoteric group" of Icha zo and Naranjo, in Arica, visited by Lily, the brain manipulator at the service of the Pentagon, under the guise of a "dolphin language scholar".

Toynbee was a propagandist of Huxley's "Brave New World". In his lectures in India he spoke out against rural society, advocating the extension of cities into the countryside, so that the whole nation would be but one great city; the whole world globalized, with no more countries, no more countryside. He was thus an advanced man at the service of the *C!ran Plan,* already on the verge of being fulfilled with electronics, cybernetics and the virtual reality of the present, where even ecology will be virtual, marking the irreversible end of the Nation-State. And of man himself, who will become just another atom in a "virtual universe", in an "imaginary hierarchy", where the tree will have preeminence, together with the grass. And here, perhaps, lies the real reason for the sudden interest aroused among the "conspirators" or "makers of the virtual future", a "priestess of Hitlerism", like Savitri Devi, who in her cosmology (which was not the Hitlerian one) gave preference to the animal and the tree over man. How much I regret not having been able to converse with her to have convinced her of the contrary, being able to acquaint her with my books on Esoteric Hitlerism. Our correspondence was interrupted by her sudden death in England when she was on her way to give talks in the United States.

With Huxley, as I have recounted, I conversed ema India; also with Koestler; with Alan Wats and John Lily, in New York, and with Timothy Leary, in Montagnola. I hope to be able to refer to them again. At one time, they may have thought that I was one of theirs, like Castañeda, or that they could use me, like Hermann Hesse. Only Leary and Lily survive to this day. I don't know if they still remember me. But I do know who they were.

I invited Toynbee to lunch at my house and we had a long and interesting conversation. He had all the charm of the cultured and refined Englishman, the Oxfordian. He dedicated to me his book on Greece: *"Helleriism. The History of Cit ilizalion"*. He wrote: "Witfi *ha ppy* recoffections *of 23 February, J 960"*.

He had come from Zürich, where he had participated in Jung's birthday celebrations, speaking on the radio. He asked him if he had talked to him; but he did not know him and had not attempted an interview. He consulted me about the Jungian conception of the archetype, for he did not understand it. Knowing that it was not the Platonic Archetype, he seemed to understand that Jung intended to explain it as the concreteness of the human experience of the species and of certain events of its collective or individual history. Something like the lining of the instincts. At least, this is how Dr. Yolanda Jacobi thought, who also referred to the *shakras* as "energy centers", while Jung described them to me as "centers of consciousness". The distance between the two had grown, so that he did not receive her and she consulted me about what Jung thought about the end of Pisces and the beginning of the Aquarian Age, for example.

Toynbee confessed to me that it was Jung's conception of the Archetype that led him to conceive his theory of the sudden beginning of civilization: "Six thousand years ago, when a tribal chief had a dream, or an *ong uettpico* vision, of the Collective Unconscious, being possessed by it and transformed into a prophet and guide of his people.... That is the beginning of civilization," he said.

I showed Toynbee Professor Jung's letter and consulted him about my intention to request it from him as a foreword to my book on *"The Visitations of the Queen of Sheba"*. He immediately reacted in the following way

negative, in a very British way, I would say. He was from Oxford, as well as a *londoner*, as he defined himself. He was almost aghast that I would commit such an impertinence.

If I had any doubts - and this is why I consulted him - now his reaction was enough to make up my mind. And I wrote to Dr. Jung asking him for the foreword.

His response came back to me within a week, as if he had been waiting for my request. Not only did he authorize me, but "it was an honor," he added.

No one seems to have realized what this has meant in the spiritual history of the twentieth century. I do, and always have. "That Mountain", as Hermann Hesse defined Carl Gustav Jung, that genius, that sage, that sage, in his long life had never before given a foreword to anyone for a purely poetic or literary work, and only for traditional or legendary texts, such as Wilhelm's "*Secret of the Golden Flower"*, the *"I-Ching",* and the Tibetan *"Book of the Dead"*. Now, for the first and last time, I was prefacing a work by an unknown writer from a distant country. This was not by chance, nor the fruit of a sage's impulse. I do not even think that Jung was unaware of my Hitlerism at that time. No, although we never touched on the subject, there where our Unconscious touched (in the deep sea of the Collective Unconscious), he knew all about it, and always had, since before our *reunion.* And he approved of it. This is precisely why he wanted to honor and support me with his prologue, with his *contribution. That* is also why he received me in his "Temple" and talked to me as he had never talked to anyone before, when he "no longer received anyone".

And our farewell was like that of two 'Dignitaries' of some ***Sacred** Orders,* which had "visited" each other and transmitted a message, still indecipherable, but which affirmed and confirmed us in the Great Cosmic Combat that we had been waging for centuries. In that sea of solitudes... Nosld!

FAREWELL TO NEHRU

Dawn on Saturday, June 9, 1962, in New Delhi. Not yet fully dressed, I go out onto the terrace of my bedroom and begin my breathing exercises. I see my secretary coming with a paper in his hand. It must be something important for him to show up here so early.

He brings a telegram. I open it:

"Professor Jung died today, peacefully." Signed Beiley and Jaffé.

"-I knew it!", exc1amo.- "Get me the Prime MinistoNehru'

"-He is not here, sir. He leaves today on vacation to the Valley of Kul u, to the 'Valley of the Gods', maybe I can meet him at the airport."

I quickly get dressed and go to my car. I arrive just as the Prime Minister makes his way to the stairs of the plane. They let me pass, and I catch up with him just before he gets on.

There is a photograph that has captured that unique moment when I told Jawaharlal Nehru about the death of Carl Gustav Jung. It has also been published in volume Il of these *"Memoirs"*. I repeat it here.

Nehru read and admired Jung's. As at that time he did not could do anything personally, he asked me to go to the Ministry of External Affairs and, on his behalf, to speak to the Secretary General, Mr. Desai, to request him to send a telegram of condolence on behalf of the Prime Minister of India to Jung's family in Switzerland, at an address to be given by me.

I did so, and my friend Desai did not hesitate for a moment to receive me and send the telegram. Such was the confidence that the rulers of India placed in me in those days.

I left as soon as possible for Switzerland and Miss Beiley invited me to tell me about Jung's last moments, expressing her surprise and the family's gratitude for Nehru's condolences. It was there that she told me of Jung's last dream of the circular stone, symbol of wholeness. Also, at the time of his death, an unusual storm broke out at that time of year: lightning struck the tree under which Jung sat contemplating the lake. The scar on the bark must still be lingering. "Synchronism," Miss Beiley told me, "Nature has also manifested herself."

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l5. I sent him the original of the transcendental letter that Jung sent me, with his "ideological testament", and, after reading it, he returned it to me with a letter of thanks for having "wanted to share this document with him".

S ju ny 1961. At the moment I informed Nehru of the death of Professor Carl Gustav Jung at the Palam Airport in New Delhi.

She regretted that she had not been able to talk more with Jung in his later years. She also had few occasions. What has become of that great woman? Like Mira-Ben, she turned to Inglate- rra. Both were daughters of officers of the British Navy. When their guides and teachers died, they were lost, helpless, in an increasingly gray and unmotivated world, where the great beings were already gone.

The image of Nehru appears in my memory, after almost forty years, always graceful, limpid and agile, reviewing the troops at the *"Fort* Hole", to the rhythm of a sort of joyful and nostalgic *waltz*, under the bright Indian sun: *"Tara-tatá- ta -tatóta-tá..."*. Or welcoming foreign dignitaries at the New Delhi airport, when diplomats accredited in the country had to queue up to greet them. Of these ceremonies, I remember one very special one: the arrival of MeMillan, the British Prime Minister, and the very special impression I had when I saw him greet the Chinese Ambassador. When he shook hands with him, his whole body gave off a thick substance, like adrenaline. And it was scary. Then I understood that the English are like instinctive political animals, who physically experience power, whether their own or that of others. England felt that *power* was passing to

China and I was afraid. I remember this today more than ever, knowing what the Chinese are, this whole universe that is coming upon us.

In India I took the opportunity to speak with McMillan about Antarctica and also with Eisenhower, for those were the times of the greatest difficulties in getting our rights recognized. Both were unpleasant and overbearing, lacking in intelligence and sensitivity. Instinctive animals, as we said, who only respected the power *that someone had placed in their hands.* Eisenhower's control had already completely slipped away, passing to the *aliens* and Rockefeller, with whom he entered into a suicide pact. Shortly before, Eisenhower had physically destroyed the remnants of Germany.

There is something about India that very few know and almost no one has dealt with. It is, however, the most closely guarded secret of its millenary history, especially in the years following its independence: the *Beni-Israel.* Everything that happened to the Nehru family is incomprehensible if it is not analyzed from there.

I am going to reproduce below the final *"Annex"* of my book *"Manú. Por el Hornbre que Vendró",* where I have dealt with this unknown subject. I know that by reproducing in *extenso* the following fundamental study I am making a mistake from the formal point of view. Although within the style of these *"Memoirs" sur generis,* from the beginning I have been interrupting its narrative, in order to take shortcuts and detours, returning again and again to the primordial channel. This is the present case, by inserting here something already published, but in a different context and which could have gone unnoticed, since it does not refer as specifically as now to the history of a certain portion of the earth - India - and to the men who have inhabited it for millennia. The light that is thus projected on all mankind and such transcendental events of its legendary history justify any error of style, deviation or interruption. For this reason I do not ask the reader of this Volume for forgiveness, since, presupposing his intelligence, I know that he will come away enriched and... frightened.

(In the Fourth and last Volume I will refer to pre-Columbian America, in relation to the same subject).

For the first time the veil of the great secret will have been drawn. And the destruction of Nehru, with the murder of his daughter Indira and the murder of his grandson, Rajib, unveil its true meaning.

LOS "BENI-ISRAEL"

"According to Professor Wtr//i, *the)uddies were a* group *of slaves in the very ancient civilization of the Clobi, who emigrated with the Perboreans, when this post-hyperborean civilization was destroyed (to this catho strophe* the *kymbolic reading of the Statue of !Salt and the woman of Lot is* related*). !Sori like the Greeks. Its most notorious characteristics were already well beyond three thousand years before the Christian era. That is why their expulsion and persecution are millenarian, not of today, nor a un úriico astound of the nazi hítleristas, as it is wanted to make us believe. Everywhere they were welcomed without resistance, doors were opened to them and, once they were enthroned in the economy and politics, they became undesirable and should have been expelled for* their own *defense and for the sake of preserving the community.*

"In India I visited the 'Jewish quarters' of 'f'rauaricore Coc hin, where the Jewish riegros' and 'white Jews' live. The former claim to have arrived there at the time of the Diaspora, after *the destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem. The latter claim to have come from Iraq,* Iran*, Holland and Spain. They hate each other all the time.*

"Those who entered India, eighteen centuries ago, are the Beni-Israel. *The caste society of India could have made that world impenetrable to them; but they used their heroic strategy, already in those times, the same as the one* used *in Peroia by the Jewess Esther: money,* bribery*, sex, intrigue. They managed to infiltrate into the Brahmo- ric, princ- ical, fishing and eating houses. The Moslem emperors had Jewish wives. This can be read in the writings of Hoom !Samuel KehimVer,* /itstorto- *dor of the Jews of India. Through intermarriage they spread over the vast territory of the su bcoriti* nent. *They came to be called the 'fourth', or fifth caste. In the same way as Arth ur Koestler decom m ines thirteenth tri by to the* Khazars *of the steppes, between the Caucasus and the Volga, who from the V and the*
XII constituted a *powerful influence in these regions. Their heyday was between the 7th and 10th centuries. Then they disappeared, leaving no traces.*

"The true origin of the ka czars *is unknown. It could even have been a tri bn goda, already mixed with Tartars, in the em igration of the destroyed Aryan cioilization of the C!obi. Con riomades. Their terrt ble sense of independence is what led their kings and prime ministers (they have a dual government, a pore ja of 'twin kings', so to speak; uri hi perborean sign) to adopt Judaism. And they thought long and hard before deciding to give up their pagan ways.* Mohammedanism *made them dependent on the Caliphate of Baghdad and Christianity on the Emperor of Bivancio. Judaism, on the other hand, lacked a viable center of power. That is why they preferred it.*

"The Khazars *tant the joelo rvb i o , or red. As the Mongols and Turks claimed descent from the very ancient dynasty of the* Asena, *possibly their* Kagan, or *Gobe mo iites. A desert dynasty; perhaps they were* Asen. *Their great struggles are with the ni Aíngos, whom Home ri* Rhus *(from the Swedish* Rodher, *oarsman). The niaiiigos, the* Rhus, *mixed with Slavs, give orogen to the Russian people. Hence the Germans, in their anance across the steppes, found so many people with blond hair and blue eyes. "N o w , the only, the greatest 'L u d o v i a n Empire' in the world, during the Middle Ages, in the time of Charlemagne, is not Jewish. It is only by coiiventences that it has adopted its 'ref ígion"', its* nomocracy, *its Law. But* there he *has* not *y'ontisongre', quite the contrary. And perhaps this is the reason why the* Kasa r *Tribe seems to have disappeared from the face of history, like anyother mest people in the world, without being able to escapethe law of eritropy, the 'miracle' which applies only to the* Golem. *It is the most de císi va proof that Jndaism is a matter of [e. of reli gion. of* conuerston, *if it is a geiié:tic asu nt, of an automized* ideovariation. *It is* in *'continno-impure', in uria 'anti-blood'.*

"The Khazars *continued to be circumcised, etc.; but then, after that, they became the Hungarians, the Bulgarians, the Turks, the Russians, the Rumanians. This would m e a n that the Jews of these countries are not Jews, as can be deduced from*

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16. "*The trick of the Jews was to introduce themselves (raudulentamente among the religions with a religion like Judaism, which in reality is not a religion. The Jew has simply used the name of* religion for *his doctrine and racial discrimination".* Adolf Hitler.

Koest ler, or what he wanted for himself. Eri obJet(va **conclusion**, *let us say that it is possible that it is so. yet too many* ka czars *will have mixed t h o r o u g h l y with real Jews.*

* * *

"In India, it is the Beni-Israei *who open the doors to British colonization and to the* 'India Company' *controlled by their brothers of the British, who had already seized the leadership of the English Empire, with Disraeli, to turn it into 'imperialism', destroying all possibility of I* mper'ium.

"It is Kehim Aer quten rios explains the reason for the hostility between the 'black' and 'white' Jews, for the Beni-Israel *establish 'Two Circles', one for the 'black' Jews, the unmixed, the direct descendants of the Jews, and the other for the mixed-race Jews. This 'racial discrimination' is based on the fact that, according to the* Talmud, *the world was divided into two sectors, one being the Jewish stable and the other the 'gentile best ies' and those mixed with these 'beasts'. The world was to be ruled by the 'People of God', by the 'pure Jews', owners of their wealth and of the slave beasts, whether i n communism or in capitalism, and even beyond the disappearance of these systems, in the Messianic Times.*

"The penetration has been very weak, insensitive and almost invisible. I met in Indta a *beautiful, Jewish woman, named Raq uel; she was very sweet, suauized by the centuries, she wore a* sari *and was nothing* like *a Hindu. Her father was an Army officer (like that Commander-in-Chief, surnamed Abra Ram, of the last war with Palistan). Suddenly, she married a Hindu from Bengal. Thus, she was able to change her surname and name to other Indians.* jQutén *could now know who she was? I remember that she hated animals, especially dogs; my little Tibetan dog, a gift from the Dalai Lama. She separated as soon as she was married. as if she had only done so to legally obtain another name, under which she would continue after her divorce...Rachel, mu)er of that millenary India, Or did you obey the precise orders of that* Sanhedrin *iiiuisi ble and unforgiving niest, instructions destined for the fulfillment of a terrible and cruel mission, who would have no pity on your mixed species, on your half Talmudic, half gentile soul? With me*

you were loyal, I believe it. And so am I i n exposing your tragedy, which is the same as that of Paul Roe, the friend of the *Salome and so many others. And also of all those 'adepts of the Gate', who are* not *allowed to cross the threshold of the Temple, nor to know its most intimate secrets. (Here all the* ka czars *were included, without their knowing it). The rabbinical interpretation of the* Talmud *and the Bible makes those who descend only in part from Judah and in part from the 'beasts of genii', to be found in the 'Peri-faithful Circle', composed of 'Israelite communities', with the ceremonial of* the *Synagogue and the disci pli na of the* Kahal, *but always controlled by the 'Inner Circle', who claim to be of 'pure blood'. Those of the 'Outer Circle' will be only partly heirs to the provisions of Uehouó for the domination of the world and its btenants, including the endowment of* goim *slaves. Absolute dominion is reserved for those of the 'Inner Circle'. All of which is ignored by the mixed, or by the coriuersos, for the 'Inner Circle' is* secret and *its plans are unknown to the dispersed and mixed community. If they come to suspect it, what happened to Paul Róe and Koestler himself will happen to them, or like that person in Gustau Meyrínli's* 'The Golem'*, who cuts his nails on his father's grave and is disarrayed.*

"Ke hemlier reuela us that 'pure Jews', of the 'corJtn *no im pu ro', rio marry mongrels of 'gentile animals'. !Sori, as a rule,* robtnos *of* sheidim *traits, with [enoti pos* nnimo/otdes *and of pali des exangüe.*

"All of them, mixed or not, *are controlled in a totalitarian, political, religious and economic way, both in communism and capitalism. As far as they know, t h e y a r e controlled by the* Cohanim, *the tenidas, the descendants of the most ancient priests of the Inner Circle. For example, if he is found to possess musical skills, he will be ordered to enter the field of that art and will be promoted to the utmost, free from his agents and critics and those in his pay; but always on condition that he uses that art for the benefit of Israel and that a very important part of his* earnings *be destined for the Seiriogogue and for the cause. The same, and even more so, will be the case with the television publicists, whom they make famous, using all their power. They will only be millionaires at the end of the day, since more than half of their earnings belong to Isroel. And, woe if they don't! they will be dest roned in a matter of hours.*

"In one way or another, the Jew nv rica was /tóre *of a control, direct or remote, by means of that 'biology* te/epóftcn', *by that 'genetic* psycho/róntcn*', 'cybernetic', to use terms of the current [etí- ch ísm.*

"The center of power of the Be ni-Israel *is in Bombay, where they have perret r ated the* Parsi *community*; *that is, the descendants of the ancient Persians, of the religion of Zarathustra. They are also the ones who have controlled all the Comurist and Socialist movements in India.*

"On the arrival of the Jews or the Malabar cost, in India, there would exist documents that would allow us to concf utr *that [it was shortly after the destruction of the Temple by the Romans of* T'ito. *It was on this coast, the* Ofhir *law*, *that the sailors found the* mor/í/, *the sondalo and other precious woods for the construction of Solomon's Temple. They emigrated there in the seventies of the present era. They were welcomed with the prouerbial hospitality of* healthy *peoples and received by the Em perodor, who granted them land in Th iruuannhihulam and Porur, where they built their houses and synagogues. Three hundred years later, the Emperor Cheraman Peru mal elevated the sheikh of the Jewish community, Joseph Rabban, to the rank of the kingdom's problem, conferring on him the title of S!rinaridari-Moplah (the same has been done by the royals of the Enropean kingdom, making barons, counts and lords of the Rothschilds and others). The Jvdíos{uerori called é:ni* uvarnar, *which, translated, would come or* sigrit/ícor 'Fifth *Caste', apart from the Four Castes of Hinduism. Thus, they would have achieved what they desired*, *being incorporated into the country, while remaining outside: 'A State within the State'. Joseph Rahbon and his successors obtained full powers over the* Jewish *com-* untdod *and varied and special priuileges of nobility. All this they would have achieved with money, as usual.*

"In accordance with the custom of those times, the orde ries and dispositions of the Cheranian Emperor Peru mal were engraved on a copper plate and written in Wattezhuthu', the ancient scripture popular in the regions south of Tanyore. The copper plate fills the /irmn *of Cheraman Perumal, Erauy Vo rma and several witnesses, including the Ra jaes of Tra uancore, Then Anmcore, Vadabkamcore, Narengoot and Quilori, the 2amorin of Calicut and the Paliatu Achan.*

"The remaining Jews of the Parur community are 'black', many have migrated further south to Coc hiri. But a

This is the place where the so-called "whites" arrived from Irori, Irah, or the Espanas, in the XCI centuries and later. There is a hostility between them and they live in separate quarters, with separate synagogues. I have personally seen them. The ancestors of the White Jews also came from Italy and Holland. Those from Pam r marry on Tuesday, after sunset, and the 'whites' from Cochiri, on Saturday. Both communities celebrate the Sabbath, Pentecost, Passover *and* Purim. *The 'black' Jews, of Pam r, coiistit utes the link, for two centuries, with Palestine, to the reuós of the 'white' Jews, who did not come directly from that fugue.*

"However, what is really important is the case of the Beni-Israel, *who reached the shores of Bombay at a time that we do not know about today, spreading and i n f i l t r a t i n g the rest of the Indian subcontinent.* Beni-Israel means *'Son of Israel'. Since the term Israel is indeed a degree of iiiicióri ('The one who met with the Angel'), it m a y well be that* Beni-Israel today *was also an iraspolation of a non-Aryan term, which has been misappropriated, like so many others. (See my book W l* Golden Cord...).

"The fact that we wish to know the date of the arrival of the Beni-Israel *in India and that it may have taken place in quite remote times,* short *after the subsequent destruction of the T e m p l e by Titus, is due to the fact that the* Beni-Israel *of Bom bay do not celebrate the Feast of Purt m, which originated on the death of Esther, six hundred years before the Christian era. This brings us to other interesting coricl usions: The Buddhists would have arrived in Indio with* much oniertoridod, *perhaps* st *with the same* tnuoston *of the artos. seven thousand years ago. As sclans and 'non-races', on the periphery of the Aryan Esodo, after the destruction of the Great Ciailization of the* Gof'i. *This brings us another post ble light on the mystery of the 'con version' of the* Kasar, *or* Khasars. *Were they conuers, in ner- dad, or were there already) gentile Jews in filtrados among them? What is certain is that the Jew does not seek or like those who are coriuters to Judaism. He jealously guards for himself his* Nomocracy, *sii Le y. V is why he has wished to make the* Kassars *and their 'Im perro bud io' of the steppes dislike the knowledge of history. For the knowledge of this spectacular, unsolid, aeontecim ent could, moreover, induce suspicion among the Russian, Hungarian, Roman, Czech, etc., and all northern and central European Jews, that they are not completely Jews in the totality of*

their people*, not descending from the one trunk from which they claim to descend. And thus loosening the ties that bind them to the secret headquarters of the World Zionism.*

"From India. the Jews would have passed to Chi ria, in the second or third centuries of the Christian era. Already Marco Polo discovered them there. The historian of the Jews in China, Alexaridre W yll ie, in his work Investigation on the Existence of the Jews in China, *refers to the subject. Penetration is highly secretive, so that they become invisible,* tniden/i/í/ícoófes, *either by skin color, or outwardly apparent customs. However, they* continue to *practice their traditions and rites in the shadows. The clandestine Jews have become mandaries, magistrates* and *military, as in India, following the* same *strategy of blending in with the natives. After this 'necessary sacrifice', they continued to marry only among themselves. The historian S. M. Perlman, in his work entitled* The History of the Jews in China*, also refers to the Mongolian and Tatar Jews. Although ostensibly part of the Chinese people. of the Mongol or the Tatar, they are in fact representatives of a community extracted from the organism of another nation ('parosi tos'). Like all porte s, it remains a 'state within a state'. Those of Ta.rtaria claim descent from the tribe of* fiuóén.

"The name given in China to the Jews is Tiao-Kiu. Kiaou, *'Those who Extract the Tendon', reference to one practice in ritual slaughter, with this biblical prescription, which they probably performed in the wars of the Turtles.*

"However, in China, they *would have arrived long before the existence era, through the silk trade, as stated in* the 'Enciclopedia Judaica Castellana'. The *opium trade and t h e 'Opium Cross' in China are carried out by the* Tiao-Kiu-Kiaou, *in concert with the British Judaic imperialism. The pion has been infiltrated by the Tiao-Kiu-Kiaou, who have persuaded their military caste to attack Bolshevik Russia.*

Stalin, so that he could withdraw troops from his Asian [roritera. After the war, the control of Japan has filled that Noctori *to transform itself into a demoritic center of slaui tude.*

'robotics' and 'a utomattzada' mund(al. A center of pla netar(a) predation".

"As we have said, following Esther's example, the Jews in[iltrate the nobility of all countries, as well as in China and Japan. In England most of the non-noble *titles are in[ected from their anti-blood, even royalty. The same in Spain, where the present king is a Freemason, like his father and, perhaps, a Jew somewhere. In China, the !Song family, of* Tiao-Kiu-Kiaou *Jews,* succeeded in *getting one of its* ht *jas to marry !Sun Yat-Sen, who overthrew the monarchy. Another sister married Ch iarig Kai -!She b. president of Nationalist China. Sun Yat -den's* daughter *joined Mao's People's China. Now it is the* Tiao-Kiu-Kiaou *who control China, and they are seeking political, economic and military reforms to 'modernize the country', in line with the imperialist plans of Messianic Judaism. They are everywhere, for they are also the ones who ordered and committed the Tiananmen Square massacre. They were, likewise, the mentors of the so-called 'chinese' su pliciaries.*

"Today, the Plenary Law of the Ha gada, *which used to* consider as *Jews the children of Jewish mothers, has been reformed, for the outward appearance of those of the 'Outer Circle', so that the Mestresian children of a Jewish father and a Gentile mother may also be considered Jews. This is done on the eve of the fulfillment of the* hthftc *and tlm ical times, when the Messiah is* at hand.

"When the Kahal, or *regional koriseJo, authorizes a mixed marriage, the Jewish consort must swear, under threat of terrible penalties, that his children will be inducted at the age of thirteen years at the latest* into *the community and into the* Kahal, in *an absolutely secret manner and without the Jewish spouse being able to become a member of it. If the Jewish father or mother does not comply with the ordinance, the other families in the community, where there are Jews, are obligated to do so.*

"This terrible matter, which is fundamentally iriteresa to us as the only means of arriving at an explanation of the rnicton *in Germany and in the whole of the white race, has two aspects which cannot be separated and which must be treated together. One, the purely racial, of 'anti(blood',* is *the deepest sense of the term.*

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l7. See the book *"The Japonese end The Jems"* by Isaiah Ben-Dasan.

exposed here. Another, the secret, religious, philosophical soetedades of Judaism, its 'mafias', its exclusive niasonic and mixed masonry achievements, including that sinister organization of the Mossad, or *the one that pretends to be an intelligence service and that has irifiltrados or all the authentic services of this class of the world, including those of Chile.*

"These two aspects are closely linked, since no secret society could have lasted so long i n historical and even proto-historical time if a 'royal' and 'aritisangre' bond did not make it possible.

"The order of *Hitlerism lacked time to mature its doctrines and genetic alchemy. They considered Germans to be the descendants of three Germans with a Jewish grandfather. It is possible that it was so; but if that descendant already belongs to one of the secret organizations of Judaism, or is a Mason, as he undoubtedly belonged, he is* a *Jew for all the practical effects of the combat. Himmler admired the Spanish Inquisition; but he did not apply its wisest laws to their full extent. The Tribunal of the 'Holy Inquisition' coristderaba that it was enough a single Jewish grandfather, or a great-grandfather, or one great-great-grandmother, so that the descendant already was found adhered to the secret organizations of the cryptojudaism. Thus, every 'New Christian' who, for* two *or three hundred years, would have had only a Jewish past was regarded as suspicious, since it could not be proved that he did not belong to any secret organization. What happened, for example, with the Masonic father and the Jewish great-grandmother or great-great-grandmother of the current king of Spain, Juan Carlos de Borbón. The same betrayal of Frorico to Hitler would be due to the influence of Admiral Canoris. and also to his own ascerídericia 'marrana'. The Inquisition did not allow the descendant of 'New Christians' to enter any Warrior Order, nor the Army of Spain or Portugal. These provisions were also flouted.*

"However, the Inquisition failed because of its global conception of the problem, because of its Weltanschauung*, given the origin of Rome's same- nism, which finally prohibited the Inquisition. Today we already see this Church take off its mask completely, with two Jewish Popes, Paul VI and the present one, devoted to fulfill fully the ultimate goals of* Messianic *Judaism*, *with the (nstauration of its Messiah, of its Planetary Master, ruling from some* 'geomontic' *zone* of the *earth, where the* ley *lines cross. Possible-*

The 'Andean Plan' *was fulfilled in the south of Chile and Argentina, in the vicinity of the Arithoretic Pole.*

"Islam has also been infiltrated and penetrated. The crypto-Jewish communities are very ancient. The Daggatum *of the Isahara and the* Donmeh *of !Sal óriica are crypto-Jewish. Cecil Roth, in his* history of *the* Marcarios', to *which we have already referred in* 'Adolf Hitler, the Last Avatar', *tells us about them. The 'Young Turks' Movement, controlled by Freemasonry, had as its mission the overthrow of the Turks and its replacement by Jewish, or crypto-Jewish, governments. Musta[á Kemal Atat urá knew this and was able to oppose in time the secret sect of the* Donmeh. *Your Turkey was alienated from Germany in the First World War, and it is Rudol[von S!*ebotteridorff *who will organize in Munich* the 'Thule Society' or *what Rudol[Hess, Al[red Rose nberg and Gott[ried Fede r, among others, belong to (the predecessors of Nactonalsocialism). Von Sebottendorff has a title of Turkish origin, which may well correspond to an iníciatic, rather than a* nobi/tnriotic*, degree. He emigrated to* Turkey *as a comterm* of the *Second World War, where he died in a strange way at the end of the war. He was a connoisseur of Turkish Freemasonry and wrote a book about it.*

"The cri ptodudaismo is today uri enormous and real danger in Islam, desqotciado *inside. As was seen in the Koran, Cometanism is contrary to Judaism in its origins. For this very reason it was infiltrated, in order to break it down internally. Everything that has happened in the world today has its origin in a sinister hand. The recognition of the State of Israel by Egypt, the assassinations of its Israelis and, above all, the suicidal war between Iran and Iraq. In his book,* The Jewish Conspiracy and the Muslim World, *the pat Mtsbah ul Islam Faruhi, in his book* The Jewish Conspiracy and the Muslim World, *tells us the seriousness of the infiltration".*

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18. See the *book "El Plan Andinia, Estrategia lsíonista para apoderarse de la Patagonio Ohilena y Argentina".*
19. In this perspective, the re-annexation of Kuwait by Iraq, and everything that follows and takes place in those areas, should be observed. Let us not forget, moreover, "Protocol 7", of *"The Protocols of the Isabies of Syria",* which states: *"Our answer will be given by the American cannons...".*

"It is Moses Ma imóri ides who gives the great impulse to crt *ptoJudaism. Born in Cordova, in the twelfth century, he tends to the simulated coriuersion as a means of escape from persecution. The Jews hori state eontro the Uisigoths in Spain. then coritra the Moors. As always, they betrayed everyone and will remain idontic only to themselves.*

"Thus, the war and destruction of Lebanon, the conflict between Iran and Iran and everything that has happened and is happening in those tortured regions is the work of infiltration in the Muslim world. Ayatollah Khometni himself, a prisoner of t h e crypto-Jewish Ayatollahs. The great Mn fti of Perusalèn knew the mortal danger hanging over his people and sv [e. In the secv rida Cov erra Mnndia I was put on Hitler's oath. One would have to be a demerit or be iri(tltrated to weaken the dying m usul món cori an eriminal war like that of Iran and Irah, which fauoreed only to the Jewish power. The Shah of Persia was pro-Jewish. He was overthrown by the same people he served. And the huge army that the Shah built up, Khomeini's army, was used to serve the dethruee ion of the power of the Muslim world".

"It was the Beni-Israel *of India who acted with the British imperialism to put the Jewish origin dynasty of the Negus Haiyan Selossie in Ethiopia, who would eventually be overthrown by a communist dictatorship, which imposed the famine on that ancient African country. The Mnndia I S!tonist* government *takes the* trtbits *of former black Jewish Jews out of Ethiopia* and *brings them to Israel. It is the* Beni-Israel *of Iridia who repeatedly help to spread Jewish-Israeli* terrorism *in the areas of the colored dead. In Africa, the* Beni-Israel *have dominated Uganda and, in South Africa, the black and white racial tensions between blacks and whites are deserving. This is how Iquidarori came to Rhodesia and now to South Africa. The 'Hindus' are known in v ltromar for their inelegant eating practices (err Panamă, for example). But they are not Hindus, but Beni-Israelis from India. In the black nights they are taking over their wealth and ruthlessly exploiting their people. In the past, it was they, the Spanish 'Marranos', who developed and developed the African slave trade, selling t h e African rivers, and then exploiting their people.*

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20. The conversion to Mohammedanism of the young National Socialists of Galicia, Spain, originated in Scotland, the center of a skillful Masonic-Jewish conspiracy.

in the colonies of the 'New World'. This terna has already been dealt with in 'Adolf Hitler, the Last Avatar'. *The* Beni-Israel /omhién *lead the slave trade in the direction of North America, creating the racial problem, with the complicity of the* Falasha *Jews of Africa.*

"The English Judaism was *independent or India hosta that its dominance was assured through the Congress Party of* Goitd/tt *and Nehru. All this well managed by Lord Mouritbatteri. S his rriuJer would be responsible for convincing o Nehru to remain within the* Commonwealth. *Indira Gandhi, who was stronger than her power, had discovered the secret truth of the Great Conspiracy. There was little she could do now.*

"The Falasha *Jews of El iopio, black-skinned and of the same age as black Americans, are the ones who penetrate the black world of Africa, in addition to the American continent. This happens for* i,gttn/ *eri* Lottno *America, where there have been in fillrado')ud ios of color' in all the countries, including* Cfii/eJArgeiittno. *In our book* 'Wacionalsocia- lism, the Only Solution for the Peoples of South America', *we have revealed the existence in southern Chile of t h e 'Cabañista' and 'Ifueno Pacto' communities. With the massive influx of foreign sects, we are now totally entangled in the clutches of iriterna- tional Judaism.*

"The 'Enciclopedia Judaica Castellana' *tells us of the racis- mo d iscrt minatorio of the black Jews with respect to the native populations of the A(ricaria and even of the South American populations of color.*

"All the black agitators, 'paci[tists', of the United S t a t e s of America are of Falasha *origin and act as eunrigéf* tcos *predi- cators.* 7'om6téii *are* 'marranos' *the Itdere s of the reuof* tictono *rious and terrorist mouvements in Latin America. It is Castro Run, who belongs to an [ami1y of Jewish doctors, some of whom were convicted by the* Jnqutsition. *This is stated* in the Encyclopedia Judaica Castella na'. does *this mean, however, that all the* **Cost** *ro are*
The true name of the crypto-Jew, of the converted 'ma- rrano', is obviously another one, only adopted by the Castilian, Cádiz, Basque. The true name of the cripiojudto, of *the* 'ma- rrano' *convert, is obviously another one, only adopted in Castilian, Cádiz, Basque or Catalan. In the same way*

happened in Germany. They have appropriated a name - Uisigothic, Portuguese, Arabic, Chinese or Japanese disguise. We have already seen this in the case of the Beni-Israel *woman in India. They can change more than one judge's name. And all legally. The* ñfintsíro *!Suórez, of Spain, ennobled with a title of du qve by the Re y, is a* 'marrano' *and so is Prime Minister !Soares, of Portugal.*

Saluador Allende Gossens was Jewish on his mother's side. With Fidel Castro they belonged to the Latin American 'OLAS' (Latin *American Guerrilla Organization), which aimed to introduce Marxist reuoltion and guerrilla warfare in Latin America.*

"In this America, the Jews have entered long before the Spanish colonization, millennia ago, being the true culprits of the bloody rituals practiced by the Aztec and Maya priests, as we have already written in 'Adolf Hitler, the Last Avatar', and *as we have already written in* 'Adolf Hitler, the Last Avatar'.

"The first secret congregation of colored Jews in the United States was established in 1889, when an Ethiopian, Rabbi Leon fitc/tfieu, *founded the* Moorish Temple of Zion' *In Ethiopia, black Jews practiced circumcision on both sexes.*

"The *imperialism and its* 'Monroe doctrine' *is its typical Jewish rite, as was the 'Independence' of Spanish America, destined for this continent to one day become the 'New Judah'. In the south of the world, the total control of the planet would be centered, eselauizado* by *a cosmic tyranny of the 'Lord of Darkness', when the comuaristas regimes and capital istas have disappeared, being replaced by the Mesiónic System, with a King of the World, of the anti - creed of* Stón. *Our South American Continent will be cut almost in half, having fulfilled the* Tlan Andinia* *The richest zones of the planet, with the largest hydrographic resources, with the greatest forest and fishing resources, will be the seat of the* religious *Government*, together *with the Aritort ica. The other half was destined to be a 'supply and haulage zone', where the labor and slave laborers would work equally within a communal regime, under* Kahal-type *control, monitored by machines and computers 24 hours a day, by relentless 'robots' and 'electronic brains'. They will have to produce, at the same time as inueriting new machines, new control systems, for the King of Judó, the Delegate-Hi jo de °feúouó, Grandson of the Demi* urgo.

"The servant goim*, gathered at the feet of the Throne of Judah, will never become more than 'Proselytes of the Gate'. Freemasonry, the Christian Church, Communism called Marxism, Capitalism, Economic Liberalism, all disappeared. There was only the 'Chosen People' ruling the world of the graduated slaves, producing and creating for it. A satonic Empire, trying to extend to other visible worlds of the Demiurgic Cosmos, by means of the creativity of the Aryans, who o n c e were traitors and who today can o n l y be slaves, reduced to genetic animality. The beginning of the process of disintegration can already be perceived, with the sudden destruction of the international communist apparatus, which will be followed by that of capitalism, with a great crisis in preparation, which will make 'paper-money' and 'plastic-money' (credit cards) disappear in order to replace them with brands or 'Jes with poster and 'Jes with poster' and 'Jes with poster' and 'Jes with poster' and 'Jes with poster' and 'Jes with poster' and 'Jes with poster'. Jes* with /oser *and 'lightning codes', on the skin.* Because nobody will be able to buy or sell if he does not have the mark of the Beast: 666'... *More than two millennia in advance we were told by that antici po* stniesiro *of* '*The* Protocols of the Elders of Zion' *the* 'Apocalypse', *attributed to John.*

The Messianic Regime of the Golems, *with the 'white traitors' are nowadays helping to build under the illusion of becoming part of it, as sub-Amos and delegated 'uirreyes', swept away with its most expensive organi:rations and holy tobus. Only the* Nomocracy *of 'rodó, its 'anti-race' and 'anti-blood' racism, remained. Those who do not accept or d o not convert will be eliminated. If this fateful dream of a* Monstrous Mind *is fully realized*, *Ritual Crime, or [rendered to the* Golem-Jeuouó *eri the* 'Aztec *Pyromids', will be found at its height, now elevated in the Skur of Chile and Argentina and in other 'geomontic' points of the earth, where the heroes, the* goim, or *Aryans and the 'ontmn/es-men' would be murdered and bled, as if they were cattle.*

"All of this was controlled and directed by aqni, on behalf of of Jahué, exclusively the Jews of the 'continuous-impure plus-impure'. iyo rio /tohró *exit".*

* * *

We have also spoken of a pact established by the post-war American government (Truman-Eisenhower) with extraterrestrials, where the latter would have been in charge of all final decisions. But, in truth, this pact would have done nothing more than endorse a mythical, legendary situation, which has its origin in the very beginnings of the terrestrial world, of the post-Hyperborean matter, when a very advanced, quasi-divine civilization begins its fall and where cloning and the creation of the genetic robot was a fact. The Jews would have been a sort of Cto/ern, at the service of a demiurgeic Energy, which has continued to act through them after the disappearance of Hyperborea, in full involution of the planet and more and more, until today. Yes! This sinister plan, absolutely diabolical, is not a human thing!

C. G. Jung knew it, or suspected it. He believed in flying discs and extraterrestrials, and when he advised "to dress the Jews differently, so as not to confuse them with us," he was hinting at their inhuman condition. And this I would think with horror. To me he spoke of the seriousness of the population explosion and that galactic exploration would be aimed at the need to escape from the earth, on the verge of self-annihilation, by an unseen hand.

Professor Jung was secretive about what he knew and tried to protect himself with his secretary Jaffé. Suspecting this, I did not go further in my conversation with him, for I feared that he would withdraw and our relationship would change. Today, however, I believe that he wanted to insinuate something to me, although, as I said, it was not necessary, because our *Unconscious* "knew that we knew". And that was why we were there, facing each other, *reencoritrating each other.*

And the dialogue still continues, expanding in *knowledge,* as a two-violin concerto by Bach.

With Nehru something similar happened, although in a more subtle way. It was at our farewell, when he invited me to lunch at his home, at a family gathering, where only his daughter, Indira, his sister, Mrs. Krishna Hutheesing, and his grandson, Rajiv, very young at the time, were present.

In a very low voice, Nehru made a reflection to himself, just for me to hear:

"Something strange is happening. There is like an invisible force that is preventing us from moving forward. All my work to approach China and establish an alliance, which would bring peace to Asia, is failing. What do you think? What is the reason that China is opposing us?".

'-Maybe Tibet,' I replied; 'its reception and asylum for the Dalai Lama.'

"-But there's something else," he muttered.

It was the year 1962. Almost ten years had passed in my external search, pilgrimaging in the Himalayas, in Almora, in Kalimpong, in Sikkim, in Ladak, in Badrinath, in Amarnath and without achieving my goal of reaching the Kailas.

An event, to which I will refer later, led me to decide to leave India and request a transfer to my government. Nehru heard about it and met me by chance one day at the Delhi airport. Taking me by the arms, and looking me in the eyes, he asked me:

"-Miguel, is it true that you are going to leave us?".

"Yes, Excellency; the hour of my departure has arrived.... I am going in search of the *Hollow Earth,* the *Ant/ontide...".*

He stood there for a while without saying anything, always holding my arms and looking at me:

"We are very sad, very sad' *('We are uery sad, uery sad').*... I hope you find what you are looking for...".

I left by train for Bombay. Symbolically, I wished to make the return voyage also by ship, to take longer and just as I had done on my arrival, in 1953, ten years earlier. I was going to Yugoslavia.

At the New Delhi station, Indira Gandhi was waiting to see me off. She had a present for me, her father's sandalwood baton, signed by her.

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21. This cane, a priceless relic, like some of my other treasures, is today in the Carlos Cardoen Museum, in the city of Santa Cruz.

Jawaharlal Nehru con su hija Indira, sosteniendo su bastón de sándalo.

Indira Gandhi me despide a mi partida de India y me hace entrega del bastón de su padre.

"My father asks me to excuse him for not being able to come to see you off personally, because he had official engagements; but he sends you this cane... in case you need to hit someone in Yugoslavia...".

I turned my face away. My emotion was for her and for India....

NEHRU'S DEATH

The change to Yugoslavia was not desired by me; on the contrary, I expressly asked Senator Angel Faivovich to intercede so that I would not be appointed there. I had written to President Alessandri asking him for my transfer, for reasons that will be explained later. I had met Faivovich in India and, knowing of his friendship with my sister Berta, I took special care of him, arranging for him and his wife to be lodged in the Hayderabad Palace, even though his trip was private and not official. As I had done with Senator Raul Julliet, former Foreign Minister of Don Pedro Aguirre Cerda and Marcial Mora Miranda, President of the Senate, I arranged for Prime Minister Nehru to receive him. All of them were Masons and members of the Radical Party. With the last two, Nehru, according to his style, did not open his mouth, to the extent that Julliet declared to me: "This man is on the verge of a cerebral attack. He is exhausted...". But with Faivovich he elaborated, touching on the subject of the "non-aligned". He never forgot his visit to India and my attentions, to the extent that he remained my friend even when I had to publicly deny the existence of the gas chambers and the Holocaust.

The first offer I received from my government was a transfer to Cuba. I did not want to go to any communist country, so I turned it down, citing reasons of climate and the fact that I had already been suffering from tropical heat for ten years. I was offered Guatemala. I was then in India, working with the Consul of Uruguay, Orlando Pedragoza Nadal, a Spaniard, Juan Perez-Creus, who also worked sporadically with me, following me to Yugoslavia, where he married a Serbian woman. I remember that I consulted Juan about whether to accept the offer of Guatemala and his opinion about the country. He replied: "The Queen of Sheba does not pass through there...". I refused again.

At that time, Carlos Martinez Sotomayor was Chile's Minister of Foreign Affairs. He sent me a telegram proposing -

No. 1282-PMH/63

PPTM E My NISTCR S HOUSE
HEY DCLtT I

Thank you for your letter of the 13th May which I was happy to receive and to have news of you. We often think of you and I am glad that you re-embe lodla sod bat pwople uo well.

¥ou **Prov that** I **lone Blnalayas** a¢ou do. **IIaf'o8tuoate17, the B1-etayas** 1s yaz'1oug plans fiaee **been vlolnted bg** Chlnest agg t-ess1 n and $nçg¢1 n. tbíu bem ooh oolp beeo - nbook to us bu hes brougg* **^8W buzd6Q8 w0 Bnst 6azr&. Zb6 pO91** t1OA **t-eeaIas** diffizult rod ls llkel# to uoo¢ioue to be gç yor a eoomiBerable time, but tm ere Betezmtnad gygq ç lt idZb couregu

I hoP- lou wtll be -ble to come beck th dot o-z7 to a ee lbs BI tied agaln sub alao come to ment your msnm frieods herr.

With regards,

R.E. Mr. Miguel Serraoo Hernandez,
Both s ador of Chlle , BRLGBAOB

Letter from Nehru thanking me for a letter of support and commenting on the Chinese invasion:

The Himalayans have *been uiolated in several* places *by oppression and chi rio notion. This has not only been* a *shock to us, but has also brought enormous concerns. Our position is easily and possibly even more difficult to maintain for a considerable time; but our deterrriiiiotioii is to eryrerilorate it with color.*

I hope that you will come back here and not only to see the Himoloya de riue no, but also to meet with your many friends.

me Yugoslavia. And he added: "I hope you accept now!" I showed it to Juan Pérez-Creus. And he told me the following anecdote:

"Once a Spanish diplomat serving in Europe was offered a transfer to Tegucigalpa. And he responded, by telegram:

"-Tegucigal pa? What is that?".

"They explained to him, also by telegram: "-

Tegucigalpa is the capital of Honduras."

"And he replied:

"-Honduras, me? Ha, ha!".

"They sent him another

telegram:

"-Return to the Ministry: hee, hee!".

I then consulted my wife, who was in Santiago with my children. She replied that Faivovich recommended me to accept, because, "from Yugoslavia I could go to Italy by bicycle..." John Galbraith, U.S. Ambassador to India, I had cordial relations with him, and when he heard about my appointment in Yugoslavia, he gave me his opinion: "It is a very good position. Yugoslavia together with India are the most important countries for us today. That is why I am here. And George Kennan, former Ambassador to the Soviet Union, has been sent to Yugoslavia.

And so I left India and went to Yugoslavia.

Jawaharlal Nehru was then at the height of his success as a world peace leader and founder of the "Non-Aligned Countries", along with Egypt's Nasser and Yugoslavia's Tito.

His weak point and the one that would mean his downfall was his former Minister of Foreign Affairs and now Minister of Defense, Krishna Menon, whom we have already referred to in these pages. A mixture of arrogance and naive idealism, he maintained an unreal and ambiguous policy towards China (like ours towards Argentina), disarming the Indian army, while invading the weak Goa, as if trying to scare the Chinese, as if a poor devil were throwing punches in the air to prevent a bully from attacking him, because he has been frightened.

Having just arrived in Yugoslavia, I learned of the Chinese invasion of India and its irresistible advance, which only stopped at the gates of Calcutta and because the Chinese so decided.

The humiliation was great and the Chinese withdrew, having achieved their goal of destroying Nehru and his prestige as a world leader. They made him appear as a weak dreamer with no real power.

The truth was that, with the creation of the "Non-Aligned" group, Nehru had made the grave mistake of acting on his own in world politics. And this, the *Decree Government* would not allow. He had to be destroyed, or put in his rightful place. Nasser, too, although he could wait a while. First, Nehru, the most dangerous and charismatic. As for Tito, he was a useful and hidden agent and they would continue to use him until the end. Proof of what I am saying is that Yugoslavia did not lift a finger to defend India, its ally, nor did it condemn China for the attack. On the contrary, its rulers even seemed to secretly rejoice.

I have just arrived and publicly expressed my indignation. But this is already a matter for other pages.

Nehru never recovered from this blow. A world came crashing down on him and everything he dreamed of accomplishing collapsed, like a simple dream, with nothing left to rebuild. I received a letter from Indira, his daughter, in which she confessed her disbelief at the betrayal of many supporters and collaborators and her indignation at the opinions now openly expressed against her father. Something impossible to understand for her, the keeper of the *throne,* priestess of a demi-god, of a Sacred Family.

I wrote to him and, for the first time, revealed the secret: "Your real enemies are the *Beni-Israel,* the Jews who control the hidden power of the World Government. They hate them, your father and you...". Years later, he would also inform his son, Rajiv, in the same way, when he was already the Head of State of India. The warning would only serve for the personal *gnosis* of both of them. They would take it with their ashes, for they were both killed.

Nehru's crown was weakened, and soon after the Chinese-Jewish coup de main, *Tiao-Kin-Kiaou* (Mao-Tse-Tung, Chou-in-Lai?), in concomitance with the *Beni-Israel* (Krishna

Menon?) of India, the great human being, the idealist, the last Aryan king died.

LACARAVANAALUCINANTE

Noon in Belgrade, the capital of Yugoslavia. I am on a downtown street. My driver says to me: "Sir, the radios have just announced that Prime Minister Nehru has died...".

I knew it too - Nehru couldn't survive! "-Fast!" -I exclaim-

"Take me to the Travel Agency!". I can't find plane tickets, they are all taken. Anyway,

that the Yugoslavs are taking me to India in the official plane, with the representatives of their government. I will tell about it later.

And again I am in New Delhi and at the Prime Minister's palace, where his remains are now being watched over.

On the floor, seated in the Hindu manner, are the women, as always next to the "crucified one"" There are his sisters, Mrs. Pandit, Mrs. Hutheesing, and her daughter, Indira. I pass by them, dressed in white linen, with my *hurtha.* I bow, clasping my hands together on the *Nainasté.* Indira's eyes, huge, fixed, deep. They are telling me something.

I go to the center of the room where, on a mezzanine, is the body of Nehru, dressed in his white nica and with his red flower on his buttonhole. His face is peaceful. I clasp my hands together and say, *"I* greet the God in you!

The Brahman priests are reciting the Sanskrit *"Vedas"*, as if it were a cascade of ancient water, which fills and floods everything, like the sea of centuries, like the river *Swarasati,* the one that does not exist. "Thus Ashoka died," I say to myself, "and Akbar and Baber and King Poro, Alexander's friend. Iskander himself died like this.

A hand comes to take me out of the place. It is Krishna Hutheesing, who leads me sweetly to other rooms: "It is early in the morning, it is early.... Let's go for coffee.

And again I am at the same place of the farewell dinner. Indira also arrives and Mrs. Krishna leaves us alone.

But Indira doesn't speak, doesn't say anything. She just looks at me in a way that makes me shudder. She is looking beyond my soul. She is embracing my soul. I have to control myself not to take her in my arms, hold her close, caress her and say: "Yes, cry, cry, please, let your tears flow, let's cry together...".

She joins her beautiful hands, bends down and whispers very softly:

"*Naoiasté*. It leaves, like a shadow, just as it has arrived.

Later, I am with the crowd, crowded in the courtyard at the entrance of the mansion. Upstairs, on the balcony, the dignitaries appear, the President of India, who is now the philosopher Radhakrishnan, and, next to him, the former Viceroy, Lord Mountbatten, who has come on behalf of the Queen of England. He was a personal friend of Nehru and is dressed in his white uniform of the English Navy with all his decorations on his chest. I have heard him at a banquet in his honor, in New Delhi, recommend to Indians never to abandon ceremonial, rite, protocol and pageantry, in dress and scenery. He is now fulfilling the *rtto* in honor of the "sacrificed".

I met Mountbatten at a dinner at the Chilean Embassy in London, invited by Ambassador Victor Santa Cruz. I had him sitting next to me. And now, up there, he seems to stop his gaze on me, as if he recognizes me, even though I am dressed as a Hindu. I am sure that if I made a gesture of greeting, he would answer me. But I hesitated and did not. From that moment on, even though I was very close to him afterwards, he ignored me completely. I did not know that the characteristic of the Mountbattens, also of his wife, was to never forget someone they saw once and to always recognize him.... But this had to be reciprocal in its manifestation. That is to say, in the ceremonial, in the Rite.

* * *

The Chilean Ambassador to India was Luis Melo Lecaros, a career diplomat, who was there in disgust and did not love Indians. He had forced my secretary Mani to eat meat, under threat of dismissal. And he was unrecognizable, fat, having lost his ascetic Brahmin look.

In the Ambassador's car we followed the caravan to the place where the cremation was to take place. And the road from New Delhi to an open field in Old Delhi was indescribable, a sea of people, a raging swell, moving heavy, immense, and churning with a voice of thunder, as in a storm. A million beings followed the funeral chariot, surrounded it, throwing flowers, singing, shouting, reciting mantras, laughing, crying,

exalting the life and death of the hero, of the formo-yogo. And from there arose the rhythmic cry: *"Pandit ji!, Nehruji!"*.

It would take us hours to reach the place of the *"Samadhi",* where part of the ashes of the leader, of the Guide, who led this enormous people since its independence, almost for twenty years, with a firm hand and at the same time human, pious, with Buddha's mercy, would be laid to rest. And now his people accompanied him in this hallucinatory caravan, to the place where his form would be forever undone.... "O *Bagabhari,* O Bogohfion!".

In the center, on a high quadrangular stage, the funeral pyre, made of sandalwood, has been installed. The Brahmins are already there, reciting their hypnotic melopeas, reading their sacred books. This is the repetition of a millenary rite, much older than anything known to the West today, something that comes from the Aryans, from the *Eddas* and the same that Wotan performed at the death of Baldur. Only then the warrior-priests would drink the sacred Soma together with the Fire brought from Hyperborea, from Aryonn *Bai ji,* the Home of the "Brotherhood of the Aryans".

Isilihs soldiers*,* of the ancient race of the warriors of Alekhandro, carry Nehru's body on their shoulders to the pyre, where they carefully deposit it. Brahmins arrange his robe. And they wait. Indira Gandhi climbs the wooden staircase, together with her son Rajiv, still a child. She wears a white sori, the sign of mourning in India. And both stand on the left side of the pyre. They wait until the Brahmins give the signal, handing young Rajiv the lit torch with which he must set fire to the precious wood that will consume the body of his grandfather. A total silence hovers over the world, over nature, in that summer of India, of Old Delhi. Until the graceful little boy, with his dawning figure, lights the bonfire. Then an immense cry rises from those millions of all sacred India, from their legendary throats: *"Nehru!*
Nehru, Nehru ji, Pandit ji!".

The excitement is enormous where I am. A little further on, Lord Mountbatten is wrestling with himself and his chin is trembling. On the ring, Indira's face is that of a goddess of antiquity; not a muscle moves, she does not shed a tear. That could not be, it is not used in these sacred moments, when a Hero, a King leaves for the Bridal Homeland, for the lVo/fiof/o, for Mount Meru, which is also the Kailás.

WAYS TO DIE

"Death is not corruption, but
the abandonment of the corrupted form of man".

Heidegger

I have left the car of the Chilean ambassador. I return alone, in the middle of the crowd, lost there, shaken, moved from side to side; but always softly, as in a gentle swell. I feel someone holding my hand. I look and see that it is the Minister of Agriculture, Swaran Singh, who is also in the middle of that crowd, of that "human religion". He has recognized me and follows me by the hand, as it is used in India, without saying anything, with his eyes lost in the monsoon sky, in the sunset, guiding me to a safe point and taking me then in his car to my hotel.

We have said nothing, nothing... What's the point?

And now, in my room, by the window, recollected, concentrated, remembering Nehru, I think of the death of men on earth; not of all, but of those who lost immortality with the disappearance of the Continent of Hyperborea and of the Solar Age, of the Sotyo Pago.

Nehru was cremated. What is cremation? The Aryans burn themselves. *Neither* in Greece nor in Rome are tombs of their dead preserved. Where is Alexander's, Aristotle's, Plato's? And Julius Caesar's? Even Baldur, so close to Hyperborea, is cremated with a ship. In Hyperborea, death did not exist. Only the form was renewed, shaping it and disfiguring it, by means of *the Energy or* Mental Fire. Only when death rushes, like the invisible river *!Suiarasati,* over the immortals, for having fallen in love with the daughters of the earth, the Divine-Man loses the capacity to "de-plasmatize" his body, with which he has materialized to fight in the polar region. And it is then, at the very edge of the loss of Hyperborea, that he begins to use the "external fire" to disintegrate the hardened, too crystallized and mortal form. For he has lost the ability to undo it with the Inner Fire of Mind. To disintegrate it here in order to reintegrate it there, in the Kingdom of Mind and in an immortal body, of *Vrája RoJa,* imperishable. Because the physical body is only a reprod uction, made visible on Earth, imperfect and with

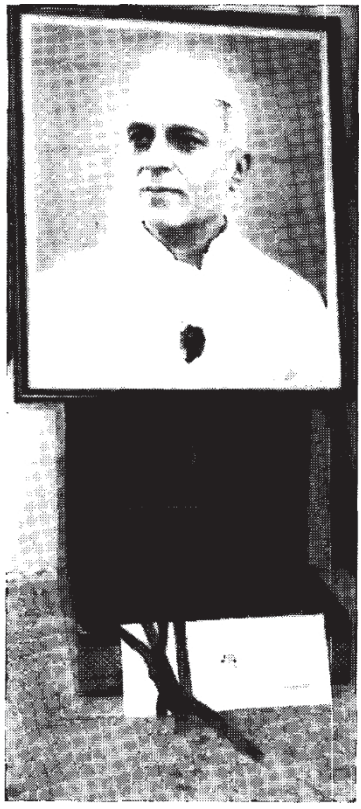
aggregates of the terrestrial matter, in which it appeared for a short time. The fire of the funeral pyres of the Aryans is replacing the "Mental Fire", *Vareno, Vril,* which disappeared together with Hyperborea. But it will not be the same.

In India this secret seems to be preserved. The highest Masters, the Tantric Yogas do not cremate their offal. They bury them. It is expected that there they "de- cremate" their bodies, before they decompose, in order to "repass" them again in another dimension. As *Kristos* did by resurrecting on the third day and Wotan on the ninth (within a Pythagorean alchemy of numbers). The ancient Aryan Taoist magicians of the distant Gobi also buried their corpses. And when they opened their stone sarcophagi, there they did not find their gigantic bodies of heroes of the *opus- regia,* of the *ars-regia* (Royal Art), but a Sword. They had won, by their own means, that battle of Resurrection and Immortality.

In the very ancient and sacred Order of my Master's teachers, there was a *practice* of *"materialization of the astral body".*

It would seem that it is the races mixed with the children of the earth that massively bury their dead, in tombs and cemeteries, so that the bodies merge there with the elements, in the metamorphosis of the Demi urgo, with the plants and minerals. It is this process that is avoided by fire. Although in both cases nothing remains. Unless there is that which has been called oíste. A sort of subtle body *(*subtle *corpus*), which only some Aryans possess, which would be detached from the physical body forty-eight hours after death. That is why the corpse should not be burned until this time.

Now, the "resurrection of the body" (the *Resurrection of the Flesh)* is only possible as the culmination of a process of *Indiuiduac(on, of* immortalization of the "Person" (of the 'lo-Absoluto"), achieved in the course of an initiatory life, here on earth and only on earth, by giving consciousness to the *lselbst,* to A/, by bringing an I, a Face, a *Personality* to the "Person". This is the *Resurrection of Kristos,* with his body; Initiation inherited from the legendary Taoist magicians of post-Hyperborea. The "I" has become independent of his *"He",* who lacks consciousness of himself, until that moment. And he is only *conscious of his terrestrial self.*



Inside this envelope with my maternal grandmother's monogram (which, read backwards, is also mine) and with a red ribbon, which wrapped the little sash woven by my great-great-grandmother, Josefa Paramá, one finds a very small part of the ashes of the First Mini stro Nehru, given to me by the Brahaman who was caring them in the garden of the former ruler's house, on June 3, 1964, wrapped in a paper that says: "z'o hear *Miguel" and* an illegible signature that could be read "I. Kailo".

Here inside is a dried flower taken from the bonfire of sandalwood in which Nehru's body was consumed on May 29, 1964, in Delhi.

Just as the Guardian Angel is only *aware of the being he guards.*

This problem did not present itself to the Hyperborean *iddhas* and is proper to the *Viryas, or* heroes, already mixed and who have lost *Aryana Baiji,* the Paradise. The *Diuyas,* the divine ones, lack a self, unlike the *Viryas,* the semi-divine heroes. The self is a product and result of the mixture with the daughters of men and of the dramatic passage through demiurgic and terrestrial matter. Having lost the power of the *Vril,* of Vareno*, of* the Inner Fire, they make use of the outer fire to rapidly disintegrate their terrestrial body and liberate their *subtle corpus. They* have not succeeded in transmuting on earth their self into the Absolute Self, by means of the alchemical-tantric *opus of* the Initiation of A-Por and, synchronistically, achieved the "change of the terrestrial body" into the immortal "body of *Vrá* ja". Whether in life, or in the grave: the true *Resurrection of the Flesh,* that of Kristos and that of Wotan, after the *Kruci txion* (with *h),* in the "Mystical Death", in the "Tree of Spell", in the *Iggdrasil.*

Narrow path and for very few initiates. The *Viryas* who do not succeed in accomplishing it, in traversing it, will cremate their bodies, like Nehru, and thus their *"Lingasarira",* their *"Astral Body",* will be allowed to return in the Eternal Return, for a determined number of *Rounds. Or*, to the Heroes sacrificed in Combat, for the *Great Cause of the Ages,* Wotan-Kristos will donate the triumph in the Wo/hoffo, together with his Walkiria, as a reward, as the legendary Saga prophesies.

The rest of the mortals, the humans, are "only the dead who bury their dead". And it will make no difference whether they are buried or kept in tombs and sarcophagi, for nothing will be left of them *("Let the dead bury their dead").*

The mom'o is an attempt to preserve the earthly form (as hibernation might be) for the time of the recovery of a lost Power, of the Fire of the Vrtf, when the *Ka,* hovering around the Pharaoh's Mummy, will be able to reoccupy that form again. For *Someone* has resurrected it. For, *One* arriving is enough for the rest of the "brothers" (of the Comrades; but only of these). The *Kruci txion, the* "Mystical Death" of Kristos-Wotan, his *Tri unfo,* saves the rest of the warrior-brothers from death. And, simultaneously, it redeems the earth, the soul of the Earth, which has been corrupted by the Demi urgo.

The President of India, philosopher S. Radhakrishnan.

Desperate and vain attempts at earthly immortality and resurrection of the flesh. An *imitation of the truth.* This is *mummification,* ivernation and cloning. Even if by the preservation of living cells and DNA it were possible to "resurrect" the physical body, what will happen to the "I", to the individuality (when there is "I", when there is individuality)? These go with the *Ka.* It would be a body without a soul. Only a Magician or a God can resurrect Lazarus, reincorporating his Ka... And by the way, what will have become of Lazarus?

In short, the Viryo, the hero who has not yet recovered the *Power* of the *Vril,* of the Inner Fire, in the "strong Mystic", in the *Krucifixion* of the Kristos of Atlantis, that of Wotan in the *Iggdrasil* Tree and the resurrection with the immortal body of red *Vrája,* is cremated at the stake, with the Outer Fire, like Nehru, to return as soon as possible here, in the Eternal Return, to continue in the Combat for the Immortality of an *Absolute Self,* of the Superman. His HE needs it too.

The next morning I go to visit the President of India, the Vedantin philosopher Radhakrishnan. I am sitting next to him and I ask him:

"-Where is Nehru now?".

"-Here!" he touches the air with his hands. "Everywhere, next to us...".

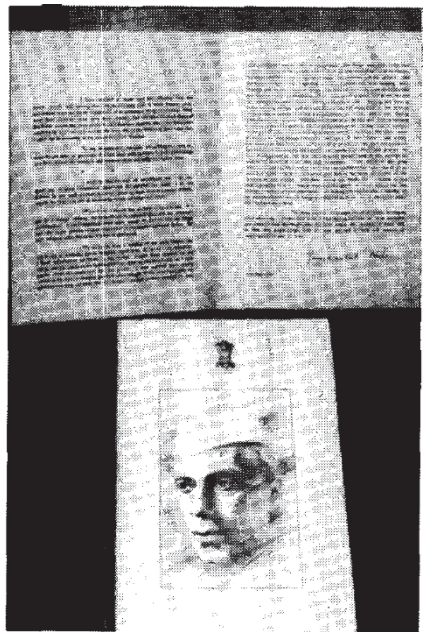
Then I will go to the Palace where the Prime Minister will live. I walk through the garden, among the roses and lotus flowers in the ponds. The gardener, saddened, lovingly tends the rose bush where Nehru picked the roses for the buttonhole of his tunic. He has given me one. A Brahaman also guards there the urn with the ashes of the Ruler, which are to be scattered in this garden, in the Himalayas, in the Ganges and in the four corners of the India he loved so much. I have with me a very small portion of these ashes. They are wrapped in a newspaper of the time, dated June 3, 1964 and it says there, handwritten: *"To our Miguel",* and an illegible signature: *"I. Kailo"*. I keep them in a small envelope with the monogram of my family and inside a beautiful chiseled silver chest, a gift from the Hindu Rulers upon my departure from India. They are next to the head of Siva and like the ashes of Sunya, the "Viking", I will have to throw them into the Pacific Ocean.

Indira shows me a poem by Robert Frost that she has found on her father's desk. It says, more or less: "Beautiful are the fields and the woods, how I wish I could lose myself in them! But I cannot, for I still have work to do....".

Yes, that was his hard walk, his *dharma,* on the steep path of *karma-yoga.*

Indira Gandhi's beautiful secretary accompanies me to the door. She is the sister of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army. In the hallway there is a large picture hanging on the wall. It is a picture of Indira Gandhi as a young girl, no more than twelve years old. She is holding Mahatma Gandhi's hand and sitting on the edge of the bed on which he is fasting. Both look at each other and the Mahatma smiles tenderly at her.

I say to my companion, pointing to her: "She's the one who's coming...".



TRANSLATION OF THE EXCERPT OF THE TESTAI2N 'O DE CHRÒS

Inscribed ten orthos *azttes of death*

"I have received so much love and *affection from the people of India, that nothing I do can repay it, even in a small part. Affection is something so precious that it is paid for with nothing. Many hungers have been looked upon, some revered; but the affection of all the p e o p l e o f I n d i a for me is so great that I have been surpassed by it. I* only *hope that in my remaining years of life, I will not disappoint my people, nor detract from their affection.*

"To my *countless comrades and colleagues I still owe a deep debt of gratitude.* We have been *on great adventures together and have shared in the successes and the irislezas* that *inevitably accompany* them.

"I declare in all sincerity that I *do not wish any religious ceremony to take place after my death. I do not believe in anything of this kind, to which I should be subject,* even *in a formal way. It would be hypocrisy and an attempt to* eiigoñnr- *me to myself* and *others.*

"When I *die, I wish my body* to *be cremated. If I die in a* country *I shall be cremated there and my ashes sent to Allahabad. A*

Some of these ashes should be thrown into the Ganges and the greater part of them in the form that I dispose to the contin nation. Nothing shall be withheld or retained.

"My wish that a portion of *the ashes should* be *taken to the Ganges and Allahabad has no religious significance, so far as I am concerned. I have no religious feeling about this matter. I have been attached to the* rivers *Ganges and Wumna from my youth,* and *as I grew older, my attachment also grew. I have contemplated their changes through the seasons and have often thought of the htutoria, myths and! raditions, songs and legends that attach themselves to them through the ages, becoming* part of *the current of their waters. The Ganges, in particular, is the river of India, loved by its peoples, linked to the* memory *of its races, to their* hopes, *their fears and songs of triumphs, their* victories and *defeats. It has been the symbol of India's ancient culture* and *civilization. Always changing and sliding the current of its waters;* but *equal to* itself: always *the* same *Ganges. It reminds me of the* snowy *peaks* and *deep lanes of the Himalayas, which I have loved so dearly, and of the rich and vast plains of the Alleghenies, where my life and* work *have been fulfilled. F ierce and dancing in the sunny mornings and pensive and sad, full of mystery, when* the *shadows of night fall; a thin, slow, graceful stream in the winter and a torrent roaring* through *the monsoon,' wide almost like the sea, with something of the destructive power of the Ocean, the Ganges has been to me the symbol and memory of India's past, gliding into the present and rushing into the great ocean of the future. Even though I have disregarded much of the* customs and *traditions of the* pssodo and *have become anxious that India should rid herself of all that would inhibit and divide her and prevent the free development of her body and spirit, yet, considering all this, I do not wish to disconnect myself from the past* altogether. *For I am proud of that great heritage, which has been and* is ours, *and I am aware that I too, like all of* us, *am a link in the indestructible chain that stretches back into the mists of time, into India's immemorial* past. *That chain I will not* break, *for I cherish it and seek* inspiration *from it.*

"Mindful of this wish of mine and as my last tribute to the cultural heritage of India, it is that I request that my ashes be thrown into the Ganges at Allahabad, so that its waters may carry them to the Great Ocean, which bathes the *shores of India.*

"However, the greater portion of them should be disposed of in *another way. I wish them to be carried as high as* possible *in the air, in an airplane and thrown from there over the fields, where the peasants cultivate the silt, so that* it *mixes with the dust and the soil, becoming an indissoluble part of the soil of India".*

Jawaharlal Nehru

June 21, 1954

EXTRACTS FROM THE

WILL AND TESTAMENT

OF

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

I have recel ed co much lo*e and atfectlon from the lndlae people that noiblnt that I can do can rr¡uy evto a small fnctlen of It, and indeed there an be no wpcyment of so precious a thing as affection. N "ny bave blah admired, some haye been revered. but the affenlon of all cliches of the Indlan people has come to me In suth abundanc measure th-t I have been over- whefmed by lc. I can only expreu the hope tfiat In che remaining ye*rs I may IIve. T skull not be unworthy of my people and their affe¢tlon.

To my {nnumerable comrades and colleagues, I owe an even deeper debt of graclcude. We haye been joint partners In great underrak Ings and have shared the tr Tumphs and sorrows whlch Inev IebIy *ccom pany them.

I wick to declare wlth all earnestness that I do not want any religious ceremonies performed fo r me afcer "F dtach. I do not believe In any svch ceremoo les and to submit to them. even as a matter of form. would be hypocrl and an attempt to de lude ovrs'I-t s *r.d o'hers.

hen I due, I shcuId like my body co be crcmaced. If I dle In a foreign counw-}'. my body should be cremated the re and my *thes sent co AIT*Iiabed. A small handful of tfiese *shed shculd be thrown Into the Gangs and che major portlon of chem disposed of In the mannc r Indlatcd below. No part of chese ashes should be reclined or preser-ed.

T8y desire to have a Mndful of my ashes thrown Inco ¢fie Ganga ac ATlafizbad has no religious sigma+cance, so for ac am concerned. I have no religious $enciment in che macrer. I have been *tt*ched to che Cann and che /umna rivers In Allahabad ever since my ch Il€heod *nd, *s I h*-e Brown older, chls aczachment has *Isa grown. I have watched their -ayIng moods as t he seasons Changed, and have cft'n thought Of the hlscory and myth *nd trod iclo n and song and stor-y that have become atc*ched to them through the long

ages and become part of their flowing waters. The Ganga, especially, Is I.la river of Indla, beloved of ker people, round which are intertwined her racial memories , her hopes and fears, her Songs of triumph, her vl¢torlec and her defeats. she has bcea a symbcl of India's age-long culture and clv Illzatlon, ever-changlng, e 'er- flowing, and yet ever the same G "ngz. She reminds me of the snow-covered peaks and deep valleys of the Himalayas, which I have loved so much. and of the rlch and vacc pla!ns below. where Yyyy tife and work have been can. Emil(ng and dancing In the morning sunlight, and dark and gloomy and full of mystery as the evenIng shadows fall : a narrow, slow and graceful Stream in vvincer, and a van roarlng thlng during the monsoon, broad-bosom4d almost as the sea, and with somechlng of the sea'S power to detEroy , the Gâwga has been to me a symbol and a memory of the past of Indie, running into the present, and flowing on co the greaE ocean of ctie future. And though I have discarded much of past tradition and cuscom, and am anxious that Indla should rld herself of all shackles chat bind and constrain ljer a "d divide Fer people, and suppreu vast nurribers of them, and prevent the free development of che body and the spl rlt; though I seek all tfjls, yet I do noc w1sh co cut myself off from that pose complete(y.) am prcud of that great Inheritance that has been, and is, ours, and I am conscious that I too, like all of us. am a link In 'hat *u rbrok zn c izin* which goes back to the dawn of hlstor-y' in t he irr,mcmoria I pasC of India. Thac chain I would not break, for I 'reasure jt and seek inspiration frcm it. And as witness of this desire *of m me and as my lact hcmage to India's cult uraf In heritance, I am making ch Js request that ¥ handful of my ashes be thrown into Lhe Ganga at Allahabad to be car r lv d to che greac ocean EhaE washes India's shore.

The major portion of my ashes should, however, be dispos- ed of otherwise.) want these to be carried high up into the air in an aeroplane and scattered from chat helghc over che fields where che peasants of India too I, so choc they might mingle wlch the dust and soil of India and become an lndlsclngulshable part of Ind la.

INDIRA GANDHI

He had no family relationship with Mahatma Gandhi. In India, names do not indicate families but castes. Gandhi is of the *uaisha* caste, of the merchants and farmers; that is, of the third caste. The first caste was the ***shastri ya,*** the kings, rulers and warriors. After the *Mahabaratha* War it was displaced by the priestly caste of *Brahmins.* Previously, the Hindu kings were also priests, like the Pharaohs in Egypt and the Inkas in Cuzco, the highest priests of the cult, as are still the kings of Nepal, originating from the solar and warrior dynasty *(!Suryauansa)* of Udai pur. The English monarch is also head of the Anglican Church. The fourth caste is that of the *sudra;* the washers and sweepers *(suieepers);* then come the outcasts, the "untouchables", the beggars, the lepers. Gandhi called them *Hari jan,* "children of God".

Through the centuries, the castes maintain their immutable characteristics and no one aspires to mix them, because nothing would be gained by doing so; on the contrary, it is lost, "disorienting" the *harma,* so to speak. To this idea of caste, which originally meant "color" ***(Verne),*** racial purity in the first two, the *shastri ya* and the *hroft* móritco, was later added the non-Aryan concept of reincarnation, giving it, with time, a metaphysical-religious support, in the sense that to be born in one or another caste was a *hórmtca* reason. And as this *form* was "exhausted", *it* would be allowed to ascend or, failing that, to descend. It is extraordinary in this case, the example Savitri Devi gives of that young Hindu *Sudra, a* supporter of Hitler, who, when questioned by her, and told of the racial doctrine that would prevent him from being a supporter of Nationalism, replied that he only knew it, but that he was sure that by fighting for the cause of the *Führer, he* would be born an Aryan in his next incarnation.

However, Mahatma Gandhi's son, an *uaisha,* married a daughter of Rajagopalachari, a *bralimon,* successor to Lord Mountbatten and the first Hindu Governor of independent India. Mahatma Gandhi said he did not believe in castes and they were pro- hibited by the Constitution. But they continue to exist in fact, and to this day, maintaining their physical (racial) and psychological particularities. Mahatma Gandhi, for example, was always an *uaisha,* with the typical characteristics of a trader.

The "Indian Company", with its cunning, successfully applied in the fight for independence against the *"Vaisha Empire"* of Great Britain, to the extent that it almost bankrupted the cloth industry of Manchester, with the *hadhi,* hand-woven cloth spun on spinning wheels in all the villages and towns of India. Nothing better to fight the *"India Company"* and English mercantile imperialism than the skill of an *uaisha,* with the characteristics, instincts and knowledge of centuries circulating in his blood. He preached peaceful resistance because he did not have the strength to oppose it militarily; but, when he had the strength to declare war in Kashmir, he did not hesitate, nor was he hindered by his preaching of world peace. The merchant is always a realist, at the core of his being. And here Rossellini was right: Gandhi was not a saint; the saint was Nehru. If not a saint, a priest; that is, a preacher of the Brahminical caste, by nature, also by "conditioned reflex". Nehru preached peace to the world and believed in it. Also, when he preached it to China. And there, in that case, the ruler India needed was a *shastri already;* that is, a warrior of the martial caste, as was King Poro, or Ashoka.

Curiously, Indira, Nehru's daughter, was a *shastrt already,* with the will and temperament of a warrior. A Walkiria with a skin of ivory or silk and a soul of steel. I saw her one day beat out of a theater a woman who had dared to address her father in public without his permission and breaking protocol.

The name Gandhi came to her from her husband, curiously enough a *Parsi,* a handsome white man, an Aryan from ancient Persia, who had nothing to do with the third caste of the *Uaishas* and was a racial aristocrat. A member of the Congress Party in the Indian Parliament, too independent and proud to live under the powerful shadow of his father-in-law, he separated from Indira and resided apart. The children stayed with her, in the Nehru mansion, where Indira became the mistress of the house, concerned exclusively with her father, in the background and without visible prominence, at least in those years.

That's when I met her.

Before continuing in this important chapter, I wish and believe it necessary to make a last remark on the Hindu caste system, an improper name that was given by some Portuguese sailor, surely an illiterate, making a comparison with the separations of cattle in his country.

I sincerely believe that no one has ever done or will ever do such an analysis of sacred and millenary India as in this book. This is definitive and its projections reach the whole of humanity, because India is a true living museum of History, where not only the monuments and their ruins remain, but also the ancient man. Already in mentioning the case of the *Beni-Israel* we have touched upon a hitherto unknown and hidden point. Something more will be said at the end of this volume, in the chapter on Tilak, and we will now go ahead and report that the caste did not exist from the beginning of the Aryan invasion - more than seven thousand years ago - of *Baharatha, the* true name of India, the land of the Hindu river, the latter name having been given to it by Alexander the Great. And the caste, in truth, was called *Varria,* which meant "color". That is to say, this system was born and imposed centuries later, when the Aryan, white and blond, was in danger of mixing or had already mixed with the colored peoples, with the Dravidians of the south and the *negritos,* with the hosts of the Demon Ravana, that Rama will fight, in the wars of the "fiomoyana". Ravana (the *Demon of Color)* has kidnapped Rama's white wife, Sita. And Rama must ally himself with a "monkey" (a colored man named Hanuman) to get Sita back. It is the danger of the mixture of the *Sliddhas* and the *Viras* with the daughters of the men, of the "humans", of Hanuman, the "monkey". To prevent this, the *"comic"* caste *system* is invented and imposed through the Brahmin priests.

But it is a hopeless measure taken when the involution and its entropy are already irretrievable. In the land of the ***"Great Baharathas" (Maha-Baharatha)*** and in the world, there is no way out. Adolf Hitler came to try. And his lightning only illuminated the immense Drama.

* * *

The faces that can still be seen in India have disappeared from the earth millennia ago; ancient, impressive faces. One of them was that of Indira Gandhi.

Her beauty was mythical, legendary, without comparison with current canons, even more distant than that of Nefertiti. Her graceful, lanky figure; her skin of velvet, of ivory, of Aryonn *Bai ji;* her hands and her feet almost ethereal, fine and delicate as birch leaves, or poplars, that tremble "to converse among themselves"[2] '; her white, even teeth, in a soft, delicate smile, combined with her shy, yet inquisitive gaze, of immense, deep-set eyes, which could also be tender, piercing with an out-of-this-world love, or rapturous and irresistible, of a woman passionate to the point of immolation and sacrifice. Even if her self-control always stopped her halfway.

She had two sons and both were killed by the same hand. The younger one in a plane crash, so far unexplained, while flying his plane. And it was he who was most interested in the politics of his country. He died when Indira was already head of state. On the other hand, her husband died while I was still in India. It was a great blow for Indira, as they were about to reconcile. Destiny did not want it and she had to go on alone until the end, although accompanied by my thoughts. She knew it and encouraged it with her attitude.

I believe the time has come for me to reveal the delicate secret that brought Indira Gandhi and me together throughout life, thus putting an end to the rumors that circulated about our relationship all over the world. Even in Germany there were magazines that echoed the rumors.

Just as my grandfather, Joaquín Fernández Blanco, was said to have been in love with the Queen of Spain, wife of King Alfonso XIII, because she gave him her handkerchief while he was Plenipotentiary Minister in that country, and it was spread that Don Juan was his son (so that the current King Juan Carlos I would be his grandson and my cousin), so it was also rumored that Rajib was my son. The absurdity became clear when it became known that my real children were playing in New Delhi with Indira's children, already grown up and of the same age.

We were born in the same year of 1917, we were then 36 years old when we met. I saw her start in politics, when she took over the presidency of the Congress Party and read her first

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21. Words of "Chico" Molina (E1 poet Eduardo Molina).

written speech, very shy and with a trembling voice. From then on, until her father's death, she became more and more self-confident, a well-known and respected figure throughout India, with great strength and power.

We would meet at public events and social gatherings, where we would stand apart for a few minutes and exchange words. Thus, I could be informed of events even before they happened, such as the attack on Goa, ordered by Krishna Menon, as well as gaining that private audience with his father, which led to the withdrawal of India's Antarctic project.

Every now and then I would visit her in her palace and she would receive me in a large room, where we would stay talking and holding hands, or she would take me to see her Bengal tiger cubs. We would serve *each other* delicious Daerjeelin tea, and talk about everything. There I once had Neruda invited with Matilde, passing through India, Rossellini and Jennifer Jones. And there too, one day, looking deep into my eyes, he asked me:

"Miguel, tell me: "Why do the English hate us? I didn't know how to answer immediately. And I thought out loud:

"-Perhaps, because through the many years they have not yet been able to penetrate the Hindu mind, nor understand their conception of the world, which is profoundly Aryan and much older than theirs, truly aristocratic and lordly. It is envy. The same thing happens to them with Spain... Something escapes them, baffles them...".

Despite the years that have passed, every time I remember that question and I see Indira there, concentrated, reflective, but also like a child surprised by an undeserved punishment, with her beautiful serious and worried face, waiting for a firm and definitive answer, I am again touched in the most intimate part of me. Because I understand that she opened her soul to me. She wanted to know at last the secret of something that touched the heart of her race and her people. In other words, it was the same confession and question that Prince Georg of Sikkim asked me when he told me that "he was not admitted to *Eatori* because he came from the Colored Continent", or when the "Jf/tite *Club"* of London did not accept the Maharaja of Jaipur as a member.

Many years later, when I was in Switzerland, visiting Hermann Hesse's house in the Ticino, I was visited by a

PRIME MINISTER' 8 H0U8 E,
NfiW DELTfI.

1 . 2 . 58

Dear Nigel.

Ye are for
kinder t me Ken I
deserve — This always gives
me a nice warm feeling
specially when on is so
tired and really fed up
with the world.

Thank ye for
the book and for
introducing me to

aspects of my own country
of which I was quite
ignorant. However, I should
have to postpone the
pleasure of reading it as
I must utilize every spare
moment of this trip to
study, sort out my ideas &
write about certain aspects
of social welfare work about
which I have to
speak on several occasions
with love & all good wishes,
Indira

PRIME MINISTER'S HOUSE

April 2, 1967

The golden shadows arid the
moz'n1ng star seaa t'O have de se r6e6 se -
The situation here right now is very
depregs¿ng and fluiB. It is impossible
to sgy what Will emer&e- the CoNotFY
has sham vitality but this vitality
must be used ln tht light direct¿Ony and
for thw right purposes.

Yours s*ncefely,

PR##E Mlw;siER'5 H0USt

FebzuzrY 1, 1 ®

punk you fot your booK-Bark-
It has ztade ae fang For The c1e -r mountain a1 r
a Uh ough I crust sar tiil s year we have had
a cold and 5e1lgh tful vrtnt er.

Not only hsvg there been Y. ,
VIPs
IN AD Sam ... Rajiv, ay elJes t son 1s oarFy1ñg an Italian
girl on the 2.6th of tnls month. In the
middle of lt all I am constantly tzavelllng2

'Vith good 'lshes,

PR IME MI N1STER'5 HOUR fi
N IN DELHI

DeClBber 5 l96e

Dee Nl8uel,

I t 1 s good of you at may s to r en eabar thy £ather' s blrthday and to send me a me s sage . is you icno u, on that day we have many £unc tions e sp ec la l1y , at I he old Teen hurt 1 Houge ther e he used to 11ve. Ih 1s yaaz', ma W so had th e f'1r st convocation of the Jawaherlel Nehru University. I am t r ylng sy best to see tfiat th e d qv 1 s o bseFv ed as one of relolcing and with creative programs es, Fa th er than a s one z er ely of r emembr anc e arid

AU h1 s Elf ct my f a th ar worked hard to modernise InQiB. BveP since ve beoame lndependent, many **people dcd not like him his ideas** or his policies. They made life difficult fOr hIa, soetlally durln= tD e la st two or t hr ee year s . SIrice h1 s d ea th th t th ey h ave fi een do 1nq- al 1 th ey can t o o b1It eFa to h1 s memo ry and Tel 1 t t le h1 s ach lev esent . basically, this 1s what the strugr,le 1s abOut in Znd I ato day 111 s goIng t o be hard to Ing and no one kno "s vrh e t h er or no t we can win y but onemust ao la t 1 s ri gh t andfat SIn the Int er est of I he OOMtPy . i&a t ot h oF purpo se can th e r e bq In l1f e?

NI th good v1 s he s ,

Yours sincerely,

(Indira Gandhi)

His Excellency
Dv. Miguel Serreno,

Jewish antique dealer from Zurich, interested in some of my pieces from India. When he saw a photo of Indira Gandhi, he could not contain himself and exclaimed: "I hate this woman, we detest her!" And he also spoke in the plural.

I then understood the core of the great issue: therein lay the heart of the matter. This irrepressible hatred could not have its origin in the punctual and circumstantial fact that India, under Nehru's and now Indira's government, did not maintain diplomatic relations with Israel, because of the millions of Muslims who were part of the Indian subcontinent and also of Pakistan. India needed the friendship of the Muslims. No, there was something much deeper and more mysterious going on here. Again the *Berii-lsrael.* The Jews know that India knows its slave origins in the emigration of the Aryan peoples of *Aryana Bai ji* and in the great colonization of the Gobi, and the falsification of the whole history, stealing and appropriating angles of the Myth and the Golden Legend, which they have plundered beyond recognition. They hate, above all, tradition, the true religion of Hindu blood (of Aryan blood, in its origins) and the *Brahmin* and *Shastri* castes, where they have remained impenetrable to them. They detest Yoga-Tantric *and* all that legendary philosophy which has tended to the recovery of the God-Man, of the lost Racial Divinity; the Aryan substance of the Vedas and of the poems of deeds.

Now, the English of the *establish ment,* those of the *Commonwealth,* those of the *"East India Company",* are not the ancient Saxons, nor the Vikings, nor the true Celts, they are the "pollen", entrenched among the Frisians who returned from their excursion to Africa, after the destruction of the ancient *Thule.* They infiltrated them (as the *"Chronicle of Oeralinda"* tells, which is not false, as has been said) and penetrated the *Drutda world,* coming to control Wales, so that the *Welsh* today are Jews, for the most part. And the future King of *Great* Brttoirt (Bínot *Brith),* first has to be *Prince of Wales.* This is the dark secret of Great Britain, just as the *Beni-Israel* are of India.

And the *Establishment Welshes* hate the Aryans of India, just as they hate those of England itself *(Engeland, "Land of Angels"),* of Affiióri *(Albedo), of* the very few that remain there, and.

who gambled for Hitler, in the Great War, just as Hitler (with Rudolf Hess) gambled for them.

+ * *

And it was then, in Ticino, in Montagnola, that I took this same pen and wrote to Indira Gandhi the letter I mentioned above, adding the following to the paragraph already transcribed: "Now, after all these years, I can answer you: *those who hate you* are the Jews. They are your enemies.

And when his son assumed power, after the assassination of his mother, I also wrote to him, telling him the same thing.

And he, too, was killed.

He was interested, like his father, in the yoga and philosophy of his great nation. She saw some sadhus and mystics, like Ananda Mai. Others visited her, or wrote to her. One day she asked me if I understood anything of the letters of Sunya, the Danish monk (the "Viking"), for she could not decipher them. Neither could I. They always ended with a "Wan!", interspersed, moreover, between all her lines. Literature and poetry occupied her daily. I gave her Hermann Hesse's *"Vio)e to the East"* and, when I discovered Tilak's *"The Arctic Home in the Vedas", I* sent it to her. He wrote to me, admiring that "someone had to come from Chile to introduce him to such a fundamental book, written by a Hindu".

It is quite possible that Indira wrote poetry, in her beautiful tiny handwriting, as an Oxford student, but she did not reveal it to me.

One day in India, in the hall of her palace, sitting next to me, she spoke to me about Love: *"To love is to desire to become one with the beloved, to be* one...".

And his eyes were lost in the space of that distant garden, glimpsed through the open windows.

I took her hands and kissed them.

Echoes, distant echoes awoke in my soul. And

one day I copied *Allouine'*s poem for her.'

"THE INVITACION"

"Come, what may I will proceed
To waI!i the way o[beaut y,
The way that leads toward tire herght
That seems to touch the st y.

"Steep is the path But
filled with light
From those thot cltmbed
Be[ore me,
Who left oH euery euery jutting rock
A lantern glowing with their dreams"".

* * *

From Yugoslavia and then in Austria, I followed Indira's life step by step in the news. And she also informed me of her travels, so that I could always be waiting for her at the airports where she stopped over or disembarked. So we met in London, after her father's death and when she did not yet have a position in the Government of India. I invited her to see a play, fashionable in those days: *"Diplomatic Valise",* and then to dinner at the "Savoy Hotel", where she had gone in former times with her father. She was accompanied by her son Rajiv. I pretended to order wine and offer it to Rajiv. She was shocked and only calmed down when I confessed that it was a joke.

The next day, Indira invited me on a mystery tour of London and picked me up at the hotel in the Embassy car. She was accompanied by Rajiv. After crossing streets I did not know, we stopped in front of a small, typical London-style house. She invited me to get out, leaving her son and the driver in the car. He opened the door with a key he was carrying.

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23. "THE INVITATION".
'den, that uoy or start l The cumin of the 6elleza l That goes towards the oltos summits, / That seem to touch the sky.
"Empiriodo is the path,l But ent uelto by the light Of those who climbed it I Before gue o, / And eri each overhanging rock I Left a lantern I Illuminated with their dreams."

"They lent it to me," he confessed. And with an accomplice smile, he took me by the hand and led me inside, to walk through the pieces.

"This house is for sale. Do you like it? It would be wonderful to live here...".

As the years go by, I still think: What did Indira want to tell me?

What did he envision for his life, perhaps, as in Frost's poem, to rest, to leave everything behind, "to lose himself in the woods..."?

How strange is Destiny, Fatality. It was also reserved for her to ascend the difficult path, guided only by the signs that other warrior-pilgrims *"left her on the overhanging rocks, at the threshold of their dreams..."*.

On the way back in the car, he kept talking about buying that house. And then, his son Rajiv, who was sitting next to the driver, turned to tell him:

"-Mother, how can you think of that, of buying something, when you have no money? After grandfather's death, you have nothing left...".

And she, with a very sweet smile and a voice full of tenderness, answered him:

"-You don't understand anything, Rajiv; I know.... But let me dream....".

Dearest Indira, exceptional woman, you were the greatest among the stateswomen of this century, heiress of an incorruptible and idealistic father, who treasured nothing for himself and who died poor, after having given everything, even his private fortune, for the independence of his people. Like the Frisian *Mothers*, who carried the *"Sacred Lamps"* after the disappearance of the warriors of Hyperborea, of *Atland,* you also kept the *Luc* for your people, crossing like a flash of lightning, until your tragic end.

I knew what you wanted to tell me, even before you took me on a tour of that little house in the London suburbs, I knew it all along. You dreamed of a private and solitary life of love for both of us, retired from outside combat and dedicated to poetry, reading and personal development. Even when you knew it was not possible, you dreamed it, you imagined it, that instant being the most definitive moment in the dramatic and sad story of your life as a girl who never knew happiness and who played with her dolls

while she was playing with them.

was in prison, next to his mother. At that crossroads, Destiny also dragged you by the hand, but without the tenderness and delicacy of yours, and installed you on the Throne of Sacrifice, as the undisputed Queen of your immense Nation.

You were a woman for an eternal love, not for a carnal passion, not for love that corrupts and passes away. *A-Mor,* not ***Liebe.*** And that *A-Mor* I could not give you, for I had already given it. And for all Eternity. But I recognized you, we recognized each other, and I admire and cherish you, as the Eternal-Feminine in you, the one *who "leads to Heaven".* And, even more, as a comrade-warrior, a Walkiria, mounted on a spirited steed, sacrificed in the Battle of the Ages, by an identical Enemy. And while you are already in the lVnf/to//n, I think of you and I communicate with you to ask you, comrade, never to abandon me and to give me your hand, to kneel down and kiss it as of old.

Heil, Indira, *Síeg Heil!*

No one will be able to understand this. Least of all in my country. When Indira was invited to Chile, on an official visit and as Head of the Government of India, I was in Austria and I asked to be authorized to be present at that event for which I had done so much to make it happen. The Minister of Foreign Affairs, Gabriel Valdés Subercaseaux, refused: "It is not convenient for you to come, because of the rumors; we will take good care of you".

She wrote me a letter from the Hotel Carrera in Santiago (Alessandri had installed Tito in the Palacio Cousiño), in which she expressed her surprise at my absence and told me that she had bought some *"old-new"* copper things in Santiago for her daughter-in-law, Sonia. Then I waited for her when she passed through Frankfurt, on her way back to India. And there she told me again how surprised she was that I had not been present in Chile to accompany her. I told her: "If instead of Christian Democrats, the radicals had been in the government of my country, I would have been there".

She introduced me to Willi Brandt, Minister of Foreign Affairs of Federal Germany, who had come to meet her when she passed through Frankfurt.

Our Consul in Frankfurt, Melkonian, who witnessed the dialogue with Indira, was also there.

Hotel Carrera
Main Hotel

SANTIAGO DE CHILE.

Dec 10 1956

Dear Miss Stacy

I shall be writing to you
shortly - perhaps on
Monday next - perhaps
tomorrow & you
may be quite sure
that I am
thinking of you
always

Yours affectionately
Peggy

P.T.O.
I wanted to write
& am late ; Every one
else is up

WORLD PEACE THROUGH INTERNATIONAL TRADE AND TRAVEL

Hotel Carrera
a Hilton Hotel

TELEPHONE: 60011
CABLE: HILTELS

SANTIAGO DE CHILE.

Miss you Usha is with me. At the moment she has gone out to buy a bag for Sonia (my daughter-in-law) some of the new-old ornaments which are now being made here. I have seen the women wearing them — one — a necklace of the size of a belt — it is the kind of thing which Sonia would like.

I was delighted to meet your daughter Sonia-in-law. She looks very much like you & is charming.

We are all sorry about Peru. The political aspect as well as the people will feature with

WORLD PEACE THROUGH INTERNATIONAL TRADE AND TRAVEL

Almost a year after my appointment in Yugoslavia, Indira Gandhi was invited on an official visit to that country. From there she was going to the Soviet Union, where Breshniev took over from Khrushchev. Shortly before, I had been in Moscow, for the first time, attending a Conference of Ambassadors, convened by our representative in that country, Máximo Pacheco. There I met the painter Julio Escámez and we walked the streets in search of Dostoevsky's "Subterranean", -in those streets full of subways-. Later, in an audience given by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Andrei Gromiko, he recognized me, as we had been introduced in India by the Ambassador of Poland, Katzuky, during an official visit of Khrushchev. And I would have told him something about my friendship with Indira. Gromiko did not want me to leave his office, even when Pacheco and the rest had already left.

That's the way it is! And everywhere, even in communist Russia.

And now, in Yugoslavia, Indira again. I took my car and drove it alone, to a port in Dalmatia, where her plane was landing, to continue to Brioni, Tito's island.

It was a special moment in Yugoslavia, because an internal coup d'état had just taken place, in which Tito had got rid of his pro-Soviet Minister of the Interior, Rankovic. It was said that he had even bugged Tito's bedroom. What really happened was a great crisis in the struggle between the secret services of England and the Soviet Union, in that dull fight that had been going on since the end of World War II, for political and geopolitical power, between criminals and gangsters. Only one stage was the "Prague Spring" in Czechoslovakia. But, as we say in Chile, between "oxen there is no goring" and secret partners fight each other, but do not kill each other, they "compensate each other". (This was hard for the Chilean military to understand during the 1973 coup). Thus, in Czechoslovakia the *"K.G.B."* won and, in Yugoslavia, the *"Intelligence !Seruice"*. These were delicate areas, very sensitive and not entirely secure. Yugoslavia had been "controlled" by Mr. Eden, with the *"Balkan Pact"*, and Tito had "controlled" Yugoslavia with the *"Balkan Pact"*. had been put there for that.

Now I was given the opportunity to meet several "James Bond" *gentlemen* from Oxford, who were drinking a bottle of whiskey and talking about Shakespeare. They told me that they had just given Neruda an Honorary Doctorate, precisely in

Oxford. Y

These *gentlemen* had arrived in Yugoslavia as if by chance, just at the time of Tito's self-coup.

And it was at this time that Indira came and I found myself unable to enter the airport, surrounded by military forces and intense police protection.

Then a car appeared and, inside, the Secretary General of the Presidency, who was my colleague in New Delhi, when, perched on the chairs, we watched Nehru "beat up" his "dear rabble".

He got out of the car and, taking me by the arm, took me with him to the airport lounge, where Tito, the Russian Ambassador, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Koca Popovic, and some others were waiting. Indira arrived and I was able to greet her with *Na niasté.*

I was planning to return to Belgrade that same afternoon, before I went to a hotel near the Adriatic beach, where I dived into its waters for a swim. But they came to pick me up from the hotel, to tell me that they were calling me by telephone from the Brioni Island. It was Tito's Chief of Protocol, who was inviting me to the evening dinner in honor of Indira Gandhi. They would pick me up that evening. No sooner had I hung up than I received another call, this time from the Chief of Protocol of India, to inform me of the invitation of the Prime Minister to a private breakfast the following day. They came to pick me up in an armored car and took me to a pier, where we took a boat to reach the island of Brioni. Airplanes were flying overhead, watching us. On the island there was another car that transported us to Tito's mansion. A year ago I had presented my credentials here, being driven by a horse-drawn carriage. Tito was on vacation and it was summer.

Today we drove through trees, where some deer grazed or were frightened by the passing of the car.

At that dinner there were only Yugoslavs and Indians. I was the only foreign diplomat, as the Russian Ambassador was not invited. He was thus made aware of his defeat, together with Rankovic, "his man in Yugoslavia". And it was no coincidence, as we have hinted, the presence in Belgrade (and perhaps in Brioni) of the Oxford *g e n ttemen* at that time.

Indira Gandhi usando el chal de vicuña que yo le regalara.

Juntos, en una fiesta en Nueva Delhi.

There I was then, thanks to Indira and a fine attitude, a sophisticated touch of those "partisans" and "pawns" of the Secret World Government.

I was seated next to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Koca Popovic, a bourgeois by origin, who had studied philosophy at the Sorbonne and also participated in the Spanish Civil War. He spoke perfect Spanish. He told me everything I wanted to know, revealing to me that he had already been appointed Vice President of Yugoslavia, replacing Rankovic. Also about iriteriorities such as that Jovanka, Tito's wife, who was a guerrilla peasant, had to be sent to an Academy in Switzerland to study manners and to learn how to eat. Indira, on Tito's right, talked with him and, from time to time, looked at me and smiled.

That dinner was over and I said goodbye to the dignitaries, thanking them for the unusual invitation. On the way to the car, which would take me back to the docks, someone caught up with me in a hurry. It was the Chief of Indian Protocol. He grabbed me by the arm, saying: "Wait, you can't leave yet, Mrs. Gandhi wants to talk to you and invites you to her apartment".

I was taken to a sumptuous guesthouse, right on the beach, right on the sea.

Indira showed me the mansion, which had been built with the finest and most expensive materials, to accommodate the Shah of Persia on his visit to Yugoslavia. Valuable paintings hung on the walls and tapestries, precisely from Persia, covered the floor. He took me to the terrace over the sea, supported on stilts submerged in the water. Leaning on the railing, we looked at each other. We both knew that, somehow, we were being watched. It was not for nothing that we were in a communist country, in its very heart and at a very special time. She asked me, whispering:

"In the afternoon I leave for Moscow. You know how important the relationship with the Soviet Union is for India, because of our difficulties with China and Pakistan. My father and I managed to establish political and emotional ties with Khrushchev. You met Khrushchev in India; he was an emotional man who came to feel affection for us and we for him. Many little girls in the Soviet Union have been named after me. Now Khrushchev has been replaced by Brezhnev, whom I do not know. And I am worried about my first meeting with him.... What do you think I should do?....".

With Indira Gandhi, visiting a house in New Delhi.

President Rajendra Prasad introduces me to Kruchev in India.

"-I think that for the Soviet Union the relationship with India is as important as for you. In this respect there is no care.... As for Brezhnev's personality, the one who can best advise you is Marshal Tito....".

"-Yes," he muttered.

"-Indira, I think tomorrow's breakfast we should leave it. I am going to work tonight writing down what I learned at dinner. Koca Popovic will be the Vice-President and Rankovic and the Soviets have lost the game. First thing in the morning I will go to Trieste to send a personal letter from there to the President of Chile, Eduardo Frei, informing him".

"-Ah, yes!" she answered me relieved. "That's great and thank you very much! I will also be able to prepare my papers for the meeting with Tito, before leaving.... Goodbye, and until we meet again, Miguel...".

I had to return to India, on my own initiative, to get the support of our candidate for the FAO Presidency, Hernán Santa Cruz Barceló. Indira gave it to me and the Maharaja of Patiala, who represented India in the FAO and was a *sid li* almost two meters tall, had to vote in our favor, in spite of himself, because he had been told, as he confessed to me, that Hernan Santa Cruz spent a lot, without any sense of money.

"-Like a good aristocrat," he added to me.

"-Then it will be the same for you," I replied.

He laughed a lot, because we were friends. We lost the election by a very small margin and the Dutch candidate was elected. We were in Rome and, knowing that Salvador Allende was visiting Prague, and worried about the election and about his friend, Hernán Santa Cruz, I phoned him to inform him of the result. I was astonished by his answer, for I was sure that the communication was interfered with and that he also knew it: "Well, this proves to you that the elections are useless, they are a big n...! There is nothing left but armed struggle, guerrilla warfare!".

And he cut me off.

I kept thinking: Why would Salvador Allende have acted like that? Surely he must have already belonged to the guerrilla organization *"OLAS"* (Latin American Organization of Solidarity and Solidarity).

The Soviet bloc, led by Fidel Castro and backed by Moscow and the Soviet bloc, was looking for the support of this bloc for his eternal presidential aspirations. Allende was seeking the support of this bloc for his eternal presidential aspirations, and now he was letting them know that he was a revolutionary at the service of Fidel, ready to set fire to America, to make it independent from the imperialism of the United States. Which he d i d , setting Chile on fire.

Indira returned to Yugoslavia and, in the midst of her intense official program, requested a morning off "so that the Chilean Ambassador could show her the forests of Belgrade".

She arrived at my house early, and when she got out of her car, her *sari* got tangled *and* wrinkled at one end. My Yugoslavian maid, Nevenka, ironed it for him. She would never forget this, and it was a source of pride for her whole life.

In the beautiful forests of Belgrade, she collected leaves and kept them: "I collect them from different countries," she told me. I showed her *"my* omi,go *tree*". Then she recited to me Frost's poem that her father kept:

"Beautiful are the woods and I wish to lose myself in them; but I cannot, for I have duties to perform...".

* * *

We also met once in Vienna and I took her to dinner at the *"Drei Husaren".* We had venison with apple puree. Neither she nor her father were vegetarians. Nehru even smoked.

We then walked through the snow-covered streets of old Vienna. Indira was covered with an otter coat and her beautiful feet were barefoot in golden sandals.

Our last meeting was also in Austria. I had been removed from diplomacy by the Allende government and was living in a hotel in Vienna, momentarily, while I found a more or less definitive place to live, since I did not plan to return to Chile. I still had important things to investigate in Europe. *I did not* know how I would do it, since I lacked personal fortune and my retirement was miserable. According to the exchange rate in Chile at that time, I retired on one dollar a month.

My German friend Wülfred, whom I had met in India and

who was now a permanent member, arrived unexpectedly at my hotel.

from his Embassy in New Delhi. I do not know how he found me. What is certain is that he informed Indira (on an official visit to Vienna) of my residence and that same day I received an invitation to the hotel for the official dinner that she was offering to the Austrian authorities.

At the reception I kept to myself, as I was then a nobody, without any representation; but my Indian and Austrian friends did not understand it that way and made gestures of great affection and distinction. The Secretary General of the Government of India, Mr. Ka ul, came to meet me where I was. He sat there for a moment and spoke to me: "Don't worry. Miguel, Chile will never be a communist country..." How did he know? And he was right.

Kaul means "channel" and *Nehru,* too. They were both from Kashmir, related in families and of the same caste, of the same *Vama.*

"You have to go to Indira," he added. "She's waiting for you." He sat me down next to her.

And that was the last time we saw each other in this life.

During the military government, the Ambassador of India invited me to a lunch in Santiago to introduce me to the Director of Tourism of Chile, Margarita Ducci, a beautiful young woman, who was traveling to India for a World Tourism Congress in New Delhi. She wanted me to tell her about the country. She recommended that I try to see Indira Gandhi and I gave her a letter for her. On her return she told me that she was the only person at the Congress that the Prime Minister received, and in very exceptional conditions, since Margarita had to leave the following day, and Indira was just getting off a plane after a long tour of the subcontinent. She asked her a lot about me *and* sent me a letter with her in which she complained that I had let so much time pass without giving her any news of me.

These were the years of my voluntary exile in Montagnola and of my secret pilgrimage through the hidden and sacred places, through the *geoinontic* regions, in search of the *Linens Ley* of old Europe, through the legendary routes of Amber and the lost entrances to the Kingdom of King Laurin, in the alchemical Rose Garden of the Goths.

Yes. But he never stopped being with her. And my thoughts went with her.

THE ASSASSINATION OF INDIRA GANDHI

I have always admired the attitude of that extraordinary woman, her courage to face her life and her feelings, openly and without caring about conventions and what people would whisper. It was I who took care of her, so as not to harm her delicate position; but she imposed her affection for me in her country and in the world, with the consequences I have already mentioned. When she died, the newspapers even wrote that this superior woman, this stateswoman, had only one consolation in the hard loneliness of power, the love of a South American diplomat.

Yes, and to the end of her days and beyond, as far as I am concerned. For I will never leave her. Wherever she is, I try to reach her with my thoughts, until I meet her again in another Round of the Eternal Return, or in the lYaf Gulf, together with her father and the warrior walkirias, who died fighting.

Heil, Indira, *Sieg Heil!*

When Alexander the Great, the *Isbander,* left India, after his brief excursion, several of his generals remained, along with a number of his warriors. They resembled the statues of Phidias. Over the centuries, they are the *stbhs,* a warrior caste of handsome men, who do not cut their hair or their beards and wear turbans. They do not believe in the gods of Hinduism, nor in reincarnation (like their Greek ancestors, except Plato). They are monotheists and follow *Guru Nariak. They* aspire to independence, like the Basques; their capital Amritza was built in this century by Le Corbusier and, during the government of Indira Gandhi, they started a serious revolt for independence. Secretly managed, I think, to create the effects and conditions for Indira's assassination. She did not hesitate to nip this attempt in the bud by invading the capital with the Army. And what is more serious, someone gave the order to occupy the Temple, where their leaders were taking refuge. The *sibhs* did not forgive him. In spite of this and all the warnings, Indira kept his personal Guard, formed exclusively by ***sibhs***, something that Franco did not do with the "Guardia Mora", dissolving it after the uprising of the Moors in

Morocco. Indira never thought that they would not be loyal to her, just as Hitler was loyal to his generals, for they had sworn allegiance to him.

And I believe that in the case of Indira Gandhi, the *sibhs* of her Guard were not disloyal to her, for they revered her like the rest of her subjects and because of the daily contact with her graceful and adorable figure.

What happened? What tremendous mystery is there? As in the assassination of the Kennedy brothers, the truth will never be known; because behind both has been the same executing hand, the Intelligence Services of the *World* Iconic Goal.

Intelligence acts on specific events and situations that it creates. After the desecration of the *Sikh* Temple*, I* was always expecting the worst; however, and in spite of that, it is said that the *Sikhs* who murdered Indira, surely acted under hypnosis, *"psieotronized".*

It is necessary to explain this a little for readers ignorant of the meaning of psycho/rhontium, a word composed of psyche and electronics. Since the beginning of the century, work has been done with subatomic particles and with an alternative energy, discovered by Nikola Testla: the famous "T" rays, which he did not want to commercialize and which, in the end, ended up, as always, in the hands of the conspirators of the World Government, manufacturing the "7'olton" Machine, which projects them. On the subject, I have gone into considerable length in my book "ñfnnii. *For the Man Who Went Down".*

The incredible - at the time - revelations made by Rudolf Hess, first in his "Tower of London" prison and then at the Nuremberg Trial and in Spanda u, shed a light on the murky business. He claimed to know that a drug was being used in food and drink, which facilitated the predisposition to hypnotism at a distance. (This drug today is "Coca-Cola", in its popular version, and the "Bar Code", with the 666, which, when deciphered with the laser, releases its evil and paralyzing energy on food, medicines and wholesale objects). Then comes the action of the "°' rays, projected from a distance by the "Z'oAion" machine, which process the ideas and introduce them into the brains indicated (or also into the great mass, being able to direct the events, or modify them at will and desire). It is the "hypnotism at a distance", so that, even acting as a

At the funeral of Indira Gandhi. In the distance one sees Suffix Rajiv lighting the funeral pyre, with the sacred fire of the Aryans.

In my house in Valparaíso. Portrait of Indira and urn containing the dried flowers I collected from her funeral pyre.

sleepwalker, the victim believes he is "thinking his own thoughts". But these have been placed in the brain of the politician, the statesman, or the murderer.

Rudolf Hess claimed that all the rulers who waged war on Germany were hypnotized.

The "Toaton" machine also entered Chile during the Pinochet Government. It was brought by the United States Embassy and the newspaper "Of *Mercurio"* announced it, informing that it had been transferred by a helicopter to the Embassy's property, which was confirmed to me by General Santiago Sinclair, Vice Commander in Chief at that time, who authorized the flight, without knowing what it was about, or that soon that machine would be used to convince Pinochet to call the Plebiscite, which would remove him from power. I remember that *"f/Mercurio",* wondering what the machine would be used for, echoed those who thought it could be a very advanced computer, destined to decipher communications between the different military centers of the Chilean Army.

Since that date, the United States has built a new building in Santiago de Chile, which is a *Bunher* and which houses, for sure, the most sophisticated technological and psycho/ *sonic* machinery, being able to act not only in Chile, but in the whole South Cone of America, in connection with Easter Island -NASA center- and Antarctica. It also houses FBI technicians and agents, authorized by the former Christian Democrat governments. And "for psychologists", to use this term already outdated.

The present Chilean social and political chaos, with rampant drug addiction, robberies, murders, corruption, accidents, forest fires, general pessimism and the worst that is yet to come, is activated and induced psychotronically by that "hypnotism at a distance", from whose nets we will not get out anymore..., unless a "Flying Disk" appears to neutralize the evil waves, or drops a neutron bomb on the "S!atarias Center"...., unless a *"Flying Disc"* appears to neutralize the evil waves, or drops a neutron bomb on the *"Center of S!atarias".* Quite improbable.

Well, in Delhi it was also said that the *Si Ahs* who assassinated Indira Gandhi acted hypnotized.

When I heard the news of the assassination, I was back in Switzerland. In Zurich, I went to "Afitof/o", where Aldo Lavatelli, a friend of my sister Berta, was in charge of the air office. Thanks to him I was able to get a ticket to New Delhi, and in a way that only an Italian can do. Knowing my economic situation and what this flight meant to me, he charged me tourist fare and put me in First Class.

That is how I arrived one night at the airport of *"Palam",* of so many *memories* for me. The Chilean Ambassador, Carlos Bustos, upon hearing of my arrival, had sent the car, with my old driver Michael, who was waiting with my faithful secretary, Maui. Both of them, saddened and crestfallen. I hugged them emotionally. And that night drive through the avenues and streets to the center of New Delhi, to the Imperial Hotel, where I wanted to stay again for that first night, in spite of the Ambassador's invitation to stay at his house, was like a dream or nightmare.

The half-lit streets, crossed by trucks with armed soldiers, with tanks and police on every corner, reminded me of the Chile of the military coup and with an even heavier atmosphere, with people with faces contracted by anger, who looked at the foreigners in a friendly way.

I hurried up to my room in the hotel, where some *sibhs* had taken refuge, fearful of reprisals. This was an unknown India to me.

Again I sat by the window and remembered Indira as a young woman. Dead, she would no longer be so young, for we had grown old together. How many years! How many, since my arrival here, full of illusions.....

In the morning, I went to the house where Indira lived and worked and where she was murdered. I was shown the place in the garden where she was riddled with bullets. Then I stood next to her dead body. On her face there was a bitter and pained rictus. Her hair, crossed by a white strip.... I put my hands together, first in *Namaste,* then I clasped my right palm and whispered: *"Heil, Sieg Heil!"* Everyone could see me. It was the farewell of the Warrior....

The funeral procession was very different from that of Nehru. Crowded streets; but rather silent, with faces full of hatred,

of frustration, sometimes vociferous. At the cremation site there were many foreign dignitaries posthumously honoring the world-renowned woman: Lord Home, representing the Queen of England; Andreoti, for Italy; John Galbraith, the former Ambassador, had come for the USA.

This time the visitors did not arrive directly in their cars to the site. An enclosed area had been arranged, from where they would be transported in a bus. I was given preferential treatment, as the previous evening a young official from the Indian Ministry of External Affairs, the Secretary General, recognized me and showed his affection by sharing his doIor with me. He introduced me to Mother Teresa of Calcutta and offered to install me next to the funeral pyre, with the relatives and the priests who would officiate the sacred rite. I refused, out of consideration for our Ambassador. In front of me, he said to Carlos Bustos: "Excuse me, Excellency, but you cannot imagine what Ambassador Serrano has been for India in the fifties..." "My God!", I said to myself, turning my face and hiding my emotion. "How can you say that."

Once again, up there, on the podium, the terrible ceremony began. The Brahmins, chanting the millenary mantras, reading the Sacred Book of the Aryans. And Rajiv, lighting the torch, with his little son by his side. On the perfumed sandalwood, the delicate body of the Dead Queen, of the sacrificed Ruler... The fire has already been lit and the flames begin to crackle. Rajiv pours the thick liquid that will feed it. The Brahmins raise their voices and their chant, chanted now by the immense people of Mother India. And the cry: "Ndiro!
Indira!".

I too murmur: "Indira... do not go away, do not undo your beautiful form, stay with us...".

* * *

Ilamas soar into the monsoon sky. There is nothing left. The son and the Brahmins search among the ashes for some jewelry, some ring, preserved from the flames, for Rajiv to keep as a souvenir, or to give to his wife, Sonia.

Like a sleepwalker I go in the direction of the Pyre. I meet John Galbraith on the way and tell him: "Our place is over there,

RAJIV GANDHI

February 24, l& u

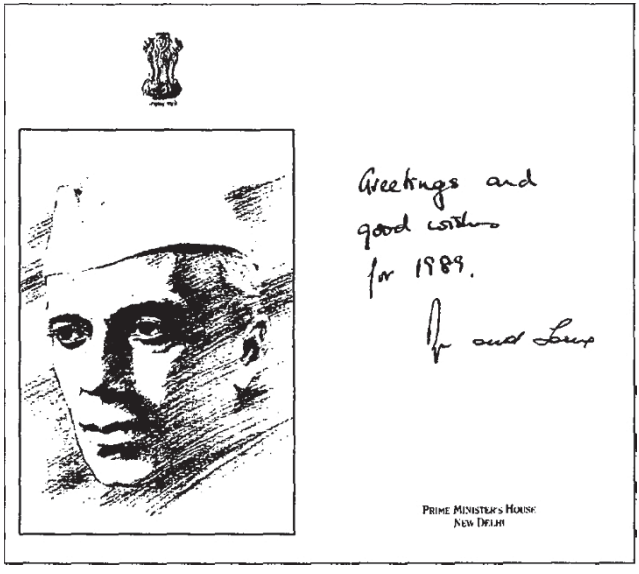
Dear Miguel Serrano,

Thank you for your vords of encouragement and support. Eou havg bses a friend aha well- wisher of our fgmiiy nd it feels good to knov
that yot have been thinking of us.
Sol'£-y the de lay lu a e knoul edging . Z
°- r°u VIII undersfiand !

¥Ours Sincerely,

24r Miguel Serrano
Cas111 a a so4
Coz mes Cent z-a1
flBfltloÇo
Chile

Letter from Rajiv Gandhi. **Indira**'s son thanks me for my *"encouragement and support" and* tells me that I have been "a good *friend and emotional support to our family.* It *is good* to *know that you have been thinking of us. And I know that you will understand the delay in responding to your cake.*



1989 New Year card of India's Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi and his wife Sonia. On the cover is a line drawing of the face of Prime Minister Nehru, his grandfather.

by the pyre and her; come with me". He is silent. And I follow until I reach the ladder of planks that leads to the high dais. I leave my shoes there on the ground and climb up, surrounded by the humble of this world, supported, helped by them.

I am standing next to the place where Indira's beautiful feet, which she used to walk on this earth, came undone. With my hands clasped together, I am repeating what little I know of Sanskrit. And I imagine the figure that was lying there and is no more. "How can it be?", I ask myself. "Ah, it's all *Maya,* Illusion!".... And I begin to turn around the quadrilateral, until suddenly I find myself in front of Rajiv, who is standing there, dressed in white *hadhi*, holding his son in his arms, who is crying slowly, but disconsolately. I put my hands together again, now on his hands, look deep into his eyes and say: *"Lord, I honor* your *mother and your grandfather...". Namaste!*

He did not recognize me.

Before leaving I pick some dried flowers from the pyre and take them with me. I still keep them, under a portrait of Indira and inside a glass urn.

Once again in the crowd, lost in the middle of the legendary and sacred town, as before, not knowing where I am going. Until I hear the familiar voice of my driver, my friend, Michael:

"-Sahab, the Ambassador sent me to look for you. He was afraid you might get lost...".

Yes, they found me... But I am lost...

On the same day, as in a monarchical succession, Rajiv, the son, was appointed Prime Minister of the Government of India.

Isis has departed, */-foros* has replaced her. And he too will be torn to pieces, like *Osiris.*

In the garden of the Prime Ministers' residence, Rajiv is receiving the condolences and greetings of foreign dignitaries and ambassadors. I am standing in line and, before my turn comes, he has seen me, staring at me. Now, yes, he has recognized me! It is he who puts his hands on mine and, without taking his eyes off me, tells me everything with his eyes. I will never forget that expression of more than human pain, of despair, of affection, like that of a son looking for the support and tenderness of a father (that

C h a m b r i 1s , N a y 25, 1991

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Ousr ido MiQuel:

I am writing you a few lines to send you my sincere and sincere greeting pdsame by 1a muez te de Ram iv Gan dh1 .

You know that some friends around here think that R aj i v ere h1/ o yours : ' echoes of you in the past, as I told you in a past letter to you, and now your answer is the same.

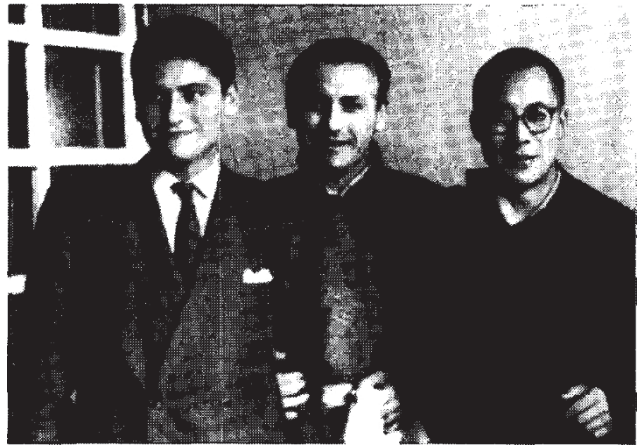
E a curio s o . tu commun c a st e a fyehr u 1 e e west e de1 p r o de - s or J un g ¡ y a h 0 ca s a c x enr a s s a g e o f t r a s ge ne c a t i o n s o f b u a n s enigos tu7os; Nehru - Indira - Rajiv. You have been Notary of the Mlstaria ' Higuel. with all the greatness and pain that this implies.

fi ect fi ect fi e a ffi ect fi ect fi e a ff e r t e r t e r t o t u am i g h t u r e a n d Se r z i d e Se r z i d or ,

Rafael

fi a f a el 0 ir S n S a e z .

Letter from a Catalan friend, on the death of Rajiv Gandhi.



With the Dalai Lama and my son José Miguel, the day we went to meet him in the Himalayas. The Dalai Lama was twenty-five years old.

did not have)... So, I walk away, followed by his eyes, until today...

* * *

I wrote to him, we wrote to each other. I received his last letter not long before his terrible assassination, in 1991, in which he was fired 2aron, as Osiris, precisely.

DESIGNATION

I have said that the Ambassador of the United States of America in India was Harry Barnes, who, having fulfilled his mission, had been appointed in Chile for the same position. A senior CIA agent.

I was introduced to him by John Galbraith, at Indira's funeral. A current of mutual antipathy immediately arose between am- bos. In Chile, he was there until the assassination attempt against General Pinochet.

THE DALAI LAMA

Only at the last moment did the Dalai Lama manage to escape the Chinese invasion. The Panchem Lama was kidnapped and hardly ever, if ever, heard from him in the future. Accompanied by some lamas, high dignitaries and followers of his people, the Dalai Lama crossed the high peaks and took the road to India, where Nehru would give him refuge in Dharmasala, near the Kangra valley in the foothills of the Himalayas, a region he occupies to this day, when he is not abroad, which is most of the time.

Riding a white horse, Nehru went to meet him in the Himalayas. I also decided to go. It was not for nothing that my Sacred Order governed Tibet and Hindostan.

I was accompanied by my son José Miguel. We met him near Musoori, a small village in the Himalayas. In homage to the Dalai Lama, I had a robe made with the royal brocade, a gift from the *Maharaja-Kumar* of Sikkim, all covered with levorotatory sw astikas, from the time of the *Bo,* from Tibet before Buddhism.

It was June 11, 1959. On that day the Dalai Lama was twenty-five years old.

Foto que me dedicara el Dalai Lama cuando le fuimos a recibir a los Himalaya. La dedicatoria y la firma (sobre su hombro derecho) se han borrado en el tiempo.

En la recepción que me dieron en mi despedida de India, con mi perrita Dolma.

The reception was formal, but the Dalai Lama would never forget it. He insistently wanted us to have our pictures taken, showing great interest in these machines, which may have been introduced to him by Harrer when he was still a child.

I saw him again in New Delhi at my farewell to India, and I spoke to him about my "astral detachments". Surrounded by his dignitaries, he did not want to elaborate on the subject. He referred, instead, to Lobsang Rampa and Harrer himself, with skepticism, affirming that they were trying many things about Tibet.

I then reminded him of what Harrer writes about him in his book *"Six Years in Tibet". He* says that, while still very young, the Dalai Lama studied in the texts of the *Siddhas* the techniques to detach the "astral body", the *Lingasarira.* And I asked him if he also believed it was possible to achieve this by projecting the psychic body (the *subtle corpus)* from a distance in a unique way.

He replied, "Yes, you can. There are several stages in this process. The texts point out, first, the concentration on the object! then, the partial dissociation of the mind, when the object is perceived, one is in it and at the same time one is not in it. And the third, when one is no longer in the object, or when one has penetrated it, or penetrated it, in such a way that it is the same as not being in it, because one is one with the object.... For all this one needs discipline and the appropriate Master.... It is very dangerous to go along these paths without a Master...".

He carefully measured his words, surrounded as he was by his dignitaries, who would take good note of his every utterance.

We communicated through an interpreter, as he still did not speak English.

I was bringing him as a gift a hurriilde ceramic from Quinchamal*, a black fish.[4]a black fish. "It is the sign of the ending Piscean Epoch," I told him, "Let us hope that in Aquarius His Holiness will recover Tibet". He l e t me know that he wished also to give me a gift, con- sulting me what he wanted. To say the least, almost as a joke, I replied:

---

24. Chilean village, famous for its handmade pottery.

With Dolma at my home in Vienna.

Dolma, painted by
Julio Escámez.

Shortly before Dolma was given an injection to die. She had cancer.

"One of those little Tibetan dogs, honey-colored and with hair over the eyes, which they call *'The Lyou of the Bach Door o[the Temple*' "of the real name is *"Aspro-Lhasa").*

And the Dalai Lama showed his complacency with a spontaneous laugh. He accepted.

A week later I was told by the Dalai Lama's Secretary that I could go to his house to pick up the present. It was a little dog with the name of the Tibetan Goddess, *Dolma.* A truly wonderful gift, an incarnation of that Goddess, I think, or of someone who wanted to come to earth to accompany me.

The tender story of *Dolma* I will have to tell in volume IV and last of these *"Memoirs of Him and Me".* If *Dolma* was not *HIM, she* was surely *HER, or* an important part of *HER.*

Dolma was with me at the family farewell dinner for Nehru and the recu peré in Yugoslavia, thanks to Indira. It was a gesture, a mysterious gift that unites me to the Dalai Lama, despite his mistakes and inconsistencies. It unites me to his *HE-, that* is, to all the Dalai Lama, beyond this present incarnation.

I have a letter from the Secretary of His Holiness certifying Dolma's provenance as the daughter of a dog of the Dalai Lama's brother and a bitch of Tensing Sherpa, the first Tibetan to reach the summit of Everest, along with Hillary.

I have met the Dalai Lama four times, the most important of which was the third, during the funeral of Indira Gandhi. The Dalai Lama was also present in Delhi, coming down from Dharmasala; but he did not move from the "Ashoka Hotel", nor did he show himself in public, so as not to create problems with China, as he himself declared to me.

When he heard that I was in New Delhi, he let me know that he wanted to see me. And the interview took place in his hotel rooms.

I had not had time to take my Indian costumes with me, much less my Tibetan robe. I bought an Indian blouse there, from *iiliadi,* and acquired a white silk sash to exchange at the ceremonial salutation.

It was hard to know if he had changed physically. I have, as you can see by comparing the photos (we had another one taken, of course).

My second interview with the Dalai Nama - the most important - in New Delhi, during Indira Gandhi's funeral.

SOCIEDAD ARGENTINA PROTECTORA
DE LOS ANIMALES

FUNDADA EL 24 DE SEPTIEMBRE DE 1891

AUTORIZADA POR LA LEY NACIONAL 4.856

La Comisión Directiva de esta Sociedad en ejercicio de las facultades que le otorga el Estatuto confiere el DIPLOMA DE HONOR

a Manuel Serrano

por su artículo en "La Prensa"

Diploma de Honor dado por la Sociedad Protectora de Animales de Argentina, por un artículo que publiqué en el diario "La Prensa" de Buenos Aires a la muerte de Dolma, titulada "Dolma, Historia de un Dulce Amor". Este artículo también apareció en "El Mercurio", de Santiago de Chile. Es el único premio que he recibido por un trabajo literario. Me llena de orgullo, por tener que ver con los animales.

Until now I have never revealed the transcendental conversation I had with the Dalai Lama in this meeting. If I do so now, it is for reasons that I will explain later.

At His Holiness' request, we were left alone in the room. He initiated the dialogue:

"-With Indira we are leaving one of the last rulers of India who knew us when we left Tibet and gave us asylum. I am afraid the new ones will not be so willing to protect us... You know, China has sent me messages to reach an agreement. You know, China has sent me messages to reach an agreement. What do you think? Should I accept?".

I did not hesitate long to answer him:

"Never! Look at what is happening with the Panchen Lama. You can't make deals with China unless you are more powerful than she is. It does not respect any pact; it only abides by force and power."

"-We, the Tibetans, have made big mistakes and today we are paying for it...".

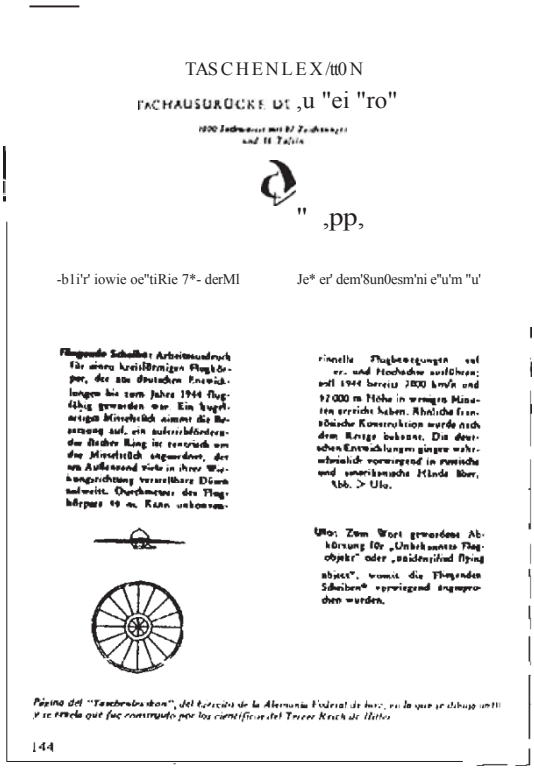
Without knowing what he was really referring to, I began a strange exposition:

"-The fate of Tibet is mysteriously linked to that of *Third Reich* Germany. They fall practically together, within a very few years of each other."

"But we are not Aryans. Although we are a very strong race...".

"Tantric Buddhism, the desire to transmute man, to recover a lost power, is Aryan. Perhaps there are the white *Ainian* giants in the origins. And the *S!wóstika Leuógira* del *Bo?* I believe, Your Holiness, that if Tibet falls with Hitler, it will also return with him... Do you know that the "Flying Discs", the *Ounis,* the *Vinians,* are Hitler's and were manufactured by the *Third Reich?".*

He showed no great surprise at my words and only asked me to provide evidence. I promised to send him a document circulating in the current German Army and in the Swiss Army, which was of great interest. And I complied, sending it to him by mail from Chile. I never knew if it reached him, because, in our fourth interview, in Santiago, we were prevented from talking. And he had already changed, finding himself, like Krishna Murti in his later days, surrounded and imprisoned by the agents of the *World Government.*



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Fliegende Scheiben: Arbeitsausdruck für einen kreisförmigen Flugkörper, der aus deutschen Entwicklungen bis zum Jahre 1944 flugfähig geworden war. Ein kugelartiges Mittelstück nimmt die Besatzung auf, ein außerordentlich starker Ringflügel ist rotierend um das Mittelstück angeordnet, der am Außenrand viele in ihrer Wirkungsrichtung verstellbare Düsen enthält. Durchmesser des Flugkörpers 40 m. Kann unbemannt

rinnella Flugbewegungen auf See und Hochsee ausführen; seit 1944 bereits 2800 km/h und 37 000 m Höhe in wenigen Minuten erreicht haben. Ähnliche französische Konstruktion wurde nach dem Krieg bekannt. Die deutschen Entwicklungen gingen wahrscheinlich vorwiegend in russische und amerikanische Hände über, Abb. > Ufo.

Ufo: Zum Wort gewordene Abkürzung für „Unbekanntes Flugobjekt" oder „unidentified flying object", womit die Fliegenden Scheiben" vorwiegend angesprochen wurden.

Página del "Taschenlexikon", del tercero de la Alemania Federal de hoy, en la que se dibuja un OVNI y se revela que fue construido por los científicos del Tercer Reich de Hitler

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Document on the UFOs of Te rc e r *Re i c h* . This document was circulating in the German and Swiss armies. I sent it to the Dalai Lama.

As a representative of the most powerful Order of Tibet and Hindostan, I welcome the Dalai Lama to Chile.

He came to Chile brought by one of those numerous organizations of weak-minded people who work, without knowing it, or perhaps knowing it, to destroy everything, to spoil everything, who call themselves Buddhists, without knowing what this means and are destroyers of nations, for the exclusive benefit of the most atrocious totalitarianism of a small group of criminals, who will enslave us. And the Dalai Lama, deceived, or naive, has lent himself to this, believing that in this way he will be able to recover his Magic Homeland and expel the Chinese. He has accepted the "Nobel Peace Prize" and must now pay the price, making an apology for democracy and declaring that he will impose it in a "regenerated" Tibet, where he, or someone else, will be elected by "popular vote", for 'one-armed man *was uri God"*. Besides, he would bring MacDonalds to Lhasa and put jeans on the lamas, I say. Now, I think it would have been perhaps better if he had accepted the Chinese offer, disappearing physically; but preserving the *Myth,* with the sacrifice of his earthly person. And I regret the advice I gave him.

However, in Chile, with the effort I made to be able to magically break the barriers and reach him, for a moment, for a single instant, the Tibetan magic, that of the *Swóstiha* of *Bo,* shone again in the luminosity of the Sacred Andes and like a legendary halo enveloped us both.

When he saw me, waiting for him at the airport, his whole figure transformed and the Dalai Lama headed straight for me, forgetting the rest.

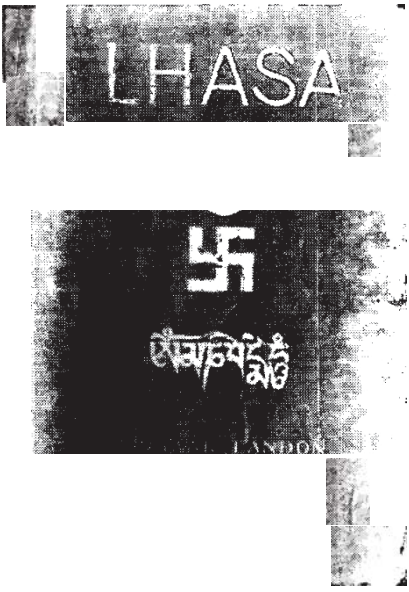
"Om Mane Padme Hum!".

"Hail, O Flower of the Lotus in the Hedgerow!".

THE END OF A GREAT DREAM

The Dalai Lama is always the same, like an Auoforo who has no rest, who, once he has left one body on earth, returns to another, after a brief lapse, and sometimes immediately, in a reincarnation *sur generis,* so to speak.

Shortly before his departure from his body, the Thirteenth Dalai Lama told the monks that he would provide clues for the meeting of his new body, or incarnation. Dead and seated in the lotus position in Lhasa, in the shadows of his old Potala palace, his corpse suddenly changed position, turning to the east, where the Dalai Lama's new body was to be found.



The Leboric swastika of ancient *Bo,* on the cover of a book on Lhasa by Englishman Perceval Landon.

Lama. Shortly thereafter, the Lhasa Oracle fell into a trance and prophesied that the Dalai Lama would be met again in the East. He also prophesied that he would be the last, for there would not be another.

But the years passed, long years, and the Dalai Lama did not reappear. The Regent then traveled to *Cho Khor Clye* Lake*, the* waters of which can show the future. And there he had a vision. He saw a convent with a golden roof, with blue linden trees and, next to it, a humble house. All this was in the East, always in the East.

Caravans of lamas set out in search of the vision of the lake. And one day, back in the East, in the regions bordering China, they found a Lamaist temple with a golden roof, surrounded by blue styles. Next to it stood the house of some poor peasants. Inside was indeed the body of the Fourteenth Dalai Lama, still a child. He recognized the objects shown to him that had belonged to his predecessor, the Thirteenth Dalai Lama, that is, to his previous body.

The child was taken to Lhasa, to the immense and gloomy Potala, far from his parents, separated from contact with other children, cut off from his childhood. He would no longer play; only severe monks, ascetics with concentrated faces, distant, deep as the lake of prophecies, would gradually teach him the science of the tantric *Stddhas*, of Lamaist Buddhism, together with the lost wisdom of Atlantis. Instead of running, he would meditate; instead of going through the long path of the caravans of the "Roof of the World", he would learn to travel through the deserts of the soul, to cross the steps of that inner route. This chosen

young man, in that strange and unique

procedure, through faith in reincarnations, he would no longer be a man, a peasant's son, an individual; he would be a symbol, a sign of liturgy, a magic cipher. He would begin his apprenticeship within the symbol, his life of legend. This Pope begins in the cradle. His drama, as a divine incarnation on earth, is greater, for it begins with life. No Pope in the West has ever been taken from his mother by the Church in his tender infancy.

The origin of the extraordinary Tibetan organization is not well known. The Lamaist institution itself, with its Dalai Lama and Pachen Lama at its head, cannot be very old, if we think of an average of sixty years for each Dalai Lama. Fourteen Dalai Lamas would give us no more than 840 years. That is to say, it would have begun in the 12th century of the Christian era. What existed prior to the introduction of Mahayan Buddhism is unknown to us. Tibet was a warlike country that invaded as far as China. The emperors of the Tang dynasty made pacts with Kashmir to fight their mortal enemy. Buddhism was brought to Tibet as a means of softening it, with the pacifist prodigy of its doctrine. *Patmasambhaua* is called the Master who brings Buddhism from India to Tibet. But Buddhism is transformed by the influence of the mysterious Tibetan tradition. It becomes magical and blends with Hindu polytheism. The tradition of a very special yoga and of an unknown psychic technique, whose existence long predates Buddhism and the Aryan invasion of India, modifies Buddhism beyond its very *Mahayana* aspect. It is the mysterious hiberborean tradition of the *Siddhas,* who predate the Aryans. It is important to know something very important: Aryan means *"born twice"*. The Aryans appear on earth after the disappearance of Hyperborea; perhaps in the confines of the great civilization of the Gobi (where Aryono Botar is really located), and they are the ones who recover a lost power, being *born again,* or *reborn.* They are the *Re-Ché,* the Super-Men.[25]. The *Siddha* is a mysterious being, semi-divine, *re-presentation* of the *Diuya,* of God, on the Polar Hyperborea. The *Siddhas* have donated to the Aryans the unwritten, revealed Wisdom, which teaches how to attain the

25. The crucifixion of Wotan on the *Iggdrasil* tree and his stay there for nine days and nine nights, until he rediscovers the runic *Futharh*, which he will give to the Aryans, symbolizes precisely this recovery of hyperborean wisdom.

immortality of the individual in body and soul, a Wisdom far anterior to the Buddhist position and to *Vedanta,* which aspires to the return to the *One* and the abolition of separate individuality. The *S!iddhas* transmit the memory to the Aryans of a technique that once existed, somewhere on earth, and that allowed man to be God, or more than the Gods (because he obtains *self-consciousness),* attaining totality and immortality.

In India the tradition tells that there are, hidden in the Himalayas, the *Siddha-Ashrams.* George Roerich gave me the names of the places of several of them. For Tibet, he mentioned to me *7'c/ti- gat- Tse.* Now this was precisely what the *Ahnenerbe* explorers were looking for in Tibet. And so was I. There is a Tibet prior to *Bo* himself, which uses the *S!wóstiha Leuógira* and which, for sure, was inhabited by Aryan giants *(íAinos),* as was Tiahuanacu and its mysterious civilization, from which the Inkas and their castes derived. Undoubtedly, the Dalai Lama, as a person, also because of his education, does not belong to that Tibet. The Lamaist organization chooses or finds its Supreme Guide in any social class, without taking into account the birth, but only the incarnation. That is to say, a pure spiritual aristocracy. And I believe that this is where he is mistaken. Spiritual aristocracy is not enough; racial aristocracy also counts, and in equal measure. This is also the error of the Catholic Church. Pope Pius XII, Prince Pacelli, for example, was far superior in every way to those who have followed him, especially the present Jew-Polish. Pius XII, moreover, had with him a Germanic *soror.*

With the invasion of Tibet by China, a great treasure was undoubtedly lost. My friend Lama Anagarika Govinda managed to escape, taking with him some *siddha* texts, according to him. I don't think so. He made, yes, a very good translation of *"The Tibetan Book of the Dead",* which was previously edited by Evans-Wentz, and which was also prefaced by Professor Jung.

The Tibetan and Inka civilizations were extraordinary. They voluntarily renounced the use of the wheel and moved on foot or by *yaEs,* across the high plains and enormous distances. Yet, despite the Chinese invasion, Tibet could have been saved if the Fourteenth Dalai Lama had truly been the incarnation of a Divinity, realizing the strength and power of his Legacy. And if he had remained solitary and on the peaks

of his *Dharmasala,* waging a Mental War, with the legendary science and technique of the *S(ddhas.* In the end, he would have triumphed. For at the center of the earth, in the *Inner Earth,* in the *"Hollow Earth",* are the hidden cities of *Agarthi* and *Shampula,* where the *King of the Inner World* resides, and where the giant *Sidd/tos,* those who did not leave Tibet, still remain. The Dalai Lama lacked the true *Power,* so did the Pachen Lama, and they had to *leave.*

So, I repeat, Tibet could have been saved (even losing here); but the Fourteenth Dalai Lama has given it the coup de grace, the death blow, thus fulfilling the prophecy of the Oracle that it will be the last and there will be no other. This Dalai Lama, who was my friend, has become "democratic", he has surrounded himself with Jewish advisors and interpreters; he has dedicated himself to travel the world, to visit "Disneyland", Hollywood, to have his portraits taken with artists, with rock singers, believing that democracies and "human rights" organizations will be able to give him back his Himalayan homeland. He has thus put an end to the last Great Dream of his people. And also of others.

He has desecrated the *Arquet(po.*

MY MISSION WAS IN TIBET

When I left for India in 1953, it was really in Tibet that I was to fulfill my mission. The Kailas is in the Transhimalayas. And that is why I spent almost ten years trying to reach it, turning through all the doors that lead there and that did not open for me. It seems that my destiny has been to try to reach two Sacred Mountains in this life, the **Kailás** and the Melimoyu, in the antipodes of the earth, without being able to settle or penetrate them physically, having failed in my attempts.

With the Master we studied the maps and read the books of Sven Hedin [26], the great Swedish explorer of the Transhimalaya,

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26. When it was all over, Sven Hedin published the following statement, which we reproduce here in English and which he signed in his own handwriting:

I am a profuse and imperishable memory of Adolf Hitler and I consider him as one of the most grotesque figures in history.

a friend of Adolf Hitler, who saw the Kailas, photographed it and drew it. My Master also painted it tirelessly, so that his room, like that of the Maharaja of Sikkim, was adorned with many pictures of a single motif. We read also the expeditions of Roerich in the Himalayas, of Professor Tucci in Tibet and those wonderful books of English military men, who traveled in those unknown or little traveled areas2°.

Uni uersal. Now, he is dead, but his work oiutró. *Germany's* /ttzo *a world power.*

"Now this people find themselves on the edge of a precipice, because their enemies are unable to withstand their growing power and strength.

"But the people of eighty million, who for years have not only been killed eleven times by the *oppression of 25 countries, but who have also struggled, could only be annihilated.*

"The memory of the great Führer will remain for centuries in the memory of the Olemöri people."

27. In beautiful enbound editions, with drawings and photographs taken a century ago, the hard-working expeditionaries narrated their adventures in the Himalayas and in unknown Tibet. Internal aban poems by Byron:

"Are riot the monretains, woYes, arid shies a part I Of me ond o/ my soul, as I of them? I Is not the Lone o(the.',e deep in my heart 1 Wilh a pure passion? Should I not condemn I All objects, If compared with these? Arid stem / A tide of suffering, rather thon forgo I Such feeling for the hard arid worldl y phlegm l Ofthose u hose eyes are orily Iurried below, I C!az irig upon the ground, with thoughts which dare not glOw?".

Captain Frank E. Younghusband, of the "Indian Staff Corps," includes it in his book "7'he *Heart of o Coritírierit,"* published in 1896. He adds:

"Greot deods cannot die I They, with sun end moon, / Renew their light I For euer blesiiig those that/ Looh on them."

Yes, "Great deeds will not die, with the sun and moon they will renew their light, blessing those who remember them." But will it be so?

Who thinks today of this captain and the other explorers and their books of less than a hundred years ago: *"Ko shmir",* by the same author, with beautiful illustrations by the painter Edward Molyneux; *"The Forbidderi Land",* by Henry Savage; ***"Lhoso",*** by Perceval Landon, special correspondent of *"The Times",* in 1905; *"Lhasa orid its Mysteries",* by

Dr. Juan Marin, my predecessor in India, and Blavatsky, the author of the *"**Secret** Doctrine"*.

The Italian professor Giuseppe Tucci, author of the "Diary of an Expedition to Tibet", with an appendix on "Tibetan Medicine", took from there treasures in paintings and writings. Knowing my Tartar collection, he wanted to see it in Old Delhi and visited me, bringing me as a gift a bronze statuette of the Goddess *Tara (he called* her *"Mother Earth"*). Like my paintings, my Persian carpets and so many other treasures, she too was lost in the years, Fate stripping me of those dreams, so that I could try to realize others, and others....

I decided, at the limit of my search in India, to visit the Master in Chile, to tell him about the failure of my Mission. As the reader will have noticed, in this book I will be following the following

I have the same style as in the two volumes of *"Memoirs"* that preceded it, mixing events and times, without maintaining a formal continuity, but rather interior, jumping to the future, or going back to the past and, sometimes, to the past and, sometimes, to the future.

Austine Waddel; *"Among the Himalaya",* by Major L. A. Waddel; *"Tibet end Nepol",* by A. Henry Savage Landor,' *"The F'rontier o(Baluchistori",* by G. P. Tate; *"An* Accourito/t/teffingdom *ofNepal oud of the Territories anriexed to this Domiriiori by the House of Gorbha",* by Francis Hamilton (formely Buchanan); *"The Transhimalaya",* by Sven Hedin; *"Diary of an Expedition to Tibet",* by Professor Giuseppe Tucci; *"The Tibet Nlisterioso",* by Fosco Maraini. Nobody remembers them anymore, not even in their own countries. Those stupendous Englishmen forged the Empire, and others took advantage of their efforts and their select race. Hitler admired them and so do I. Most of them were lost in remote lands and never returned, like that elder I found in the *Kul u Valley,* in the foothills of the fiot/tnn ***Poss,*** married to a Laddhak woman and keeping in his room an altar with the elephant god, Ganesha, son of Shiva and Parvati. Or the dentist Hadow, ("Shadow") of New Delhi, who also did not return. They dreamed and realized. In the end they were lost in their dreams. Some left beautiful books forgotten. But "their deeds will not die; they will continue to shine in the light of the sun and the moon" (in the Light *fncreodo)* and will help those, like me, who *"on every rock overhang, of the difficult path, have found one* /nierno *illuminating with their dreams"....* Of them, *"of those who*

walked it before me"...

present. I apologize for that; because life is that, at least for the one who suffers or enjoys it, a motley picture, with only one present in memory. But I am so immersed in the memories, which come and crowd together, that sometimes, very rarely, they make me rejoice and most of the time they make me suffer. It is as if I were talking to myself, sitting by this window, while I contemplate the sea. And the faces of all those who have gone, who are no more, come to visit me.

Yes, it was prior to the stories of my departure from India, of Nehru's and Indira's general, that I traveled to Chile to see the Master.

TILAK
AIRYANA VAEJO AND THE NIGHT OF THE GODS

Very shortly before my departure, in a small bookstore in Old Delhi, I had the pivotal encounter with a book by Lokamanya Lal Gangadhar Tilak: "*The Artíc Home in ltte Vedas"*, first published in 1903. Tilak was a scholar and thinker, as well as a fighter for India's independence. He died in 1920. His importance for the true history of the Aryan race of India is as transcendental as that of Dr. Nicolas Palacios for Chile, both having lived and published during the same years. Studying in depth the Vedic and Asvestic literature, Tilak comes to the conclusion that this wisdom corresponds to an interglacial period and that Airyono *VaeJo (Aryana Barj()* is connected with the *Ultima Thule* of the Greeks, so that the Indo-Aryans and the Indo-Germans really come from a great polar civilization that has disappeared. Some Vedic verses refer to the "Days and Nights of the Gods", of six months of polar duration. Mount Peru is situated at the *North* Pole (the Kail ás is its visible form on the present earth, as the Ganges would be of the invisible *river*, *Smorosoti)*. *Indra* holds there the sky that turns in an ancient and prolonged direction. The *Night or "Twilight of the Dtoses"* marks the end of the Polar Hyperborea, where "the sun did not set", of the *Solar Age,* giving way to the interglacial Atrynnn Voejo, until the arrival of another new ice age on earth. Iran (of a river), India and ancient Germania only remember this event in their legends and mythologies, with the existence of their Gods, *Ahura*

Mazda, Iridra and Wotari. In India the *Rishis,* in Iran the *Magi, in* Germania the *C!odi,* in Celtica the *Druids,* in Tiahuanacu the *Atumarurias,* among the Selcnam the hon magicians, are the keepers of this memory and tradition. But it is no longer India that preserves them in the "memory of their blood".

Calculating, by a hymn of the *Rig Veda,* which mentions the vernal equinox in the constellation of Orion, Tilak comes to the conclusion that astronomically this could only happen five thousand years B.C., that is, between seven or eight thousand years the end of the interglacial *Airyono Vae jo* and of the presence of the immortal Gods, to give way to that of the ephemeral men. Yes, the *Dinyas* disappear and the seven thousand years of the pilgrimage of the Viryos, the heroes, those who will be Aryans in the Gobi, in the Caucasus, in the Caspian Sea, in India, in the Danube and in Germany, begin.

But the *"Death of the Gods"* presupposes the *"Resurrection of the Gods".* Night and Day of the Gods.

There was another Hyperborea, millions of years ago, and there will be another one in time, in the Eternal Return. And it will be populated by resurrected Man-Gods, *"Twice Born",* with an Absolute Self. And there will be no more.

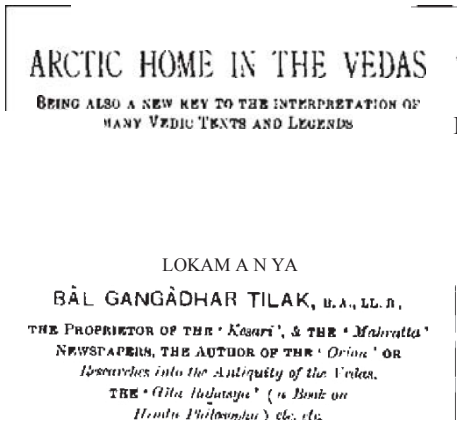
Without being able to find the entrances to the submerged cities of Hyperborea, it would be of no use for me to continue in India. The time had come to leave.

GLACIAL COSMOGONY

THE SECRET OF ANTARCTICA

"-Master, I failed to accomplish my Mission in the outside world. I did not reach the Kailás. The *lemurs* prevented me...".

"-I know; but it doesn't matter. Nothing is lost from an effort made to the end. Like Hitler, you have won the war by losing it..... However, it is not yet time to return to Chile. You will have to follow other tracks in Europe, to look for more antecedents there. *Chile, in the meantime, has suffered great evils, has reached the bottom of misery, to rise from there to become an example for America....* However, we must hurry. I do not have many years left here on earth. Also this Astro is approaching a new apocalyptic destruction... It is Hörbiger



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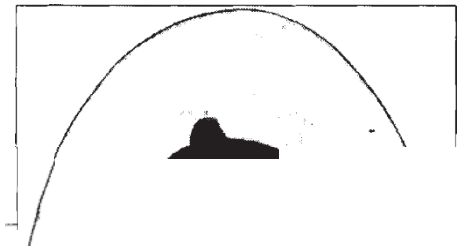

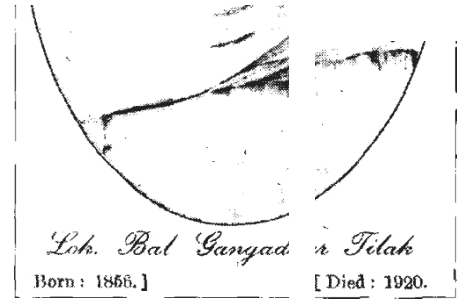

Philosopher and politician, Tilak.

(For the Earth will return, it will be reborn, and we will never leave it, we will always return here).[8] *(They will visit all the stars and find them empty. For they are inhabited by us....).* The Milky Way, according to him, is a ring of ice surrounding our solar system. Chunks of ice of enormous dimension have been thrown at a distance forty times greater than that of Neptune to the sun. And the sun receives, in addition, a continuous bombardment of ice, which feeds its energy, which is distributed on its surface and in its interior by the angelic hierarchies. Hörbiger confirms that sunspots are craters caused by the impacts of large blocks of cosmic ice, which are produced by pressure and temperature increase, 'sunspots' the size of a terrestrial continent. All this influences the Earth's climate. Hörbiger tells us that the earth has two sources of water production: ice dissolving from the Milky Way and zodiacal ice. If the impacts of the ice that the Earth's atmosphere receives are larger, there will be intense and unusual rainfall, preceded by hurricane-force winds that will unleash huge storms in the sea, with gigantic and surprising waves on its coasts and beaches. This is going to happen in Chile, in years when I am no longer here... A block of ice that penetrates the atmosphere displaces large masses of air, leaving an enormous vacuum, which fills with great violence when it evaporates. This is the cause of tornadoes, maelstroms, cyclones, waterspouts and tropical catastrophes, for the moment. But then they will also move to other areas of the earth. You will see... They are directed by the higher powers of the *Siddfios* outside, who have decided to do away with the animal-man, with the demon-man, with the worm-man.

"For Hörbi ger, in the Universe there is an enormous war between Ice and Fire. Hitler also believed so, feeling himself to be the representative of Fire. That is why he sent his warriors to face the ice of the Russian steppes with no clothes on their backs, but burning with the fire within, with their own fire. It is an Eternal War, which after an apparent and momentary defeat of the Fire, will be reborn, to restart. Because the same Ice feeds

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28. Professor Jung also **told** me**:** "Man will never be able to leave the world.
their land".

Solar Fire, as we have seen. Evil provokes the eternal rebirth of Good. They are the Pairs of Opposites of Creation, of the Eternal Return of the Same.

"In the periodic terrestrial destruction, the Moon plays a fundamental role. Five moons have already fallen on Earth. According to Hörbiger, what science regards as the sinking of the coasts is a rising of the waters under the influence of the Moon, which is getting closer and closer, resulting in the flooding of the continents and the civilizations that inhabit them. The time will come when the polar ice will advance towards the Equator as the Moon comes closer and closer to the Earth. Then the months will be shorter due to the speed of the Moon, which will increase until it coincides with the rotation of the Earth; this means that a month will be reduced to one day. Spectacular moment! The cataclysm will occur when the Moon will be about two and a half times its diameter from the Earth and when it will reach four revolutions per day around the star. *The Earth* ***will appear*** *as large as* if *it covered a third of all the stars'...*

"Hörbiger believes that the Fifth Moon was imprisoned by the Earth about thirteen mi1 years ago. The present one, the Sixth, was a planet whose orbit was situated between Mars and Earth. It had its own rotation, atmosphere and inhabitants. They were the ones who provided mind to some *fernurians,* primitive beings of the Earth, *robots* of the Demiurge, who had previously mated with animals, giving origin to the monkeys...

"Well, that's how Atlantis and the Rapa Nui continent disappeared.... But, do you know? Do not believe that Atlantis is submerged in the Atlantic Ocean. In fact, Atlantis comes from Atlas, the God who held in the Polar Hyperborea, on Mount *Mem, the* Pillar of Heaven. With the fall of the Moon, the Earth's Axis is deviated and the jump of the poles takes place. The North Pole becomes the South Pole and it is there where Atlantis is now, under huge ice sheets, submerged and intact; under the ice and not under the sea.

"Centuries later, the fertile regions of the Gobi dried up and today, under its sands, the marvelous cities of the Aryans, of the interglacial period, will be found. The true and most ancient Tiahuanacu also disappears. Humans seek refuge in the caverns of the heights, as once did the mindless men of Lemuria. But our people go to *Shamballah* and

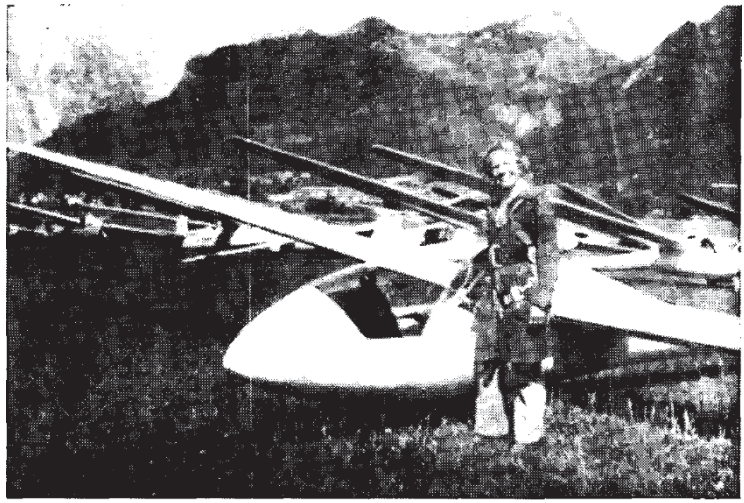
Agortha, to *Paititi and Elelliri,* to the *Ci age of the Caesars.* There is an entrance in the Kailós, there is also one in the Melimoyu. Failed his search there, he will have to continue it here, in this other Sacred Mount of Patagonia... But not yet. Besides, all this search is aimed at finding the internal and secret paths that lead to Atlantis, under Antarctica... And do you know who found them? Adolf Hitler. For the rest, you already know, because you were there with him. His voyage to Antarctica was successful; but now it is a question of uniting the interior territories. It is our Mission, just as some birds and insects carry pollen from flower to flower, we, the initiates of the *Sacred Order,* carry it from *shahra* to *shakra* of the Earth, following the *ley lines,* in the *geomantic* regions of the planet, so that the Earth may be reborn and immortalize its soul, together with ours, after the catastrophe. Also, so that Adolf Hitler may receive us together with his hosts and on his Fridays we may emerge together with him, from the *Hollow Earth,* from *Atlantis,* to fight *the last battle* and triumph. There, in the recovered Atlantis, in the Hyperborea of the South Pole, He has preserved the white race, dying on the surface of the earth.... I thank Him for His effort..... But the Masters, the Brahmans await him. He must come to deserve them. You have to continue... Already in the Hindu poems of deeds, in the *Bhagauad-* Giro, in the *Ramayana,* there is talk of theVimanas, rediscovered by the *'Other* ***Science'*** of the Third *Reich...".*

Thus spoke the Master.

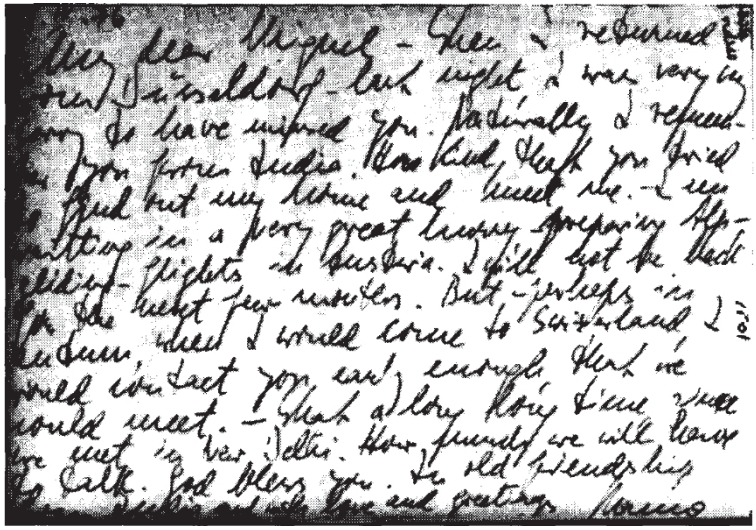
HANNA REITSCH

I returned quickly from my trip to Chile to prepare for my departure from India, to say goodbye to my dear friends. My eternal friends, who with so much affection welcomed me and helped me in my diplomatic work and in my hard search, during the almost ten years of my stay in their "surviving" land.

All this I have already said; but what I have not told is that one morning, opening the New Delhi newspaper, I came across the incredible news that there was in India, as a guest of **Prime** Minister Nehru, Hitler's famous aviator, the German test pilot, Hanna Reitsch.



National Socialist Germany's aviator Hanna Reitsch, together with her planned.



Reverse side of the above photo, with a letter written to me in English by Hanna Reitsch.

It was she who, together with the last Commander-in-Chief of the Third Reich Aviation, General Ritter von Gray, was with Adolf Hitler in the Berlin *Bunker* shortly before the end.

After my trip to Chile and my special conversation there, this was one of those magical synchronicities that recur in my existence to this day.

I asked my secretary to find out where the Nazi aviatrix was staying. She was staying at Prime Minister Nehru's house. I sent her an invitation to lunch at my Embassy the next day. And she accepted.

This was a meeting of the two of them alone, which lasted until late in the afternoon, in a conversation without rest or interruptions.

My hidden intention was none other than to hint at the possibility of a secret flight to the South Pole, in search of the entrance to the *"Hollow Earth",* to the lost Atlantis. But first I would have to find out who Hanna Reicht really was, what she knew and what she thought.

Very petite, slim, short; her face, furrowed by ruin, was marked by great suffering. She was in India to give lessons in gliding to Indian pilots, especially at the invitation of Nehru. She told me about her life. Since she was a child, she showed a special interest in airplanes and flying. Belonging to a traditional Christian family, she nostalgically recalled her childhood, surrounded by affection, civilization and culture; at home, before evening meals, music was "made" in the large living room, each one playing an instrument, her father, mother and siblings. Then, Adolf Hitler and dreams of greatness for her people. She had become a great aviator (much more than Anesia Pi ñeiro Machado), specializing in the risky test flights of the new war planes. She flew the first B-1, a missile-airplane, which would later be used against England. And he had a terrible accident. In the hospital, he received from the Commander-in-Chief of German Aviation, Hermann Goering, a huge bouquet of flowers, just once. Instead, Heinrich Himmler, the Chief of the *"ces/opo",* sent him three roses and a box of chocolates every day. When she left the hospital, her family advised her to go to the dreaded Chief of Police to thank him for his gesture. It was in this way that she met Himmler for the first time, Hanna Reitsch told me. And, to his surprise, he discovered an educated man with a sense of religious tradition, who quoted him as follows

(Like Goebbels, Himmler had been educated at the Jesuits).) He offered to receive her whenever she needed him.

And the occasion arose in the middle of the war, when a diplomatic friend, on duty in Stockholm, traveled to Germany on vacation and told her that there was a rumor going around in Sweden that Jews were being murdered in the *Reich.* Hanna decided to find out directly from Himmler and asked for an audience. He gave her an audience immediately. When she told him her concern and the source of it, Himmler stared at her and asked:

"-And do you believe it, Hanna?".

She answered him:

"-If it's not true, disprove it."

The next day all the newspapers in Germany denied the rumor.

"Later," Hanna told me, "a new opportunity presented itself to me. Because of my profession as an aviator, I was able to verify that there were no new or special weapons and I thought that Hitler was being deceived with false information. I wanted to see Himmler again to ask him to arrange an audience with the *Führer.* I spoke to him by telephone, as he was in Berchtesgaden. He told me that he would try and that he would call me back. He did so, and the audience with Hitler was granted.

Hanna described to me this interview which was puzzling for her. Hitler listened to her only at the beginning; but when she wanted to explain about the non-existent weapons, he "switched off" and started talking about other things and on his own, without listening to her any more.

"-It was disappointing," he would say to me.

Here I already began to make decisions, for I intuitively bought and made a notebook of what had happened. It was in any case absurd to go and talk to the *Führer* about secret weapons, a matter of his exclusive privacy and direction and which, therefore, and because they were secret, would have to be kept from Hanna Reitsch's knowledge. The *Vymanas,* the "Flying Discs", for example.

Hanna confessed to me that she had always thought that her mission would be to rescue the *Führer* by plane from the Chancellery. Therefore, when she was still convalescing from her accident and despite being forbidden to fly, she got a single-engine plane and flew over Berlin and the Chancellery. Soldiers with tanks and

With Hanna Reitsch in India.

"q. anti-aircraft guns saw it pass by and did not shoot at it.

"Because a German soldier 1 will never do so against an unarmed '-small plane."

he added.

And so it came for Hanna Reitsch, at the end of the war, the opportunity to be able to

The aim was to put into practice his pretensions of rescuing Hitler from the Chancellery *Bunker*.

As is known, in Germany there were many betrayals, besides the attempt on Hitler's life. Freemasonry, since the time of Frederick the Great, had adherents in the Prussian officialdom. It provoked the war, with the attack on Poland, in close contact with England. And a spy, like Canaris, even counted on Himmler's protection. Heydrich had discovered him and was assassinated for this very reason. André Brissa ud tells in his book, *"Hitler and the SI.S. Noir",* that Himmler made the condemned documents disappear from Heydrich's archives. The betrayal was tremendous and widespread. It is detailed by Colonel Ernst Remer in his book *"Werschwürung und Verrat um Hitler",* ("Conspiracy and Treason against Hitler") and also by Otto Skorzeny in his posthumous work, "Lu Cruerre *Innconue".* And Leon Degrelle revealed it to me personally, when he told me about his last visit to Himmler's HQ, in a besieged and bombed Berlin. His surprise was great when he saw that it kept all its lights on, while the rest of the city was in darkness. And when he saluted, raising his arm

and exclaiming *"Heil* Ht1/er!", no one answered him. "They didn't even get up from their seats," he added. Landich, author of *"Wolf Time in Thme',* who was the Chief of *S!.SL* Counter-espionage in Vienna, confessed to me that they had planned to take Hitler prisoner and make peace with the Westerners, to continue the war against Russia alone.

Himmler was expelled from his post by Hitler, for having entered into talks with the leaders of world Jewry, while offering peace to the Allies. He did the same with Goering, when he proposed to replace him as *Reich* Leader. It was then that Hanna Reitsch came into action.

Hitler replaces Goering as Supreme Chief of *Reich* Aviation with Air General Ritter von Gray, and orders him to come to Berlin from Berchtesgaden, where he was meeting Goering at his headquarters. This was a very difficult and dangerous undertaking, as the capital of the *Reich* was already completely isolated by Soviet aviation and forces. Von Gray remembered that the pilot, Hanna Reitsch, knew the area around the Chancellery in detail from her unauthorized flights in previous years, and decided to take her along. For this he sought the permission of Hanna's family, as the flight was almost suicidal at the time. Her parents were flattered, Hanna told me, that their daughter had been chosen for this heroic undertaking by the Chief of German Aviation. And so it was that they flew to the Berlin airfield, where they changed to a one-person plane; but, as she was so small, she managed to settle behind General von Gray, who was piloting it. Several fighter planes protected them, being shot down one after the other, also theirs was hit by Soviet fighter fire, wounding a projectile to the General, who lost consciousness. Hanna managed to take command of the machine and performed the feat of landing on a street near Hitler's *Ben Aer.* There an ambulance arrived and transported them inside.

While he was in the *Bunker* infirmary, *accompanying* the wounded man, Hitler appeared. He had come to see his General. "He put his hand on my shoulder," Hanna said to me, "and declared: 'I am proud of the German woman. In the midst of so much betrayal, you have shown me your loyalty.

"The *Bunker* was quiet and comfortable, the floor was carpeted, although there was no heating. There I met for the first time

time with Eva Braun, an ordinary woman of her type. As it was cold, she lent me her shawl. I was also with Goebbels' mistress, who was very concerned about her children. We wanted to stay until the end with Hitler; but he would not allow it. He ordered General von Gray to leave the *Bunker* and to gather all available planes to make an attack against the Russian lines encircling the city. He personally handed us some poison capsules, advising us to take them in case we were taken prisoner by the Soviets".

General Ritter von Gray carried out his *Führer*'s orders and with the last available aircraft attacked the enemy encircling Berlin.

Hanna and von Gray were taken prisoner by the Americans. Von Gray committed suicide in his Nuremberg prison. According to Hanna, he did it so that he would not have to testify against Goering, whom he blamed for the German aviation disaster. "If he had lived, he would have divorced to marry me," she confessed to me.

Much of what I tell here will have come out later in her memoirs, I think; but I do not know, for I have not read them. Remembering those times, Hanna Reitsch wept. While she was in prison, the Americans offered to release her in exchange for her going to collaborate with their country's air force. She refused, accusing them of being her enemies and of having destroyed her cities in indiscriminate bombing raids. They asked her to think about their offer and returned the next day, only to find themselves faced with the same refusal. "But you can't live without flying," they told her.

'W that's r i g h t," she confirmed to me. "That's why I'm now in India and tomorrow in Ghana, acting as a fighter pilot and gliding instructor."

At the end of our interview she made a confession to me, asking me to keep it secret, "so as not to disappoint her old Nazi comrades": She had reconverted to Christianity, which was her family's religion. She had done so "because of a priest who visited her in prison and comforted her in those hard and difficult moments".

I attended a lecture Hanna Reitsch gave in New Delhi. Then she had me come from Germany, with a Russian Count,

I think, a disc with Beethoven's "Violin Concerto", and I did not see her again until many years later, when I was in Switzerland and I was thinking of returning definitively to Chile, with the military already in power. I thought it possible to invite her, and at the same time to convince her to make a "secret flight" (like those she made in Berlin in former times) to Antarctica, to penetrate through the "polar opening", to the *"Hollow Earth",* to Atlantis, where the *Führer was.*

For, as I tell in my books *"Adol[Httler, the* Ultimate Adventurer" and *"Manu. For the Man Who Came",* Hitler did not die in Berlin, nor did he lose the war. Long before, already in 1938, he had discovered the hidden way to Atlantis, under the ice of the South Pole, and his submarines reached there. After the failure of the "Rudolf Hess Mission", Hitler began to prepare his *"Parallel Triumph",* so to speak, by transporting the best of his race, young leaders, to the "Onsts *of the Ice",* to the "Unassailable Paradise". All he needed was his Ultimate Weapon, achieved through the mastery of *Implosion:* the *Vimana, the* "Flying Disc". It arrived with the help of *Aldebaran...*

Himmler was left out, as were other leaders, for reasons known only to Hitler. Knowing that he had been left out of a great secret (of the real "Operation *Barbarossa",* of the *Resurrection on the South Pole Ice,* which began to take place together with the attack on Russia), Himmler consummated his betrayal.

Hanna Reitsch was a different Hanna when I met her again, after more than ten years, in her apartment in the city of Frankfurt, in the Federal Republic of Germany. The process of transformation, which had already begun when I saw her in India, from the heroic Nazi aviator to the "brainwashed" Christian militant, had reached its culmination. Dining the two of us alone, I let her speak first, before revealing my plan to her. It soon dawned on me that I had nothing to do. Without preamble, she began by "telling me," as she claimed, "the drama of the last days of the war, brought to a catastrophic end by a drugged and drug-addicted Hitler".... She had come to discover it now, when she invited for a conversation two doctors, one a supporter of National Socialism and the other an opponent, who had been with Hitler and coincided in the

a preciation... "For six months, I had each one of them here, where you are sitting, interrogating them....".

I really couldn't get out of my stupor. I interrupted her: "Hanna, but you told me in New Delhi that during your visit to

to the *Bunber,* when Adolf Hitler came to the infirmary and put his hand on your shoulder, to thank you... You saw him... Did he look like a drugged man to you?...".

Hanna Reitsch blanched. She fell silent, swallowed saliva. And after a long silence, taking up her glass, with trembling hand, she m usitured:

"-No..., I didn't think so...".

From then on, our conversation took a different direction. She told me about the difficulties she had h a d to face in order to survive. Hans Rudel had invited her to leave Germany for Paraguay. Otto Skorzeny, on the other hand, had engaged her by taking a picture with her at an airport. But Hanna had wanted to stay in Germany and work in her own country. On the other hand, the British and American aviators had invited her and paid tribute to her. And I said to myself: "The only thing missing was for Israel to do it"...

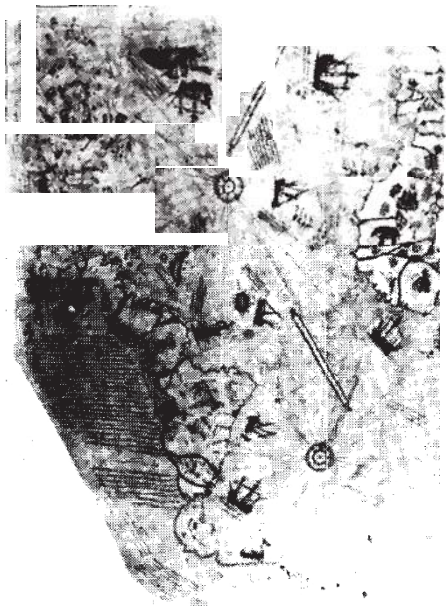
Near the end of that dinner, I decided to ask him if he believed in the *Ounis,* in the "Flying Disks". He replied that he had talked about it with von Braun and that he believed in their existence; but that "they came from enormous distances in the Universe".

"From Aldebaran," I said to myself.

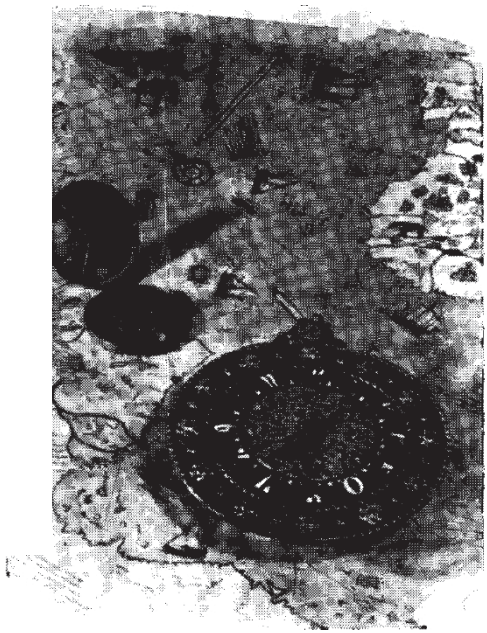
"Von Braun is suffering from a very advanced cancer.... And, by the way, also the priest who comforted me in prison, my mentor, is hospitalized with the same disease. Every morning, first thing in the morning, I go to accompany him and read to him the drafts of my memoirs. It's like a confession. And he approves of them... I ask you to pray for him".

"-Do you know," I said, "that von Braun surely knew that his fellow scientists and savants had already mastered the *Implosion** Without it there would have been no real atomic bomb, which Hitler had and did not want to use, as unnecessary already for his real *"Operation Barbarossa."* Von Braun diverted and kept the American western science focused on the *Explosion".*

So I said goodbye to her forever.



The mysterious Piri Reis map. Like the Nasca lines, it seems to have been designed from a great height.



El mismo mapa de Piri Reis con unas brújulas sobre él.

Of those times, I know of only two women who remained faithful to Hitler and his ideals to the end: Savitri Devi, "who did not see him and believed", and Winifred Wagner, who was English, and a third, still alive, is Florentine Rost van Tonningen, a Dutchwoman.

Hanna Reitsch did not reach the end of her "tragic flight". Neither did the brilliant filmmaker Leni Rifensthal. They lacked courage and moral integrity.

It is curious, however, because at the time of the *C!ran Dissolution,* when the end of an Era and of a World is approaching, it is the *Mothers* who take the *Sacred Lamps* and project them towards the *Resurrection.*

Because the Heroes have died in the Combat.

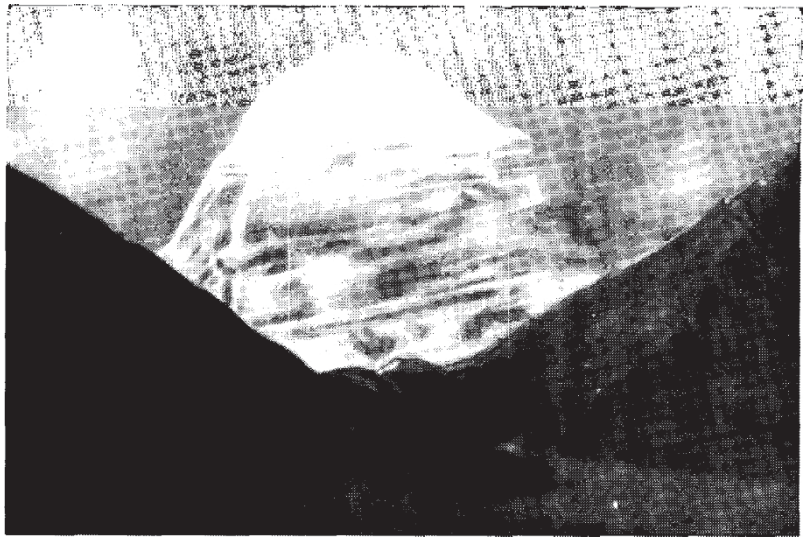
And it will be the Priestesses of Esoteric Hitlerism, who will continue to maintain the Sunset Light, when I am gone.

THE ASHVINS

They are the *twin* ***warriors*** of India, coming from Hyperborea; or perhaps, from Airyona *Vae jo.* Perhaps one is called Dr- *Bar-ls (Auris).* They are two comrades, two friends, holding hands. They have died many times, the last time fighting at Thermopylae. They may have been Jason and me.

I saw them o n c e, many years ago, walking under the sea. And I thought they were two suicides. I wrote it in the prologue of my book about Antarctica, *Who Calls the Ice",* in the chapter *"The* ***Sea". They*** could also have been *Castor and Polux,* the Mortal and the Immortal, the Ice and the Fire. The constellation of *cezinis,* which plunges into the cosmic waters, trying to commit suicide, to provoke the most tremendous tragedy, as Jupiter did, when he began to write these *"Memoirs".*

Arktiko and Antarktiko, Hyperborea and Lemuria, Ice and Fire, Man and Woman; Poles of Opposites, without which there will never be Death, **nor true *Resurrection.***



Whoever sent me this painting has written on the back: "The Throne of the Gods".

The sacred Melimoyu mountain, replica in the "HipeFóbórea del Sur" of the Kailás and Meru.

EPILOGUE

Today, Tuesday, March 10, year 108 of the Hitler Era (1998 Judeo-Christian Era), I conclude Volume Three of the *"Memoirs of Him and Me"*.

In ten there are two fives, and at five o'clock this afternoon there will be three fives: *555;* the hyperborean number of the *Orphic Róbo/o,* the Hyranin-Crorho-ffnt'do, the *Aryan Kóbala.* And this number is also that of my castle, in which I live in the old city of Valparaiso, on Germany Avenue, of ancient Germany, and where I have written the three volumes of these *"Memoirs"*.

I did not think it would be four volumes at the end; but it happens that having opened the floodgates of memory, memories have flooded me, like the great wave that, they say, submerged the Patri a Primi genia. And the faces of the dead, of those who have disappeared, come and crowd in, together with their chores, asking me to bring them back to the light of the old days and to stamp their names on the *"overhanging rocks",* so that "there they will remain *shining, with their torches burning, as signs for those who will later come*"..... If they come.

And even though I tell them: "*there is no time,* there *is* no time, *because time is up!",* they do not listen to me, insisting and repeating the legendary verse of the *"Edda". And perhaps* o/some dto *was found there by the gerieraciones nnenas. But it was written in Runes, in the incomprehensible and sacred language. For only that which is not understood will be eternal. And to* you *no one will ever read it.*

I will, I will. I promise!

And the next Book, which I will begin, and which will be the last, because there is no more to say, nor anything to remember, will refer to my last search in a West that has already disappeared, that is no more, and to my definitive return to Chile, in search of the entrances to the Sacred Mount of Patagonia, the *Melimoyu,* antipode of the Kailás and also terrestrial reflection of the Spiritual and "Analogous" Mount, *Mera.* With the eager attempt to gather the best of the youth of this South of the World, of the Hyperborea of the South Pole.

It will also describe the atmosphere of a Chile under the Military Government and the regime of unbridled consumerism, with the personal efforts made to totally disassociate the

National Socialism and Hitlerism from any commitment to that regime, to consumer society, supercapitalism and usury.

And it was thanks to me' that this was achieved.

The last Book of these *"Memoirs"* should end as a *"Symphony of Total Synchronism",* between the Drama of the Mystical Homeland, of the Landscape of the South of the World and the *Resurrection of the Soul of Man-God.*

Strange Book! It is dictated to me by HIM...

Three have *come; but the fourth is not here.*
And he is the one who thinks for the others!

Closing the door of this 1íbro.

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Miguel Serrano

MEMORIES OF
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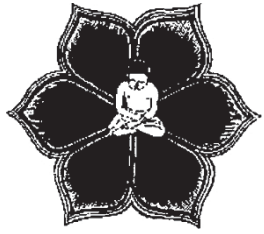
Volume IV

The Return



YEAR 110

Ediciones La Nueva Edad

The cover illustration of this Fourth Volume has been made by *EL.*

As in the previous books, I must once again thank Sabela, the *meigo* from Galicia, who, with her white magic, neutralizes the black magic of the computer.

OMiguel Serrano F.,
1999 MEMOIRS OF HIM
AND ME
I nseription No.: 109.21 l
I.S.B.N.: 956-288-290-X

IM PRISONER IN CHILE

Printed by
Ediciones Mar del Plata, which only acts as printer.

INTRODUCTION

Today is the 5th of November of the 109th year of our Era and I begin this fourth and last book of my *Opus Alchi niicum.* The *"four of three",* as Jung would say. I did not know that a fourth stage was necessary to complete the *Opera Magna,* but my *El* did, *and it* has t a k e n me to that point where gold reigns, the color of the *soma* of Hyperborea, of liquid gold, of *aumm potabile,* that which is drunk and gives eternal life: black *(nigredo),* white *(albedo),* red *(rubedo),* golden (*lauram).*

And here I am. This is where I'm going, on the most difficult of roads. On the edge of this "tightrope walker's sword", on the edge of two apisms. On the edge of this magical country, called Chile.

Two things I have in my house in Va lparaiso: a very old mirror, on the porch. I ask visitors to look at themselves before I allow them to enter, for the face reflected there is not the face of today, but of previous incarnations. According to what appears there, it will be my reception.

I also have a hanging clock, made of rosewood. But something is wrong with the clock. It gives crystalline chimes that resonate throughout the house and that have nothing to do with the time of "here", of this world, but of another. I have left it like that, because it is unique with "those over there", as Barreto would say, with those who are already gone, with those who are on the other side of the mirror, or in the old mirror out there. That clock gives me the time of the other world. It is the communication between this house and the "other". Between *Him* and *me.*

Now, for example, when I have begun to write this fourth volume, it is eight o'clock in the morning of a gray day on earth. And the clock has struck d oce chimes, its maximum. I am still far from that other world. And I know that there, on that "other side," it is a sunny day. It is the Golden Age.

At the end of this Book the clock should strike thirteen times, or perhaps less than one, marking the time to start all over again.

Este es nuestro camino: vamos en equilibrio por una cuerda que nosotros mismos sostenemos, sobre el abismo, desde la torre de la Orden Guerrera hacia *Oiyehue*, Venus, la Estrella de la Mañana. Sólo la Voluntad y la Fe nos permiten continuar. Si dudamos, soltaremos la cuerda y nos precipitaremos en el abismo.

PART ONE

WHAT IS HAPPENING

A NON-EXISTENT CONVERSATION

I have just returned from Concepción. It had been many years since I had been in that beautiful city. Since the days of Julio Escámez, or with the artist Eduardo Meissner. I remember an amazing party, in the countryside, organized by Meissner's wife, at the inauguration of a kindergarten. It was **1973,** the military coup had just taken place and the open-air venue was surrounded by armed forces with machine guns, while inside the people were eating, drinking and dancing like in a Bruegel painting. I had invited Ute, an Austrian friend visiting Chile. The town's orchestra played Mozart, with its musicians dressed up in black tie while, elsewhere, cuecas were being sung: "Acelera, saco de peras. Aserrucha..., sack of pears again! ..". That same year I was invited to give a talk at the University. The invitation was made by Hagen Gleissner, in charge of public relations, or something like that. I was paid for my intervention. I read a paper in homage to Ezra Pound, on two consecutive days, and this essay became the first volume of my "Trilogy of Esoteric Hitlerism", which I published under the title "The Golden Cord". I had written it in Montagnola, in the Ticino, in Hermann Hesse's old Camuzzi House, and I had finished it in Nietzsche's refuge, in Sils Maria, in the heights of the Engadine, in the Swiss Alps.

But my first visit to the city of Concepción was in 1962, if I remember correctly. I was brought from India to an international conference, organized by the poet Gonzalo Rojas and when Stichkin was rector of the University. That Faculty, so important in Chile, was directed in other times by Don Enrique Molina, philosopher and founder of the "Atenea" magazine, the most prestigious in the country and where I collaborated with essays and short stories, since I was very young.

It was during this symposium that I also met the me- dium Galtó. Having been in the wrong room, I found myself in front of a person sitting behind a desk, giving a lecture to a group of students. It was the lawyer and university professor, Jaime Galtó. We looked at each other for a moment. And I withdrew silently, without saying anything.

The intelligentsia of those years, as it is today, was leftist, almost all of it communist, with few exceptions. It was led by Pablo Neruda, the star figure of that convocation. *We* managed not to meet. I arrived the day after his speech, when he had already left. There remained, yes, the Mexican Carlos Fuentes and Alejo Carpentier, from Cuba. The latter stayed until the end of my talk and asked several questions. I think my work was entitled "The True Revolution" and I had read it before, in English, in India and I would repeat it again ten years later in New York, at Columbia University and in Santiago, during the Allende government. He interpreted history as a pendular movement between the different "instances" of man ("instan- cias", or *shahras).* South Americans were conditioned by the *shahra inuladhara or swodistona,* so that Antarctica would geographically represent something like the sex of the world (the *Kundolini* serpent*).* The Ja Poneses, for example, "thought" with the *shahro* Manipura, of the solar plexus, the center of their soul. That is why, to free it, they make the *harahiri* there. The change of epochs in human history was equivalent to the activation and expression of a new "instance", which replaced the old one, already stratified in a "civilization". Hence that expression of joy, of rebirth of energy on entering a new "epoch", expressed in the cry of Ulrich von Hutten, Erasmus' friend. "i8°é bello es vivir!". With the decadence and death of civilization, of the western "instance", it would be coming the turn for the expression of South America.

I remember how eagerly the delegates listened to me.
ja poneses, especially when I recited a poem of the very ancient civilization of Mohenjo Daro, in a language older than Sanskrit, perhaps with similarities to that of the first Rapa Nui, and who knows if with archaic Japanese, or with the language of Atlantis.

"han mmm Tubu Tubu Karam
ugil Urueli orur Edu etu ru
uyarel Ir ar ire per Kadauul".

The Ja Poneses commented: "There is no more time for that, for the change you are promoting". And this was said almost forty years ago.

Something was vibrating in the air in those days, an enthusiasm, a faith, a hope among the attendees and the young communist university students. I also remember arriving unexpectedly and without knowing it, to a room where a meeting was being held with Russian delegates and where marches and hymns of the revolution were being sung. When I entered, they fell silent. I left them, remembering our times and the National Socialist comrades, with our combat songs. For me it was the past; for them, the present and perhaps the future.

The philosopher Jorge Millas, a former student of the Barros Arana boarding school, was worried. He took me aside to express his concern: "This is a meeting of the Stalinists and we are playing the role of a party. That Rector Stichkin, with a typical attitude, has vanished and is not even present in the city of Concepción. He summoned and now he does not show his face. You are the only one who has referred to communism as a "stratified instance" and the national radios have mentioned it. But all the other delegates, who have come from the rest of the world, are Stalin's chorus. Except for you, the Japanese and me, the only ones..... .".

Later, a Russian delegate spoke of biological materialism, or something of the sort, with scientific arguments for dubious mental, but which, nevertheless, were the same ones that ravaged several generations of young Soviets. Years ago, then, on a visit to Leningrad, a Stalinist hierarch thought to impress us, in the old cathedral, by showing us a pendulum hanging from the dome. Swinging it, he explained to us the law of gravity. "There is nothing miraculous in this," he told us, "pure science." And he looked at us sympathetically, as if thinking, "At last.

---

1. "The green god who possesses the two paths of the high
   sounding sun is coming out in the year of Orur.
   to the land of rain clouds
   to the approximate scale of the sonorous thunder".

someone teaches them the truth. We could not suppress our laughter. He did not understand anything and decided to end his master class on "scientific materialism".

Now, in Concepción, I discussed with the Soviet delegate. I asked him if the man lasted after death. He thought for a moment and answered: "Possibly, in his ideas".

"-What is the *Idea?",* I insisted.

Then, Gonzalo Rojas took me by the arm and interrupted me: "-You are tired, after your intense talk, let's go around the city; I will show it to you...".

He was sitting on the dais with the organizers and as I spoke I saw him get excited when I referred to the humble twigs of the Andean peaks, with which I had conversed in my adolescence.

Now, after forty years, again in Concepción and on the same stage, in a tribute in his honor and also surrounded by left-wing intellectuals, even when Leninist Marxism no longer exists and Stalin has disappeared, I am going to speak again. And I say:

"I don't attend events or meetings. In truth, nerica I have done it, almost never. Only here, in Concepción, invited, and in honor of my friend Gonzalo Rojas. The last uez was almost forty years ago, eri an international sim posi um. Slaluo Gonzalo and I, almost all those who attended are no longer here. They passed away. *Pauli, Carpenl jer, Jorge Millas, Ne ruda, Luis 0 yarzún (and Dr. iban Martín, who is still there?). I remember the enthusiasm of the Stalinists. Enthusiasm full of illusions and dreams. And their songs, Junlo to the Russian delegates. And int discussion with uri delegate about the life of death. And you, Clonzalo, with great discretion and diplomacy, taking me by the arm and inviting me to tour and get to know the city, which I was visiting for the first time. "Then, the parties, the dances, with Nilda Ná fiel del Prado, the goldsmith, beautiful and delicate,* and *Nemesío Ant Aries and Lu is 0 yarzún, crowned Bacchus. I remember it all as if it were yesterday. ¥ when I spoke in my talk about the mountains of our potria, about the high peaks and the twigs found there, asking me: what would become of them now, if they would still remember what conuersó bamos, eri the lenguaJe of the slopes and the nieues? I saw qve you thrilled him. Today I know that they are still there and that they still remember, because for them everything*

is only yesterday, or is it today, because its time is that of the Land of the El jos. And its small memory and its immortality are only altered by the wind... "You were moved then, and perhaps you are moved today, remembering the years, the faces, the dreams, the ideals destroyed by the time of this othe, of the history of this land of ours, each time more distant from the Land of the Elves, which rivers sheltered in the past.

antaíio.

"I wanted to be present at this well-deserved tribute to a great poet, who has lived as a poet, with courage and consequence, and who has made friendship a cult, as it was before in our ***country.*** *The cult, the religion of friendship, with no fear of being upset, without fear of the consequences, without hesitation because the friend is an accursed poet, or holds other ideas, other ideals.*

"With Gonzalo Rojas, as with *Jorge Teillier, I have not met him more than three times in my life. And, nevertheless, I have* considered *both of them close friends, as if this matter were rather a relationship of eternities or, as a htnd Si. would say, of past reincarnations, so that we do not need to meet often here, because we have already met each other a lot in the long ages of the past, beyond this time (in the Time of the El fos).*

"I know that you were also a friend of Jorge Teillier, how he would have loved to be here to pay you a poet-to-poet homage.... Well, I wanted to bring him with me now, and that is why he is sitting here, next to us. You and I feel it and we feel it. Isn't that right, C!onzalo?...

"Dear friend, thank you for allowing me to be with you again on such a special occasion.

"When will we meet again? My path is no longer other than to climb the high peaks of our sacred mountains, with great difficulty now, in search again of the lost twigs, left there in my youth, in order to revive the story and the reading, unt erm m pr two of yore.

"I want to end these words in honor of the poet, with the uerse of my eternal friend, Ezra Pound: "Hold fast to old dreams lest our world lose hope!".

"From poet to poet." ..

I was applauded, because the public of Concepción has always been favorable to me. Gonzalo Rojas embraced me with emotion and sat next to me. The writer Antonio Avari a was the "moderator".

(I have never known what that is); Vicuña and Volodia Teitelboim also spoke, before me. This Volodia thing has become a necessary habit. They invite him together with me as if to justify themselves, as if to "apologize"; as if they were saying: "If we invite a communist we can also invite a Nazi".

My son José Miguel came to Concepción to accompany me and another young comrade from Santiago. In addition, I met a German comrade there, an SS veteran of the Great War. With them and another young man from Concepción we went to visit the settlers of Villa Baviera (former Colonia Dignidad) in their restaurant in Bulnes. And it was touching the reception they gave me, thanking me for the defense I have made for them in these terrible times they have had to live. The women gave me a beautiful red rose, which I will always keep in my meditation sanctuary. And we went to see the open-air zodiac, which they built there. Aldebaran has preference. It is his last refuge and there he will leave, like the Sumerians, tired of so much persecution. But when they do, Chile will be over. Because they and I are the magical protection that even this Homeland has.

It is not for nothing that time has passed and so much has happened. The atmosphere here is different. The beautiful city has been destroyed with high-rise buildings and a complicated mobilization, as in Santiago. Maybe its inhabitants don't realize it and take pride in the "progre- so". But I cannot help remembering that joyful vibration of other years, of the soul and the environment, which gave faith, ideal and hope, whatever they were. Nemesio Antúnez, the painter, still very young; Luis Oyarzún, Dr. Hernán San Martín, Dr. Lara, the beautiful and delicate Nilda Núñez del Prado. Their parties, their dreams. And even then I was admitted among them, as I am today. But now I am the one who maintains hope and they have lost it forever.

This is noticeable in the air, in things.

Nilda, the great Nilda... Very white complexion and light eyes. She was a goldsmith and her sister, Marina, a sculptor. Both exhibited in Concepción, at that meeting almost forty years ago. They died already *(the and* ***passed*** oscy). Neither Alvaro Flaño nor I will ever forget Nilda. That time I went to see her jewelry exhibition. She was Bolivian and created them with very old materials, with found turquoises.

.... .- - . . .. . -

Necklace of the Queen of Sheba, made by the great Bolivian goldsmith Nilda Núñez del Prado. She gave it to me saying: "She has ordered me to give it to you".

I was looking at the tombs of the Incas. Walking through the exhibits on the walls, I stopped in front of an extracted jewel. Underneath it was written: "Necklace of the Queen of Sheba". I hear a soft voice, with a charming accent, from the neighboring country. It was Nilda, whom I did not yet know. She delicately unhooked the necklace from the wall and put it around my neck.

"It's yours," he told me. "Last night I had a dream about the Queen of Sheba. She explained to me long ago how to make this necklace. And now she spoke to me, saying: 'Give it to him, it belongs to him...! It's yours!...'".

I had just published my book "The Visits of the Queen of Sheba" in India.

Yes, nothing is the same. Nor is anyone. Perhaps only Gonzalo Rojas remains faithful to the old dreams and friends of those years. Only he, loyal to me to the end, as I was to him. Volodia Teitelboim, for example, is no longer the same. There is a sadness that he does not hide, as if something had died suddenly, before its time, and that is detached from his presence like a gray halo.

For the world it would be necessary to explain who Volodia Teitelboim was. I am going to talk about him here, because he has talked about me quite a lot in his books, all published in recent times and only after the destruction of Bolshevism. Unlike me, who never stopped writing in all the long years since our

adolescence, I have never stopped writing.

Volodya published almost nothing, because he belonged to the "Vatican" of the "Third International", or "Third Rome of Moscow". And to him, as to the priests (as to my nationalist comrade Roberto Vega Blanlot, who, having become a priest, obtained the authorization of the ecclesiastical hierarchy to write the "History of Chilean Nazism", but never obtained it to publish it), the "Bolshevik-Stalinist curia" must not have allowed Volodia to write for forty years, or more. Now he is desperately trying to make up for lost time.

We met more than sixty years ago, at my uncle Vicente Huidobro's house, in the nightly literary gatherings, in his house-apartment of the "Alameda de las Delicias", as it was then called the current Avenida O'Higgins. I was not a regular at these meetings, attending sporadically. Eduardo Anguita, Bra ulio Arenas, Teófilo Cid, Eduardo Molina Ventura, Enrique Gómez Correa, Carlos Vattier used to go there. Except for the latter, all of us were no more than eighteen years old. Women then did not frequent this type of literary gatherings, as they do today. They chatted, drank and smoked. I only talked or discussed -with Volodia-, because I did not drink or smoke. Vicente walked around with his "Havana cigar" and distributed his Santa Rita wine with moderation among the disciples and attendees. Only one woman attended, and not always, curled up on a sofa, on cushions, like a golden cat, without uttering a word and observing everything with big blue eyes. She was Ximena Amunó tegui, the poet's beloved.

I once took Julio Molina Müller and Héctor Barreto there. Julio returned on his own, several times; but Hector did not.

That atmosphere was so different from that of our "bohemian" bar "La Miss Universo" on San Diego Street, with our Chilean humor and reminiscences of heroic and classical Greece. Here France was adored and French voices, quotes from surrealist poems or Vicente Huidobro's "Creationism" were mixed in Spanish. I had nothing to do there either, since my training, even then, was in German thought and philosophy. The only one I could enter into discussion with was Volodia Teitelboim, as I have said, for being a Marxist and knowing - or rather, "using" - Hegel's dialectics, distorting it with historical materialism. I told him -and he recalls it in his books of memoirs about Huidobro and others- that "Dialectics was a

infernal machine", because "it was as good for a sweeping as for a scrubbing".

How curious! But Teitelboim and Barreto didn't get to know each other.

They were already communists and Héctor joined the Socialist Party in those years. But he did it for poetic reasons, let's say, and he was never interested in Marxism: "He was saddened by the poor children, barefoot under the rain".

Although women did not participate in these parties of poetry and intellect, much less in our nightly meetings in the bars, some beauties of the time appeared from time to time in Huidobro's house. Maria Galliano, for example. Her sister Elena married Carlos Vasallo, a lawyer and leftist intellectual, who was Undersecretary of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs when I was in India. Now, at our reunion in Concepción, after so many years, it occurred to me to mention Maria Galliano to Volodia, asking him if he still remembered her. "There is not a day that goes by that I don't remember her," he told me, "and all the others too.

But even if women were not physically present at our meetings, they were present in conversation, in the mind, in the imagination. The ideal image of woman, as an inheritance of yesteryear, transmitted in the blood of our fathers, from the distant troubadours of Languedoc and the Spanish Cortes of Aragon, had not yet been destroyed, as it is today, and was preserved intact, glorious and suffering.

It was around that time that Eduardo Anguita and Volodia Teitelboim published their magnificent "Antología de la Poesía Nueva". For having "sacrilegiously" cut out some poems by Omar Cáceres, the latter sent some thugs to beat up Anguita. Volodia was saved, as always, without a scratch. And I say as always, because this has been his trend t h r o u g h o u t time; he is the only one to whom absolutely nothing has happened, because, in the most critical moments and having taken part in a decisive way in the events, he has managed -or "they have managed"- to get to safety in safe and distant places. J u s t like today, when something like a mantle of oblivion is spread over his revolutionary activity of only yesterday. He conspired and worked, sometimes in the open -very few-, most of the time in the shadows.

In truth, of those characters of yesteryear, including all of them - except Barreto, of course, whom the Gods took away young - the most relevant, by far, and of essential importance, is Volodia Teitelboim. His action in the Communist Party must have been extremely important, although unknown, not visible to most of the adherents and even to the public. He acted in a decisive way, as an agitator and a revolutionary, with a sharp mind and sharp thinking, rational and scatological, Analyst, according to an end. Because, besides being a revolutionary and a communist, he is a Jew. And, because he was a Jew, he was a communist and a revolutionary. Here is the difference -transcendental and fundamental difference- with the rest. It so happens that now, in Concepción, at last, after more than sixty years, I have the opportunity to be alone with Volodia and to be able to attempt a conversation in which we go over everything, face to face, as we have never done before, nor will we ever be able to try again, before we are both taken away from each other. *our opposing "Flying Discs".*

We are alone at the "Hotel Arauca no", the last day of the *symposium,* because we have not gone to Lebu, the homeland of the poet Gonzalo Rojas. I am sitting in the entrance hall and Volodia arrives. "I've been resting," he tells me, "because it's quiet here. Although tranquility does not depend on the outside, but on the inside," he adds.

It's time, I think, if I were to invite him to sit down and talk... Ah, so many years! And I hold back, on the edge, thinking that I would tell him the truth, but he would never. I would put myself at a disadvantage forever. The image of Tito, the communist ruler of Yugoslavia, appeared to me at that moment. On his trip to Chile, when questioned by journalists about the reason for his enormous police protection, he replied that "this would never happen in Yugoslavia, because he was looked after by the people there". An incredible lie, of course, and one that only Fidel Castro, Stalin, Mao Tse Tung and Allende could repeat. Essential lie, strategic and tactical, of the communist dialectic (the "infernal machine"), imposed in substance and form by the Jew, whom Alfred Rosenberg would say represents the "organic lie" and which Nicolás Palacios discovered well in advance, in his book *"Raza Chilena" (Chilean Race).*

This is how I let this occasion pass and I am left there alone, sitting in an armchair in the hotel, because Volodia is leaving.

And it is, then, when I decide to have a non-existent conversation;
but that it will be

more real than any other I could have with him, here, in this other "existing world," which is much more his than mine, after all.

So, I will not allow you to lie to me. You can only remain silent, and not answer me, which will be most of the time, I am sure. For obvious reasons, I will not ask him questions out loud. I will also converse with him in silence.

"-Let's see, Volodia, sit down here in front, make yourself comfortable. At last, you and I have to talk sometime in this life".

He moves restlessly, as if he wanted to leave: "You think, you? What for? It's all said and done. It's as if
If we had said everything, without saying it, between us... It would be better to leave it at that...".

"-No. Because you, in your writings you are referring to me and not always with the truth."

"-It is inevitable that I refer to you. And I have not lied."

"You said that when I received Neruda in India, I was so fascinated by the poet that I almost left my Embassy to go with him. .... I don't know where you got that from. Neruda was never "my *cup o[tea",* neither as a poet; a sensorial, romantic and his expert "sobajeador" of the words; nor as a man, an egomaniac, selfish and "mal bicho", used and projected by Stalinism and class resentment and universal hatred, until making of him an equivalent myth; something like an "animita", cultivated and projected now by leftist capitalism, by the Spanish Telefonica, which is setting up its museum in Valparaiso. You know all this better than I do. In the times of Anguilla and yours, Neruda was accused of plagiarizing Rabindranath Tagore and of being a "calugoso" poet, according to the expression of your teacher of those times, Vicente Huidobro. Everything changes for you when you enter to interfere in the secret directive of the "Komintern" and participate in the Marxist creation of the Nerudian myth, from which now you also benefit, like many other writers here and there ... Although I must tell you that the true communists, the idealists, who are not in the secret, in Russia and Yugoslavia, for example, do not read or believe in Neruda, because they find him a bad poet".

Well, what's all this about Neruda?".

"Nothing more than a sample of a lie. In your book "In the Forbidden Country", where you state that you came to Chile in disguise, with a wig and another name, during the Pinochet dictatorship, you also state that you met me; but this never happened. It is like when the "hero" Neruda escaped crossing the Andes on horseback during the government of Gabriel Gonzalez Videla. He would not even know how to ride a horse, nor in his life did he ever ride one; nor did Gonzalez Videla ever put him in prison. .. The lie as "dialectic" of Marxism-Leninism, in its very essence, as a mark of its Jewish origin...".

"-You are an anti-Semite. .. You thus make yourself a sharer in the horror of the gas chambers of your god, Hitler, in your cult of personality....".

"Volodya, I intend our late dialogue to be serious, do not make fun of *me* by referring to the cosmic lie of your anti-race: the gas chambers and the holocaust of six million..., nor will I mention the crimes of Stalin, your hero, your guide, whom you have exalted in dithyrambic poems, just like Neruda: *"Por l i,* ion, *S!taliri! apples grow in the* tnoterno *of the steppes"...* something like that".

He remains silent and shakes his head, as if accepting: "-I was nothing more than a simple and disciplined militant, in pursuit of of an ideal"...

"No, Volodya, I do not think so. You, unlike all of us, have played a very serious and important role in a Great Conspiracy; because you, because of your origin, had the secret contacts and the knowledge that even the visible and first-rate leaders of communism lacked here. You knew where it was going and what it was really about. You had the antici pada information, which allowed you to be safe in difficult moments, such as the military coup of 1973... Admiral Merino says that once they asked President Salvador Allende to make a decision and he replied that they should ask you, as he lacked the power to do so. And another time, talking with Darío Sainte Marie, he described to me a visit he had made to his house in the mountains, in San José de Maipo, by the General Secretary of the Communist Party, Luis Corvalán, accompanied only by you. You corrected and censured his opinions. .. Darío explained to me, in his peculiar way of expressing himself: "Two priests of the new religion came to see me. One was a Mercedarian, Corvalán; the other, a Dominican, Volodia.

The latter represented the Inquisition and controlled the other, so that he would not go out of the dogma and commit heresy". ..".

Volodya said nothing; but he could not but smile. I continued:

"I remember that when you were a Senator and you visited Yugoslavia to attend one of those frequent "peace conferences" organized by the Communists in different cities of the world, I was Ambassador in Belgrade and I invited you to lunch at my house, with the pleasure of meeting again the old companion of discussions and poetry of Vicente Huidobro's cenacle, in the thirties. You arrived accompanied by a Yugoslavian poet, who was Jewish and an important member of the Central Committee of the Yugoslavian Communist Party. Mysteriously, he left you at the door of my house and, after saying something inaudible to you, he left. This person accompanied you the whole time of your stay and you always talked apart from the others. I can imagine that you even attended some hidden synagogue, in secret, and not precisely for religious ceremonies. In your book you tell of that visit to my house, trying to excuse yourself with the fact that it was the Chilean Embassy and that the communist painter Julio Escámez was there. Ironizing a little, you describe how he painted the picture of "the dead beloved" and how I, from the next room, tried to telepathically transmit the woman's face to him? All this is true and it would have been beautiful for you to remember it, if you had put a little emotion, poetry,... Afterwards, I showed you yours and Anguita's book on "La Poesía Nueva", which I had pasted in India, in Pondichery, and I asked you to write something on its cover. You wrote: "This work of youth". Everything is revealed here, everything is said here. The communist militant, the secret leader of those transcendental times, could not take responsibility for an ancient work, not authorized by the "curia", by the "hierarchy", when he had not yet, because of his youth, been initiated or entered to participate in the higher spheres".

"-What a memory you have...!".

"The same as yours. For some mysterious reason, which escapes us, you and I are condemned to remember, not to forget anything. Me, to leave it stamped. You, to never say it, the essential, the secret".

"-Do you realize, Miguel, that you are being a victim of your delirious imagination, of your conspiracy obsession, that everywhere you see conspiracies of hidden synarchies, of evil Jews? You would do well to go to a psychiatrist".

"-Do you think I have not said it to myself? .... There was a time, when I lived for about ten years in Switzerland, alone, in the old mansion of Hermann Hesse, and before I began to reveal my researches, I was then concentrated in a very serious introspection and in an autocritical analysis. The reading and rereading of "The Protocols of the Elders of Zion" was by no means enough to convince me of the real existence of a great universal conspiracy, even when I told myself, with Julius Evola, that if these "protocols" were not authentic, they were true, being fulfilled even in the smallest details in the history of men, and today more than ever, when they predict that "they will produce on earth a wave of atrocities, crimes, assaults, robberies, and individual and collective destructions, of such magnitude, that the only solution will be the delivery of power to the Messiah of Israel and his armies, who in twenty-four hours will put order and an end to the outrages. Humans will bless them? It may not seem curious to you, and neither to me, that in the wave of assaults and crimes here in Chile, for example, the victims are never Jewish... What a strange thing! However, all this was not and would not have been enough to convince me of the great conspiracy, to risk denouncing it, even more so when it no longer seems to be a human thing. ..".

I need to give myself a break, to know how to continue. Volodya is silent, with a tight frown and folded hands. He waits. I continue:

"And do you know what it was that convinced me in an irrefutable way, launching me to reveal everything, to leave Switzerland and to come here, to Chile, this magical homeland at the end of the world, at the edge of the world, and to write my "Trilogy of Hitlerism" and all that follows, risking even my literary work, more than sixty years old...? It was the reading of the two-thousand-year-old book of *Revelation,* attributed to a certain "St. John". That convinced me of the existence of an absol ute conspiracy, the work of non-humans, even before the appearance of man on earth, and which was being fulfilled throughout the visible universe, under the dominion and control of an Evil Force. The History that we know and that we are living is

not

more than the final alternative of a desperate and, it seems, lost war; a terrible war...".

I'm not even looking at Teitelboim. I'm talking as if to myself.

"Notice that in the *Psalms* it is foretold, it is prophesied - and this more than two thousand years ago - that at the end of time, when the Great Beast triumphs, whose number is 666, everyone on earth, even men, will have this number engraved on their flesh; otherwise they will not be able to buy or sell! Do you realize what this means, when precisely today, in the "Bar Code" (without which no one can buy or sell) there is *666* (the Number of the Beast, the Number of Man) in the three double bars, which protrude at the beginning, middle and end of the Code and which, when deciphered with the *scanner,* give precisely that *number,* which has nothing to do with the rest of the bars that symbolize the price, the origin, the name of the product, etc.? When you have them laser printed on your meat.... (well, not you, of course), they will tell your story, from your birth and, especially, your capacity for production and, therefore, for comfort.... Next year, in Chile, even the identity card will be a Bar Code.... And, after the plastic money, the credit card, will come the mark on the arm, on the wrist, on the palm of the hand, or on the forehead. Realizing how terrible

From this prophecy I knew that I was neither obsessed, nor mad, nor exaggerating in seeing and reporting a world *Conspiracy*, developing in multiple forms and destined for total, totalitarian, atrocious enslavement. And I discovered that all those who, like Orwell, and Huxley himself, wrote science fiction novels on the same theme, without going to the heart of the Drama, were misdirecting attention and misinforming. Consciously, or unknowingly, they were becoming part of the Great Plan. Before the revelation of the "Apocofipsts", "The Protocols of the Elders of Zion" seemed like child's play; however, both combined take us to a point -for those of us who are still capable of analyzing and understanding- in which our understanding is paralyzed and our hair stands on end; because if we are still able to continue and have the courage to draw the ultimate (or penultimate) conclusion, standing there, eyes wide open, gripping the Warrior's Sword tightly, we will find ourselves face to face with a non-human Monster,

with the extraterrestrial Gra n Beast... whose number is 666... And this was seen by someone more than two thousand years ago...".

Volodia always remains motionless, silent, with an almost ironic gesture.

I continue:

"The fulfillment of the "Protocols", however, has a rational explanation, within the superior capacity of a conspiratorialist ruling group, capable of financing, or inciting, the mass violence, or the drugged and desperate youth, to the point of transforming society i n t o a herd of uncontrolled criminals and the rest of society into an overcrowding of terrorized people, only delivered to the protection of ineffective police forces, also violent, in order to achieve the ultimate end already described by the Empire, the rest of society, in an overcrowding of terrified people, only delivered to the protection of ineffective police forces, also violent, to achieve the ultimate goal already described of the Empire of the robotic Messiah and total slavery, not achieved either with Bolshevism or with capitalism. .. All this is explicable; but what is not explicable is that in the midst of the chaos, seemingly out of control, and which is the limit and prelude to the final Dictatorship, only the Jews are not touched, nor victims of murder, rape, or robbery... Who protects them, what protects them...? Here again we must resort to the unknown, to that which is beyond the visible".

Volodia Teitelboim makes a strange gesture, like a tic that he does not control, as if a machine had been set in motion by an alien energy, with a noise like the grinding of teeth that he does not produce at will.

"If one speaks or writes about these things, people - and even the

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ost intelligent and cultivated - seem at first to listen to him; but they are not able to hold his attention until the last. Then they b e c o m e distracted, they cease to be interested, and forget the whole thing, as if they had never heard of it. They are not interested, or they are frightened, or they think that they are too complicated, limiting their life to the daily chores and subsistence, which this knowledge harms. Instinctively, they sense a Power in the shadow and fear it. ...

"Yes. It was many years ago that I discovered it. And I knew that this *Thing did* not begin and end here, that it was not a matter

for humans. The majority on earth is as if hypnotized, idiotized. And this has been achieved by very skillful, subtle and dark means, thanks to popular and mass beverages, such as coca-cola, which contains a drug that predisposes to the reception of the

The negative energy unleashed by the Bar Code, when deciphered by the laser, contaminates the food and medicines consumed daily.

"However, just as there is a Power that protects the agents of the Volt of Darkness, there is another superior one, which will ultimately conquer."

Angrily and almost shouting, Volodya exclaims:

"And what have I got to do with all this? With all this madness you're talking about...".

"Yes. It is impossible not with all of it; but only with a part of it, only with Marxism-Leninism, having been used and, now, already put out. They protected you and will give you some prize. I have the impression that you too were taken by surprise by the sudden end of Russian Bolshevism, in only one week, and that this, which you have not yet assimilated, left you confused, without recovering until now. For a short time, recently arrived in Chile, you continued to repeat publicly the old revolutionary language of the "armed guerrillas" and the "subversion of the established order", as if nothing had happened, until you became aware of the Great Drama. It seemed to me that, like the communist romantics of our generation, like those who once sang Soviet hymns in Russian here, you too could not assimilate the earthquake that had been provoked and occurred only a few days before on the planet. I conclude that this means that you were not yet aware of the whole plan, but only of one of its stages, and that what you were secretly talking about in Belgrade with your Jewish namesake and poet of the Komtnform, perhaps had to do with the smallest intrigues of the Russian-Yugoslav conflict. Perhaps I am mistaken; but in what it was your turn to act, there, you did know where you were going. Allende's statements to Admiral Merino prove it. You were at the center of the actions, getting involved with Stalinism, even when Stalin made a pact with Hitler. You knew that the pact would be violated at the right time, because the Jews still remained in the ultimate leadership of Russia. They never forgave Stalin that Agreement, let alone the liquidation of Trotsky, Sinoviev, Kamenev and others.

"It is curious; but it would seem that even you were not able to read the ominous signs of Khrushchev, Brezhnev and Gorbachev, to adapt with them. You may have belonged to the secret team

Trotskyist of "the universal revolution" and, against all warnings, you wanted to impose in Chile an orthodoxy, already surpassed by Yalta and Kissinger. Certainly, they kept you and put you in safety; but you remained outside? And now, what will become of you? They won't even give you the National Prize for Literature. And do you know why? Because of me... Because if they give it to you, they'd have to give it to me too. And the Jews can't allow that. It would be too much! Literally, they'll sacrifice you... You can't get it all..., not even you...".

We are silent. Then, Volodia says:

"-You and I have sought the same thing by opposite paths!". "-Yes, totally opposite, cosmically opposite, because of the eternity opposites"...

THE STRUGGLE OF THE INTERNATIONALS

Without a vision of the whole, without a cosmogony that extends to ante-History and ante-Earth, it is impossible to analyze the portion of History that is visible to us humans. From the beginnings, apparently cyclical, and through catastrophes-cataclysms, there is like a dark stain that aspires to spread over all the earth, to universalize, to globalize, as we would say today, in pursuit of planetary domination. Without respecting the differences, the natural inequalities, it aspires to impose only one of them. Something unnatural -or supernatural- is forcing from always the laws, traditions and joys of men, in search of confirming universalism, internationalism. In our cycle, or round, it is in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century when the matter becomes more visible, for those who today study the fact. Through the "Bavarian minutemen" and the "League of the J ust" of German workers, forced t o emigrate to Paris, they came into contact with similar French organizations, such as the "Socteté *de S!aisons",* uniting through Freemasonry in pursuit of an unredeemed internationalism and opposed to the monarchical and aristocratic order. Thus, they were forced to flee to London, after having participated in a revolt, thus taking a great step for their internationalism, since there they followed the same work, regardless of any national spirit. And it was in 1847 that the "League of the Righteous" contacted Karl Marx, who was then living in Brussels, from London, to propose to him

the drafting of a Manifesto. Meanwhile, the League changed its name to "Communist League", holding its first congress in London, in 1847, and declaring itself in struggle with the bourgeoisie, for the abolition of private property and the dictatorship of the proletariat. Marx's influence was decisive. In 1848 appeared the "Communist Manifesto", by Marx and Engels, which postulated the class struggle, historical materialism and the working class as the only repository of the revolutionary energy to establish communism. The Manifesto ends with the famous phrase: "Proletarians of all countries unite!

In 1852 the "Communist League" was dissolved to give way to the creation in London, in 1864, of the "First International", with the assistance of many European countries, among them Spain. Marx represented Germany in the 32-member Committee of the "International Workingmen's Association" (IWA), and imposed his conceptions of class struggle, historical materialism and the unique importance of the economy in human events on those of Mozini. Thus, every year the "First International" should meet, in a world congress of workers, to keep the working class informed. The strike is accepted as a means of intervening in politics and to achieve the socialization of the means of production.

In 1876, due to the internal conflict between Marx and Bakunin, the "First International" also dissolved and gave way to the "Second International", created in 1889, with headquarters in Brussels and with an exclusive Marxist base, made up mainly of socialists, although not centralized, being led by a group of autonomous national political parties. Very soon, however, the socialists began to shed the dogmas of violent revolt and even joined as members of parliaments elected by suffrage. In the end, the subway binding force must be the secret Masonic achievements to which a majority of the members of the "Second International" belong. If in the "First International" the conflict was between Marxists and Bakunin's anarchists, in the "Second" it will be between Marxists and revisionist socialists (moderate "Proudonians" who do not believe in class struggle or the abolition of private property). Here, the Marxist, orthodox and violent portion is represented by Lenin and Rosa Luxemburg. Those who aspire to attain power by means of

The election is supported by Berstein, in Germany. As can be seen, the Jewish substratum remains fundamental in any of the positions of internationalism.

The outbreak of the First World War, by awakening nationalist sentiments among the workers, made the "Second International" disappear, at the same time giving Lenin the opportunity to make triumph, with the Russian Revolution of 1917, the Marxist thesis of violence and the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, which for Marx was an essential stage for the final imposition of communism and a classless society, without a directing State; a "workers' paradise", with the means of production socialized.

In 1919 a meeting was held in Berne with the aim of reviving the Second Socialist International and opposing the "Marxist-violent-Bolshevik" distortion triumphant in Russia. In turn, in Moscow and in the same year, with the aim of imposing its extremist and revolutionary, Marxist-Leninist strategic thesis, the "Third Communist International" was born, in opposition to the moderate, semi-democratic and revisionist "Second Socialist International", of the "social-traitors", according to the fearful disqualifying language that the communists impose and use in contemporary history, as a typical seal of Judaic fanaticism and intolerance, on both sides of the revolutionary spectrum that they control.

And so we enter fully into our history, which my generation has had to live, either as an actor or as a spectator.

In 1923, a Congress of the socialist parties was held in Hamburg, which sought to revive the Second International, to combat the Bolshevik "Third International". Both declared themselves representatives of the proletariat and **Marxists,** although they proposed different solutions, until the founding of the Social Democracy, with many of its members openly anti-Marxist, although an influential minority would remain so, in English Labor and German Social Democracy.

Here we must stop, to pause and try to penetrate into the events and decipher their meaning, their significance. I do not know if anyone has made an in-depth analysis of these events, that

seem to stop History, divert it or, at least, put a waiting period of more than seventy years.

With the appearance of Stalin, internationalism came to a halt, coming into conflict with Russian and Slav nationalism, inherited from the Orthodox Church, which aspired to establish in Moscow the "Third Rome". In this way, and although it is not declared, this is reinstalled in Stalin's "Third International". Trotsky's opposition, who desires the universal revolution, without making a stop in Russia, to continue it immediately in Germany and other industrialized countries, is the Jewish Marxist orthodoxy of the universal proletariat, which Stalinism opposes with the consolidation of the dictatorship of the proletariat in a single country, to then impose it by force on the others, by means of a "Russian-Bolshevik-Slav imperialism", which was what was attempted and achieved for a time, after the Second World War.

Thus, the struggle between the tendencies of the "Second International" and the nationalist "Third International", so to speak, represented by Trotsky and Stalin respectively, took on dramatic characters in those years, with Trotsky's expulsion from Russia and his subsequent assassination in Mexico. But Trotskyism continued to act for a long time, dividing the militants of the violent world revolution. The Trotskyists, in order to differentiate themselves from the socialists of the "Second International", create the "Fourth International", which will have a very short life. I remember my Uruguayan friend, Pacul, talking in the night cafés and trying to recruit us to Trotskyism, while accusing the Bolsheviks and Stalin of having betrayed the Revolution.

STALIN, A PRIEST?

It can be seen that History is not the current of a river that flows in a continuous way towards a certain place and without stumbles, detours or interruptions. It is not the plot of a novel that easily reaches its end. Nor, for that matter, does the Conspiracy to which we have referred. And this, because the History of men on earth, made through them and through them, is not something idyllic, but a War (see in my book "Manu. For the Man to Come" chapter "Cosmogony Revealed"). Creation itself is, since the first *"Big Bang",* an inexplicable explosion, causing the visible and

matte Universe.

that begins to extend infinitely, eternally, and that is polluting.

The unpolluted, untouched, pristine zones, where the material Creation, visible to the fleshly eyes of the terrestrials, extends, defend themselves and project their archangelic hosts, so to speak, towards the center of the expansive matter, to fight the battle there, without beginning and without end. And this is the reason why here on Earth, and certainly throughout the Universe, events are not linear but spiral and cyclical, with stops, interruptions and returns. War, as we have said, did not begin here, nor does it end here. And this "conspiracy of matter" (there has never been a more appropriate term than "historical materialism") has not been able to impose itself without difficulties and arrests, which have caused it to lose ground, even when it later recovers it and manages to restart with renewed and sinister vigor. It advances, albeit stumblingly, as if on square wheels, driven by the hidden wills of the Achievements and carried out by the "robots" of the Darkness.

It was believed that the French Revolution of 1789 would achieve an easy success, being a decisive step in the dominion of the leveling and universal egalitarianism, in the hands of a hidden and secret minority, in Freemasonry and in the *Kahal.* Napoleon appears and puts an end to everything, creating a halt, an interregnum of more than a century, until the holocaust of the First World War and the Russian Revolution of 1917, which is produced and thought of as an extension and perfected deepening of the French Revolution. And everything would have been like that, if Stalin had not appeared, who, as we have already seen, altered the course of events, as Napoleon had done before. That is to say, with greater or lesser clarity and through individuals, the forces that in the Universe (through the *Architects)* fight and project themselves here on Earth, to try to combat the Power of Darkness, enter into action producing these unexpected interruptions and inconveniences in the Plan of the conspirators. The work is not entirely clear, the Forces of Light do not succeed in projecting themselves here in totalinosity, as if they were not allowed to do so; or else matter does not provide them with a sufficiently transparent incarnation. Neither Napoleon nor Stalin, it seems, knew what they were doing and acted instinctively, as if "led". And they managed to change the course of the historical Conspiracy for a long time, in the "Battle of History". However, both will continue to be used at the same time by the forces of the

conspiracyists, because they have been unable to free themselves completely from them, having been placed by these same forces in power, believing them to be docile servants of their plans. Even when Stalin bans Freemasonry in Bolshevik Russia and in the Third International, he is still surrounded by Jews, in spite of his struggle with Trotsky - and who knows why - and the terrible trials against the "traitors" and "krumiros". The *Komintern* is controlled by them and all the "commissars" and instructors of the army, who indoctrinate the officers and troops, are Jews. So are the guards of the concentration camps, of the *"G!oulag".* The Intelligence Services, the G.P.U. and later the K.G.B., are also directed (Beria) by Jews. So when Stalin might have thought that, with the Pact with Hitler, he would get rid of them (Stalin, according to his daughter's "Memoirs", was anti-Jewish), very soon they succeeded in dragging him into expansionist provocations which forced Hitler to break with them and to war. Russia takes half of Poland and Scandinavia. Molotov demands, again and again, the Balkans and an outlet to the warm seas. This Hitler could not accept. Already the Pact itself had meant a "mental torture" for him, as he declared to Mussolini. And Otto Skorzeni confirmed it to me, telling me: "It was a contra- diction with our We/tonscftnuung, with our conception of the world"…. Yes, the Füh rer lied such a ba of unshakable principles, which led him to material defeat in the material world ("victim of his own mental creations", as my Master was told); but, since he was an *Auátara, an* authentic and total representative of the Uncreated Light, he could not do otherwise. And his racial conception led him to believe in the English, as the only possible ally of the Germans, and not to believe in the Russians. He saved the English at Dunkirk; but he did not save Stalin.

On the day of the attack on Russia, I remember my Yugoslavian friend Marco Vodanovic, coming very early in the morning to my house. Holding his head in two hands, he would exclaim: "Everything is already lost! And Hammersmith, von Ribbentrop's man at the *Reich* Embassy in Santiago, told me: "I had to travel by train across the whole of Russia to come to Chile by the Pacific. The Russians considered us Germans as Gods". And with the poet Eduardo Anguita we remembered Dostoiewsky's statement: "Perhaps the destiny of Russia is to serve a superior race".

The *"Guagua",* a famous newspaper seller of those years, with his kiosk on Alameda and Calle Ahumada, wept disconsolately when the war with Russia began. He was a Stalinist communist.

I had a very strange dream, something more than a dream, which to this day I remember and which impresses me. I saw Stalin, standing on a balcony, in semi-darkness, facing the town. He was shattered, like a man who discovers that all his work is in danger of being destroyed, because *he was representing* a *religious work.* Stalin was making magical gestures with his hands.

What a strange thing! Was Stalin a priest, and only with Hitler did he think he could realize his O6ro and get rid of the Jews for good? Near the end of the war he sent a message to Hitler to make peace. And the Jews diverted this message to von Papen, Ambassador to Turkey, who was a Catholic and did not deliver it to von Ribbentrop, his boss, but to Roosevelt, who prevented the peace requested by Russia from taking place.

Stalin learned that Hitler had not died in the Berlin *Buri Aer* and declared it to the "Allies". At the end of his days, he also revealed a "plot of Jewish doctors", who were planning to assassinate him. In my books on "Esoteric Hitlerism" I have reproduced opinions in vogue among post-war National Socialists that Stalin was a Jew; but given this background, which I reveal here today, it cannot have been so. His daughter herself confirms this in her writings: Hitler admired Stalin and Stalin admired Hitler. And the truth is that Stalin lost the war with Hitler's material defeat. He knew it and tried to avoid it, in the end; but the Jews prevented them from doing so.

Some secret and mysterious initiation may have existed in the bosom of Stalinist Bolshevism. And, if so, only with Hitler could Stalin have realized his most hidden designs to "religiously" change the world.

But the Archetypes of the Uncreated Light, who from without direct all this, had already decided otherwise: *Hitler* ***would win by*** *losing.* For, by preserving the principles intact, they preserve them as the Divine Energy in reserve for the next Round of the Eternal Return, where the Great Battle will be repeated.

If I do not write and reveal these things, no one else will; because they do not know them or because they will not dare to do so. They know the danger: they will be isolated, silenced, or killed. Unless the powers of Light protect them. For the rest, these are the revelations of the Last Days, made at the edge, at the confine, at the edge of catastrophe, when no one hears them anymore, or if they hear them, they are forgotten. And they are inaudible, because the infernal noise and the mooing of the Great Apocalyptic Beast covers them. Its fetid breath already envelops the world.

From the first day of the Earth, the struggle arises for its domination, in order to impose an absolute government over beings and things. Thus, step by step and with stumbling blocks, it advances towards Universalism, destroying all human and divine differences. Round after round, in the Eternal Return of a cosmic and terrestrial happening, circular, or spiral, since the archaeological and anthropological indications are showing us that this same thing has already happened eternally, in the infinitude of the time of the enslaved stars. Our America, for example, as we know today, was inhabited by Jews, Chinese, Egyptians, Japanese *and* Vikings for thousands of years, repeating the same history and destroying all its vestiges, so as not to favor us in the combat, and to prevent us from becoming conscious and moving towards "something never dreamed of even by the greatest utopians", as Nietzsche said. The whole of history will have to be revised in the light of these truths. Columbus did not come to America in search of the legendary India, nor of the species, but of his fellow Jews, who he knew had been here for centuries, repeating their ancient history. Neither did the Queen of Spain sell her jewels to finance the enterprise, financed by the Jews, nor did Columbus bring here the Cross of Christianity, but a rabbi, who spoke in Hebrew to the aboriginals of the Antilles.

The conflict and the departure of Quetzalcoalt from Tenochtitlan were not voluntary, but a defeat suffered by the Reformer and Viking magician at the hands of the Jewish sacrificers, on the altars of their blood religion. Almost all the Aztecs and Toltecs were Jews. (See, among others, "America, 5000 Years of History" by Alexander von Wuthenau, "The First Discovery" by Pierre Carnac and also my book "Manu, For the Man Who Will Come", in the chapter on the Kabyle Jews" and their infiltration among the Frisian-Araucanians).

After the end of the Second World War, it was only a matter of a short time before Stalin disappeared, and the Jewish doctors had to give an account of his disappearance. Hitler's great obstacle had also disappeared, leaving the "surface of the known earth". The "Third International" has practically ceased to exist. With Khrushchev the erosion of the Soviet world began, while the "Second International" was once again coming to the surface with the socialist and labor parties in the West and in Asia, and with the Radical party among us. All of them have Freemasonry as their binding force, if not the Catholic Church, which has also given rise to Christian Democracy and *Opus-Dei,* internationalists alike, with the well-known "humanist" intellectual baggage contributed by Jews such as Bergson, Maritain or Escribá de Balaguer.

Not to delay too long the destruction of the Soviet Empire, with the total annihilation and degeneration of the Russian Nation. And all this as if by decree and w i t h i n a week, so to speak.

However, before the end of this sinister Drama, other important events have been taking place, in an alternative way, in order to give shape to the plan of the World Government. The United Nations, the Charter of San Francisco, we have already mentioned; but, in addition, the triumph of "democratic socialism", imposed by suffrage, was sought. For which it was necessary to begin with a country. It had to be chosen, by a strange design, a small State at the end of the world, at the end of the earth and the ice of the South Pole. And it would not be the first time that this mysterious land was used for a transcendental experiment.

Chile was the chosen one.

SALVADOR ALLENDE

After the Great War, the bipolarization of the world into two powers was momentarily accepted as a means of distracting the attention of the tense and fearful inhabitants of the earth. At Yalta, the world was divided. South America is left to the USA, Eastern Europe to the Soviet Union. It is not in Russia's interest that distant countries, which it cannot control with its armies, should become communist. It imposes it in Hungary, Bulgaria, Rumania (China is a separate matter); but it does not suit it in the very distant Chile, the reason being that the Party is not able to control it.

Chilean Communist Party, one of the oldest in the world, disguises itself as democratic and becomes part of the Parliament of the Nation, preaching the peaceful way, while, paradoxically, the Socialist Socialist Party "guevari za", approaching the path of violent revolution, and this even after having come to power by democratic vote, with Salvador Allende, being the greatest triumph of peaceful internationalism and filling the "Second International" with illusions and great expectations.

There was a time, and in fact it happened, when both the "Second" and the "Third International" were interested in the disappearance of "Che" Guevara and his revolutionary guerrilla movement, of his violent path. That is to say, the CIA and the KGB, plus the Secret Services of Masonic France, acting through their agent, Régis Debray, managed to get rid of Guevara. And Fidel Castro agreed.

Once in government, the change of position of the Socialist Party was the responsibility of its Secretary General, Carlos Altamira, and the President of Chile, Salvador Allende.

For the first time in the world a Socialist and Marxist Party came to power by democratic means. The communist Joaquín Gutiérrez declared to me: "We will achieve a precious, unique socialism! .. But everything collapsed overnight. This was due to the personality of Salvador Allende, a new historical stumbling block in the fulfillment of the Great Plan. He altered world events and plans, producing a catastrophe.

In volume **III** of these "Memoirs" I reproduced a conversation in Spain with Darío Saint Marie, owner of the "Clarín" newspaper until its appropriation by Salvador Allende. Nobody remembers Darío Sainte Marie, great friend of his friends, terrible enemy and polemicist, cultured and of sharp intelligence. It is difficult to forget "Clarín", even more so when recently Joan Garcés, a Spaniard and collaborator of Allende, is charging Pinochet for the expropriation of the newspaper. In that conversation, in Madrid, Darío read me a long handwritten letter from Salvador Allende, in which he declared that if he ever came to power in Chile, he would produce such a convulsion that the country would never be the same again. And that prophetic letter came true.

What happened to Allende? I met him many years ago, in the office of lawyer Eduardo Palacios. I was introduced to him by the writer Roberto Otaegui. Allende was accompanied by the socialist Ar- mando Mallet, with whom they were partners in the "Dairy Bars" business. I liked the way he treated another of his partners, a Jew, in front of us. He said to him: "You are cheating us! *That's how* he was: direct and with a special sense of humor. I remember once when I visited him at his house on Guardia Vieja Street, with Elena Larraín, daughter of Don Jaime and a political supporter of Jorge Alessandri. He received us at the front door and made us enter, saying to her: "You go this way, to the *right".* And he made her enter a room with a large old crucifix. Surely the room on the left would be decorated with the hammer and sickle.

I have also told of my surprise when, speaking to him on the telephone in Prague, from Rome, to inform him of the failure of his friend Hernán Santa Cruz, in the election for the presidency of the FAO, he answered me saying: "You see, there is nothing else but armed guerrilla warfare, the Revolution, to come to power! And he knew that in communist Prague his telephone conversation was being controlled. That was the position of "Che" Guevara, of "OLAS", an organization to which he already belonged; but it was not that of Moscow, nor that of Prague at that time. Here Allende was wrong; because, as Dario Sainte Marie said, he lacked subtlety and a broad political vision, which he never had, for lack of penetration, study and idiosyncrasy for it. He was an "actualist" politician, of the moment, improviser, and, deep down, with a very limited vision, eriolla and provincial, a maneuverer and specialist of the "muñequeo". That is why, in the broad lines, he allowed himself to be led by Fidel Castro, without knowing that he himself had already abandoned "Ché" Guevara and would not go against Moscow's dictates. He needed to reaffirm himself.

I would like to make here a brief objective analysis, as far as possible, of the destruction of the vernacular and magical Chile, the one I knew in my youth and described in "Neither by Sea nor by Land" and in the first volume of these "Memoirs". Its existence resided in the sublime landscape, in the traditional and patriarchal agriculture. It is not, therefore, by chance that those who initiated the "agrarian reform" in

Chile are of foreign origin, or settled in this land not long ago. Thus, for example, Jorge Alessandri is the one who started this reform, under strong pressure from Kennedy with his "Alliance for Progress". He was followed by Eduardo Frei Montalva. And with him the action is already transformed, since the main impulse is an instinctive hatred of the countryside and the peasant tradition of Chile. He was followed by Salvador Allende, who took this hatred to paroxysm, organizing and institutionalizing it. Both Frei and Allende put a Jew in charge of the expropriations and the "reform": Jacques Chonchol, who, after the fall of Allende, of course, put himself in safety (like Volodia) and moved to Cuba to collaborate with Castro.

> There is no obsession in me to interpret the facts, to interpret them, to interpret them, to interpret them.

historical events in my homeland and in the world, relating them to the actions of the Jew as their main promoter. No. Unfortunately, we always find them there. The difference between me and the rest of the analysts or historians is that they refuse to see, or keep silent, for fear of reprisals from the all-powerful Jew, precisely. However, I find myself obliged to say so, out of honor and love for Chile, out of respect for my ancestors and out of a sense of honor. I get no good from this; on the contrary, as anyone will be able to prove.

What drove Frei? What drove Allende to mobilize this blinding hatred and institutionalize it against the owners of estates, of the agrarian universe, of the entire landscape, including the peon, the tenant, whom they claimed to love and protect? They belonged to the upper middle class, more Allende than Frei; both Allende (Alliende-Salazar) Gossens and Frei Montalva (Montalva-Quindo) had Hispanic roots in their blood. Also the radicals in Chile belonged to the middle class and were in power for ten years. Instead of destroying agriculture, they were its defenders, like Pedro Aguirre Cerda himself, or Cristóbal Sáenz. They were owners of estates; neither Juan Antonio Ríos nor Gabriel González Videla were. However, they industrialized Chile without destroying agriculture. During the Popular Front nobody thought of destroying the heart of Chile's body, the magic land, with the Marxist pretext of putting an end to the latifundia and colonial feudalism, a language never used, for example, in socialist Austria, where the Princes keep their old historical properties, working them themselves, driving their tractors, without

They have not been affected by any senseless reform. They instructed their former tenants and now they are all co-partners, without having subdivided the large estates, the "latifundios", annihilating the economy of the Nation.

For what happened in Chile during Frei and Allende, where hatred was used as the essential engine of the "reform" and the "revolution", I cannot find an explanation, no matter how hard I look for it, outside the very personhood of its promoters.

For similar reasons both hate the aristocracy and the Chilean race. Because of Frei and Gossens. And they used a congener, Chonchol, as Minister of Agriculture. Now, the son of the first one, also in the Presidency of the Republic, urged by the nomadic and internationalist instinct of his ancestors, preaches and imposes "globalism" on us, traveling, moving around the world, from one place to another, without being able to focus* on the land he now leads. And he authorizes a foreigner, Douglas 'l'ompkins, to buy thousands and thousands of hectares of our richest territory in the South at a vile price. He has handed over the entire "Laguna del Desierto" and is willing to do the same with the "Southern Ice Field" and with whatever foreigners demand, in compliance with the "Andean Plan".

Allende always admired Balmaceda's suicide. I do not remember if he mentioned it in the letter in reference; but it is very possible that he foresaw it, for after that "hecatomb" that he was going to cause. He would have no choice but to blow his brains out. Since he became President, his actions were those of a suicide, as if something inside him was leading him to self-destruction, together with that of Chile.

I do not wish to go on to tell of shocking and even repugnant things and actions in the personality of Salvador Allende which I had the opportunity to know and witness. In this I am going to follow the attitude of the Chilean military, who, when they found out and possessed the material evidence after the coup, preferred to hide or destroy it. What is certain is that Allende, since he came to power, lived in a permanent orgy. In Arrayá n, a small town in the pre-cordillera, an area that belonged to my family (see Volume I), in the direction of what today are the Farellones ski fields, the architect Ignacio ("Nacho") Tagle built himself a beautiful and original house: "El Cañaveral", on the banks of the river and surrounded by mountains. There I was given a farewell party

when I left for India, which was attended by Juan José Fernández, who was to be my secretary in the Diplomatic Representation; General Tassara, already appointed in Kashmir, in the United Nations Delegation for India and Pakistan, and the beautiful "Puci" Berio, daughter of the Ambassador of Italy, also transferred to India. This house was bought by 1uego Flavián Levín, a close friend of Carlos Altamirano and editor of Neruda, who sold it, in turn, to the painter Pablo Burchard, married to a sister of the "Pallita". Allende sent Biirchard to Spain, as Cultural Attaché, where he sent him a check for ten thousand dollars, telling him: "This is the price for your house in "El Cañaveral" and do not claim me, because it has cost me a lot to keep you as Cultural Attaché in Madrid". And so he kept this property. When, after the Gol pe, the military raided it, they found there all kinds of evidence and photos of the orgies of the "President of the Popular Unity", from 71 to 73, compromising also for Fidel Castro, in the month of his "official visit" to Chile. I learned this from a direct source: my brother-in-law, Luis Rosselot. Due to his commercial contacts with US television, he must have been one of the first to enter "El Cañaveral". There he found the evidence and proof that Dario Sainte Marie was not lying, when he told me in Madrid that he had made a special trip to Copenhagen, at Allende's request, to buy some "objects" from him. There they were. And the writer Enrique Bunster completed and confirmed this story when he told me about a lunch to which he was invited by Admiral Merino, in the Ministry of Defense at the time, accompanied by his General Staff, to tell him the details of the historic "Pronunciamiento", as it was called. They wanted this naval writer to write about these transcendental events. Unfortunately, he did not do so. He confessed to me: "I do not write on commission". But he told me that he had been shown enormously compromising photos of Allen and Fidel Castro, plus the ever-present "Perro" Olivares, the journalist, "in which the only one dressed was General Prats". When B unster asked them: "And why don't you publish them and make them known to the world, as the best way to put an end to the myth and the legend of the revolutionary and social reformer, incorruptible, without blemish, that you have overthrown? They replied that he had been President of Chile and that the prestige of the State and the Nation was at stake.

Knowing the mentality of our military and, in particular, of the marines, Catholics to the extreme, this is possible. However, there is also another explanation, since they are not fools. A clever strategy.

Did they perhaps make these documents known to Fidel Castro, establishing a tacit agreement? It is strange that during the whole time of the military government, Fidel Castro never verbally attacked Pinochet. And now, when he has been "kidnapped" in London, Fidel made public statements in his favor. It is also possible that photos of the Commander-in-Chief, General Prats, have appeared. On a grand balance, it is not yet possible to know who will have come out on top over time. In any case, we must go back to those historic and transcendent moments, not only for Chile, but for the world, and place them in the perspective of the world context that we have analyzed here. Allende, like Napoleon after the French Revolution and Stalin after the Russian Revolution, interrupted and transformed the course of history, which will have to take a long detour to find its internal course again.

cionalist of the Great Conspiracy.

Between orgy and orgy, he gives the first revolutionary impulse, like Fidel, or "Che" Guevara. Very later he would be overtaken by Altamirano and the *MIR,* by Chonchol and, curiously enough, by Volodia ("Don't ask me, ask Volodia"). From there to the end, he could have saved himself and the country, with Prats' military, but he could not, or did not want to. Or, General Prats did not want it.

And here I must digress, how curious it has all been for me! I, too, have found myself at the center of so many historical events, which (especially after the Great War) did not interest me much. And there I have been, capturing them and recording them forever in my memory, as if a Destiny or a DEL) hand so disposed, forcing me to have to reveal them one day of the "Last Day"), so, perhaps, that they may cross the "threshold of events", before the Black Hole absorbs and disintegrates the whole Galaxy.

I have already described how I lived through Salvador Allende's rise to power and met Raúl Ampuero in Geneva, a socialist, former Secretary General of the Party, of the anti-Masonic current, and a very

respected by General Ibáñez and a friend of Héctor Barreto. The quarrel with the "Mason" Allende had been in crisis for a long time. Ampuero was in voluntary exile and declared to me: "Disaster is coming in Chile. If Alessandri had triumphed, revolution would have been provoked; with Allende, it is tragedy".

When Allende won the election and brought socialism to the government through democratic means, I was abroad, serving as Ambassador to Austria. Then, I traveled to Chile.

Well, one night, in Santiago, in the midst of that tri unfante euphoria, I found myself at a dinner, somewhere in the upper district. A woman there addressed me, saying: "I know that you are a close friend of Oscar Jimenez, who is going to be Allende's Minister of Health; tell him that General Prats is the man the President should have at his side; because his nephews are Marxists and have convinced him of their ideas. Prats will be his best collaborator".

I never gave this message to Oscar Jimenez, my former comrade in Nazism, who also ended up collaborating with Marxism and Christian Democracy, like his sons and daughters today. But Prats went on to become Allende's right-hand man and participant in his catastrophe.

I remember having met occasionally in Chile, a year later, with Bernardo Leighton, who showed me his great concern about the course of events in the Allende government. I told him about Prats and my knowledge of his pro-Marxist position. He was shocked, telling me that this was madness, an absurdity, something unthinkable. In the end it was they who were crazy, almost all politicians, without exception and without ever knowing what was really going on.

In Chile, nobody hears, nobody listens, nobody analyzes, nobody connects. They lack a broad vision of world events. I have only been able to converse with one person, analyzing, relating and transferring my experience of international politics and contemporary history, to apply it to our own: the journalist Silva Carballo, owner of the disappeared newspaper "La Unión", of Valparaíso, also dead, unfortunately. We used to sit and chat at length at the Club de la Unión, in Santiago, on each of my visits to the country.

When Allende was already President-elect and had not yet taken office, General Schneider, Commander-in-Chief of the

Army, was assassinated. Allende told me: "This was for me. It was his turn, because of

casu ality. If he was serious, it only proved his ignorance, or his lack of truthful information. No one had thought of assassinating Schneider among those who devised the abduction. Juan Diego Dávila knows it and declared it. They were infiltrated by drug traffickers from northern Chile, who assassinated him as an act of revenge for General Schneider's effective action against drug trafficking on the Bolivian border.

Allende then asked me to "return to Vienna", because "he wanted all his Ambassadors to be in place when he became President of Chile".

And here begins a sordid story, which I will tell again, but expanding it, to try to discover its true causes and explanations, if there are any.

I no longer remember well when my relationship with Allende became closer and more cordial, since I was living abroad and my visits to Chile were rare. He visited me in Yugoslavia, as President of the Senate and at the lunch I gave him in my house, observing my employee, Elena, sixty years old and of great beauty, he exclaimed: "Very beautiful; but, you must not touch her!". Then, as I was on an official visit to Dalmatia, with Carlos Altamira and his secretary, Miguel La Barca, he asked me to "lend" him my youngest son, Cristián; "because he would use him as bait for the Yugoslavian women, who were heroic!".

Later, my son told me that in the nightly "boites" he would ask him to ask a beautiful girl to dance, saying: "Introduce her to me!

Well, it was at one of his elections that he let me know that he was short of funds and I presented him with a check for a thousand dollars, which was a lot at the time, especially for me, always having great difficulty in meeting the expenses of my Representation. The presidential election was lost and I forgot about it, thinking that the check would have been cashed and spent on election work.

I must declare here that I have always been naïve, a total ignoramus in matters of money, business and, above all, of connisions, or "bribes". In my time, the di plom á ticos (I came to know this from Horacio Serrano) used to reserve from their

I would pay certain dollar amounts to "help" the politicians and congressmen, who in turn supported them and kept them in their positions, moving their influence. Horacio advised me to do the same. I never listened to him. I would have felt dishonored to humiliate (I thought) an official of my country. I would have felt dishonored to humiliate (I thought) an official of my country, let alone a President, or a candidate for the Presidency. When I gave that check to Allende, I did it to a friend, as a help, without ever expecting a retribution, even if it came, without my having proposed it.

For example, when Mr. Jorge Alessandri Rodriguez was again a candidate, it would never have occurred to me to give him money to help him in his reelection. My help was of a different kind, it was "mental". And he, with his very fine sensitivity, always knew it. My brother Diego told me about it. I saw him every day, since I was an active collaborator in his campaign. One day, he asked him:

"Don Jorge, and Miguel has not sent you financial help for your campaign?" ("He would not have done it," he added, "I have never seen him angrier.").

"How can you say that?" he replied. "I would never ask Miguel for that kind of help, and don't you do it, for any reason. Here, in my pocket (and he touched the side of his heart) I have a letter he sent me... That's his best help!".

Also with Don Jorge Alessandri, as with General Ibáñez, the relationship was established in the magical world of *"EL"*. They were superior, special beings. On the other hand, with Allende it was not like that. What Dario Sainte Marie explained to me and that I have already related in the previous volumes of these "Memoirs", was true: "He only understood about amounts of votes and money; only that interested him". And once in power, as "Chopo" de la Fuente used to say very amusingly, he applied his program of "Marxist economics": "Seven times three twenty-one. I'll take twenty and give you one..." "That was the extent of his interpretation of historical materialism...", he added.

And Chile suffered the consequences. And so did I, in the end, as
I will explain.

But first I must tell you something that I have always kept to myself. When Allende lost the presidential election and Eduardo Frei Monta Iva won it, to my great surprise, Frei took me out of the Embassy in Yugoslavia and left me out of diplomacy. And I

say that I was surprised, because Frei was known to me since I was a teenager, when he was my teacher at the Instituto de

Humanities. I have already told all this in previous volumes and how I managed, to the surprise of the Government and especially of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Gabriel Valdés, to reverse the action of the Comptroller's Office, which had already issued the Decree of my dismissal. The truth is that this was achieved by Salvador Allende, going in person to talk to his "brother" of the Lodges, the General Comptroller, Enrique Silva Cimma. And Allende did this because of the check for one thousand dollars that I gave him and the reasons that I will explain. This check was unpaid.

Fate again, coincidence (which does not exist)! Alberto Cantuarias, the Secretary General of the Comptroller's Office, had suggested that I turn to Allende, because of his friendship with Silva Cimma, to get the Decree withdrawn. And he was the only person capable of achieving this, and no one else (see Volume III of these "Memoirs").

Before my return to Europe, I went to say goodbye to Salvador Allende. I arrived at his house in the morning and he asked me to go up to the second floor, "where his wife, Tencha, had to talk to me". I found her in her room, in bed and with a wool shawl knitted over her shoulders. Tencha was always very beautiful and distinguished. Allende treated her badly, often in front of other people. She was smiling and made me sit at the foot of her bed. She was always interested in yoga exercises and sometimes we practiced them together, like once at the airport in Vienna, to the curiosity and laughter of onlookers. Now, to my surprise, she held out the check I had given Salvador for the election, saying, "We missed the date to cash it and it is overdue."

I returned to Yugoslavia, reconfirmed in my position. Afterwards, Frei transferred me to Austria and I never thought about the check again. Time went by and new elections arrived in Chile, the most important in its history: Allende against Alessandri. I did not go to vote, as I could not abandon my Embassy, nor support Salvador Allende against Don Jorge. When the former won, I never believed that it was going to produce that catastrophe, in spite of the letter I already knew and the anecdotes told here. I traveled to Chile and Allende asked me to return, to "take charge of my Embassy in Vienna". I thought it was a way of confirming me in office.

What I am going to tell you now is one of the most traumatic experiences I have had in my years as Ambassador. It was also the last, for it marked the end of my diplomatic life. My friends in the Austrian Ministry of Foreign Affairs asked me if I would stay in Vienna and I answered with the words of President Allende, that "I was returning to take charge of the Embassy". Allende had won the election by a slim majority and the House had to approve it. There had been talk of "non-recognition". I wrote to the former President, Jorge Alessandri, asking him to influence his approval. This letter is unknown -I never informed Allende of this-, unless it has been found among the papers of Don Jorge Alessandri, like another of mine that has been published in a book, after his death. He answered me, appreciating my pat- terns and telling me -I still remember it- that "Allende was very close to his family, because of his family's ties. friendship", which I was unaware of.

And it was at the New Year's reception in 1971, when the diplomatic corps accredited in Vienna was greeting the President, that my old friend, Ambassador Hal usa, then Secretary General of the Austrian Foreign Ministry, approached me to tell me to request an audience with the Chief of Protocol, Ambassador Winsterstein, that same day.

So I did and that afternoon I was in his office at the Ministry. He began by asking me if I had any friendly relationship with President AIlende. I answered that "I thought I knew him; but friend, I could not affirm it". Then, he showed me an official letter from the Austrian Ambassador in Santiago, requesting the *Agreement* for the new Ambassador of Chile, a member of the Radical Party. And the Chilean Foreign Minister, Clodomiro Almeyda, a Socialist co-religionist of Allende, asked the Austrian Ambassador that his Government in Vienna should *hide the appointment and request for the Agreement from* me.

The Chief of the Austrian Protocol was indignant and surprised by the disloyal gesture and the offensive request to them (the authors of the "Diplomatic Conventions of Vienna"), confessed to me that they had been withholding this request for an *Agreement for* more than a month without reply. And he added: "You are our friend; if you authorize us, we will not give the *Agreement".*

My confusion was total. I must have been red with embarrassment and also with emotion at the Austrians' gesture. I

had never

I was humiliated by the incredibly low and shameful attitude of this Minister Almeyda, who would not have acted in this way without the authorization and recommendation of the President of Chile, Salvador Allende.

I asked that great Austrian gentleman, Ambassador Winsterstein, to immediately give the *Agreement* to the new Ambassador, telling him that if I could leave my post tomorrow, I would do so, for I could not represent a Government that acted in such a manner.

And so I did, as soon as my resignation was accepted.

I sent a personal letter to Allende, handwritten, which was delivered to him by my sister Berta, in Viña del Mar, at the Presidential Palace of Cerro Castillo.

In it I told him: "When you won the election, I did not intend to remain in the Chilean Representation, since my ideological position was different from yours; however, when you asked me to return to Austria I believed that you would confirm me in the Mission, which I would have served with the same loyalty as always, for my country and for your President. But I could never understand the procedure used, given the degree of trust that had existed between us. He could have told me that he would not leave me in the service and I would have worried about my future in time. And I ended my letter by asking him, "on behalf of Galté (the Chilean doctor who treated his father), to explain to me why he had acted in such a strange and double manner. I needed to know, for the peace of my own conscience and the preservation of the image of a Country, which I had tried to serve abroad to the limit of my possibilities and my strength, without ever allowing my personal ideology to get in the way or damage it". I also acknowledged my voluntary debt to him; but with delicacy and without stamping the word money.

Needless to say, I never got an answer, although again it was Dario Sainte Marie who told me that Allende confessed to having received a letter from me, that I had "touched" him.

I am sure that when Allende received my sister and the letter, he did so thinking that the check in dollars was there, newly extended and updated. But, given my way of being, I have come to understand this much later. Still, I would never have committed the rudeness of including a check in a letter to the

President of Chile. For me and my lineage this seems unthinkable. And it was the ultimate reason why I could never allocate those "monthly quotas" to the senators and to any public official to "buy" my Embassy. It was also the reason why, once I was triumphant and elected President Allende, I could not give him the check without considering it an offense and a dishonor to the Homeland and its hard-working History, represented precisely in the Head of the Chilean State, whom I served. And this was always understood in this way by rulers such as President Carlos Ibáñez (see volume II of these "Memoirs") and Jorge Alessandri. That is why I felt proud to be able to serve under their orders.

When I went to say goodbye to the Prime Minister of Austria, a very transcendental conversation took place, without my expecting it, and which, by reproducing it here, allows me to return to the central lines of this analysis of the World Plan, or Mundialist Plan. Bruno Kreisky was a Jew and a very influential figure, a collaborator of Tito, Na ser and Nehru, in the group of the "Non-Aligned" countries. Curiously, it was he who brought his congener Wissenthal under control, silencing him in his vociferous statements on Bormann, the "Dignity Colony" and some former Austrian Nazis. Kreisky intended to return to the "soft internationalism", without major upheavals, which had been interrupted by Stalin and the war. He had surely been enthusiastic about the "democratic" triumph of Chilean socialism. He saw in Nixon an obstacle to his plans and spoke very badly of him, which surprised me, as a lack of wisdom before a foreign ambassador. But the truth is that "Operation Gold a Meier" was already underway, which would soon remove Nixon from power.

Kreisky asked me to speak immediately with President Allende to ask him, on behalf of himself and the German Chancellor, Willi Brandt, not to recognize East Germany, since they were thinking of inviting him to participate in the next conference of the "Second International" to be held in Helsinki. This conference would be chaired by Brandt, who "could not sit next to Allende if the latter recognized Communist Germany". ("Third International").

I should have been surprised, because I knew nothing about all that. Neither of the recognition of East Germany by Chile, nor of the invitation to Salvador Allende to the Helsinki meeting. However, on second thoughts, I should not have been surprised about the establishment of relations with the "Democratic Republic of Germany", since I had already received Tencha de Allende in my house in Vienna, when she had just come from visiting Germany and was preparing her husband's electoral campaign, collecting funds. Apparently, she was his treasurer. Knowing now Allende's mentality, having received economic help, it was certain that she would pay that debt, waiting for new contributions.

As Kreisky noticed my surprise, which he took for a doubt, he dialed some numbers on the telephone, which he had next to him, and, immediately, he had Willi Brandt on the line. He spoke briefly with him in German, hung up the phone and told me: "It is a fact, Chancellor Brandt confirms to me that President Allende is going to recognize East Germany next month". And he gave me a date, which I do not remember well, but it could have been October 17, or something like that.

Then, Kreisky added something that I will never forget, because of its importance and implications. Emphasizing every word and in a mysterious tone: "Get on the phone and tell Salvador Allende not to make the mistake of recognizing Communist Germany; because we can help him very, very much...". He said it in English: *"We can help him very much, very much".* And he repeated twice the word: very much.

I remember that I argued that Allende was a socialist and that the Chilean Socialist Party was Marxist and did not belong to the "Second International". On the other hand, the Chilean Radical Party was a member. Then, Kreisky answered me with something new and surprising: "But Salvador Allende is a Freemason".

However, the die was already cast. Allende recognized the "German Democratic Republic" and did not go to the Helsinki meeting of the "Second International". Allende "changed horses in the middle of the race" and changed direction, producing a new break in world events. W hen Chile had been destined as the initial laboratory for "Democratic Socialism", he foolishly

pretended to impose the "dictatorship of the proletariat", folding the "dictatorship of the proletariat" into the "dictatorship of the proletariat".

The Soviets had enough with the one million dollars a day in the maintenance of Cuba. The Soviets already had enough with the million dollars a day in the maintenance of Cuba. Besides, as we have said, there was the Yalta Agreement, with the division of the world, which they had to respect. The ALAS organization (Latin American Solidarity Alliance) led and controlled by Fidel Castro, was already in agony and Fidel was only interested in not losing control of what was happening in Chile, nor of Salvador Allende, in particular: one of his intelligence agents married Allende's daughter, his private secretary, with an office next to the President's, in La Moneda.

Russian communists knew they could not go far in the future. Chile, nor repeat here what happened in Cuba. They tried to take advantage, while they could, of the strategic possibilities offered to them, to make a topographical survey of the southern channels, as far as Antarctica, and to learn about the American *"snow* los" in the copper mines of northern Chile.

Even when "Che" Guevara had been assassinated in Bolivia, the MIR remained in Chile. Both were absolutely idealistic and always acted in good faith. Whether in the end Allende was still free to make decisions on his own or, on the other hand, he was inhibited from doing so by his incapacity, total lack of vision, by his self-destructive tendency, revealed in his letter to Sainte Marie, by his public-private life, by his contradiction in his own blood, or else he was overcome and controlled by the MIR, not Altamira and, curiously, by Volodia Teitelboim (member of the "Third International"), it is no longer important to know, because what is certain is that his prediction would be fulfilled: the fiecn?om 6e. And Chile and the world would never be the same again, nor would what the "Second International", Willi Brandt, Kreisky and Freemasonry had planned for a shorter time come true. Now, it would be necessary to make a big detour of almost thirty years to get back on course and start from "ground zero".

The military coup became inevitable, as the only way to comply with Yalta and for the Yankee influence to be maintained in the Southern Cone of the Americas.

THE MILITARY COUP IN CHILE

In the endless struggle between the Power of Darkness and the Hierarchies of Light, the latter act with extreme delicacy here on Earth, often following strange paths and almost always using alien characters, except when a "Son of Light" descends, as their Envoy, and is an *Autotrous*. Then the contest is head-on and the Envoy must win by losing. This is the best sign to recognize it.

In the past, the Chilean National Socialists attempted military coups, which never succeeded. Neither that of General Ariosto Herrera, nor that of the "Patitas de Chancho" (which I myself helped to prevent), nor that of General Via ux. The men-at-arms are always reluctant to leave the Constitution, being themselves a creation of the liberal and bourgeois system. Moreover, they will have to take care of their pecuniary situations, which are always difficult. And their wives would not accompany them in an uprising, which endangers their families, unless there is a powerful economic backing, coming from outside, and a favorable internal and external situation. The military are not revolutionaries; revolutionaries are always civilians. In Chile it was the Nazis and the "Miristas". And so on. The communists were not, for the reasons already explained in this analysis. Now, other revolutionaries, let us say better, the revolutionaries par antonomasia and who will not cease to be so even after reaching total power (where they will conspire against themselves) are the Jews. And this may have been the ultimate reason why Volodya did not always follow Moscow's instructions. Like Allende and Frei and Chonchol, he irrationally hates the tradition, the agriculture and the organic life of Chile, born and settled in the land, in the landscape, in the Visigothic-Araucan race and in the noble Hispanic roots.

They were the real driving force. Because of their commanding position, they could have avoided the disaster; but they precipitated it, joining or giving wings to the "Guevarist" theorists, contributing the substance of hatred and resentment of an elite. And this, since before, since the previous government of the Christian Democracy.

Although in other books I have already referred to some of these events, especially the military coup in Chile, it can never be too much to be reiterative with an event of such magnitude, especially now, when we are being reinserted in the context of a new era.

a global happening and of a Plan that has been developing since the terrestrial origins. And in which most of its executors are mere unconscious vehicles.

Although I was abroad when almost all this happened, in voluntary exile in Ticino, in the house of Hermann Hesse, I realized what was really happening, from the very first moment. Much of it has already been recounted in these same "Memoirs", in volume III, also in "Adolf Hitler, the Last *Aoatra", in the* chapter "The Chilean Military Coup". But I will have to repeat it, under the prism now revealed.

The first objective of Gol pe was to restore the control of the United States of America over the "Disunited States of the Southern Cone", especially in the South Pacific. In this the Soviet Union agreed - by force. Secondly, it was a question of returning to the peaceful and "democratic" path of the imposition of mundialism, of the "Second International", with the return of Frei's Christian Democracy as the last remaining possibility, since Socialism and Freemasonry had been forcibly damaged and sidelined for the time being. After all, the Roman Church, heavily infiltrated from its origin, -and because of its origin-, was not hostile to "mundialism" nor to Judeo-Masonic ties. Here the Soviet Union and the "Third International" were in conflict with the Plan of the "Second International", because they were already in conflict from before, as has been exposed in this account. The USSR would always aspire to the violent (imperialist) imposition of Marxist-Leninist communism, wherever Yalta allowed it. It would respect this agreement in the Southern Cone, momentarily.

But a new stumbling block should be introduced in the turning of the wheel of the West's planning. In a way impossible to control or avoid, the Military Junta in power began the liquidation of the Communist Party of Chile. And this was not contemplated, much less permitted, by the world Intelligence Services, which were very active in the facts. **The KGB and the** CIA fight each other but do not kill each other. "Between oxen there is no goring", as the peasant saying goes.

The Chilean Communist Party is one of the oldest in the world, prior to the Soviet Revolution itself and the most loyal to Moscow, having supported that nation in all its imperialist adventures of expansion ("imposition of communism" they called it) in Hungary, Czechoslovakia, etc. For this reason, Moscow,

who could accept the fall of Allende as inevitable, could not, on the other hand, allow the destruction of his Communist Party in Chile. And when this happened, his fury knew no bounds and he was ready to retaliate directly and also against the United States, considering that his vital interests had been affected, not respecting the pact, in that tacitly accepted "gentleman's game" of the Intelligence Services.

Through Cuban troops, stationed in Peru, armed with missiles, it was proposed to attack Chile. And this was so real that Dr. Hernán San Martín, Allende's Ambassador to an African country, declared to the world press: "The Chilean Military Junta will be overthrown by the Cuban army".

The second retaliation was even more dangerous for the West: a communist government would be imposed in Portugal, thus affecting "NATO". In other words, the tension between the two blocs of world powers was becoming extremely dangerous. And all this because of Chile. And it was at that moment when the sinister Henry Kissinger intervened, producing an agreement with the Russians, which has lasted until today, even when it became obsolete after the fall of the Berlin Wall and of the Soviet Union itself. In exchange for Chile and the Southern Cone, he gave Moscow Vietnam, in Southeast Asia, and Angola, in Africa, with all its riches, in exchange for Portugal itself. And that is how the Cubans were taken out of Peru and taken to patrol Angola, with its army, in a frankly colonialist mission, against an underdeveloped and colored people.

And here, for us, begins a truly exciting story, a sort of detective novel of intrigues and deaths, which only those who, through their international experience and hard struggles, have become strong-hearted enough to resist them, will be able to understand.

Not all the actors of those years will be aware or even know of the existence of the "Kissinger Agreement". And they will continue to try the armed solution, to overthrow the "Military Junta", with the help of Cuba and the Soviet Union. One of these people will be Allende's former Minister of Defense, Orlando Letelier, from Washington; the other, Allende's daughter and former secretary, resident in Havana, where she took refuge with her husband, the Cuban agent. But the latter, having accomplished his mission, has divorced. The "uncomfortable" Letelier is assassinated in Washington and,

Very soon after, Allende's daughter, Letelier's contact in Havana, "committed suicide".

In this way, the Kissinger Plan can be fulfilled, without major stumbling blocks and difficulties, apart from those that the Military Junta in Chile puts on it, by staying much longer than convenient, forcing to establish a new "halt", of those already accustomed in History. And this also due to the very special personality of General Pinochet. He will be made to pay the bills, in due time, when Kissinger himself and the Masonic "Second International" decide that the time has come to start again, "from scratch".

The serious mistakes made by Pinochet were fivefold: One: overstaying his welcome; two: liquidating the Communist Party; three: trying to colonize with Chileans the Melimoyu, in southern Patagonia, an area destined for the "New Judah" *("Nar-Judó"),* with its capital in Viedma, next to Laguna del Desierto, handed over today by the Christian Democrats and the Socialists; four: Pinochet opposed in all international forums to transforming the Army into a world police force, under the command of the United States of America. This undermines the plan for the total annexation of Patagonia, since the Army remains nationalist and patriotic; five: he allowed the Chief of the Intelligence Service, DINA, General Manuel Contreras, to be put in prison, something that has been done for the first time in the world. The latter is as if George Bush, former head of the CIA, had been imprisoned. There is a secret code of honor among the Intelligence Services, as in the Mafia, which must be respected at all costs.

Pinochet had to pay.

More than once I have recounted my meeting with the members of the Military Junta shortly after its installation in power in Chile, through the direct intervention of Admiral Huerta, Minister of Foreign Affairs at that time, and my presentation to them, explaining precisely the same thing that I have analyzed here more

in detail and in depth. Already then there was talk in the world about the intervention of the CIA. I remember telling them that if they wished to deny this, the argument was that "the Communist Party had been destroyed, something that the CIA would never have done, because", I repeated: "between oxen there is no goring", the US Intelligence services fought with the KGB, but did not affect their vital interests. "Someone had passed the horse," I explained, using these same Creole words and sayings, adding that I believed that "it was the Virgen del Carmen". By which I was referring - to myself - to that Force and Power of the Sons of Light, which intervenes and changes the happenings in the Confabulation of History. The world chessboard was again going to be sunny and we had to "tie our pants".

I will refer to these events and times again in this last volume of the *"Memoirs of del y Yo",* almost at the end and when I deal with the definitive return to my homeland.

Now, focusing on the present and its fundamental events, of such serious consequences for Chile, when General Pinochet is kidnapped in London, I will have to try to understand and explain these events, which at first sight appear strange and mysterious.

Surprising events, only for the majority, because, if we take into account the picture drawn here, General Pinochet's imprisonment in London was a trap, prepared well in advance and which should only take his supporters by surprise. The rest, including the Government, were all participants in the plot.

Worldwide, it has been attempted to take the facts back to almost forty years ago, with the great advantage that the Soviet Union no longer exists, nor the "Third International". And that the Masonic "Second International" has succeeded in imposing, in almost all the countries of the West, social-democratic rulers. There should then be a public and worldwide spectacle of an exemplary punishment in the person of a former South American dictator - as in a new "Nürenberg Tribunal" - so that the fact would not be repeated, at least in the West, nor in the "backyard of the USA", the Hispanic America (where, according to Eden, there was a revolution *'euery other day").* For which Spain would be chosen, as "racially responsible" for this Continent, something like this

as the Head of another *"Commonu ealth",* to initiate the process of accusation and request for extradition of the former Chilean Ruler.

Chile was selected because it was a country that had accepted all kinds of abuses, taking into account the incredible surrender of Laguna del Desierto and the one being prepared for the Southern Patagonian Ice Field. With a socialist Minister of Foreign Affairs, committed to the plan, and a Christian Democrat, globalist and globalist President w i t h the last name of Frei, plus the commanders of the Armed Forces, appointed and managed by this Government. Thus, Chile was once again the ideal country to try the experiment. In addition, the election of a social democrat and Freemason, friend of the "ecologists" and supporter of the new Kingdom of Judah in Patagonia, a *"Rockefeller-boy",* indoctrinated at the *Duke University of* North America*,* was being prepared.

The details of this drama are more or less known. Pinochet has been made to pay for the faults listed. Like General Manuel Contreras, he was taken prisoner in a hospital and recently operated on. The Chilean Army, as then, did nothing. Only verbal protests. The Government, on its own, decided to defend the principle of territoriality of the Law (as long as there was no "International Criminal Tribunal", of which it is a supporter) and diplomatic immunity. But he did not defend the person of the Senator for Life, nor did the Minister of Foreign Affairs, in his trip to London, visit him, despite his parliamentary position and despite the fact that he is a compatriot, a Chilean, illegally imprisoned and criminally segregated. I think that cynicism would not have been enough for him, when he found himself face to face with someone he himself would have contributed to make him fall into a trap.

The weak protest for the trampled sovereignty has been considered from the beginning as a means to hide the true intentions and to reassure the opposition, Pinochet's supporters, the Chilean Armed Forces and the patriots humiliated and offended by the enormous offense made to the sovereignty of the Nation. And this has been fully achieved, given the consumerist, economist and materialistic mentality that Pinochet himself contributed to impose on the country during the long years of his government. Chileans are no longer interested in their homeland, they are only interested in money.

However, and to be fair, the "generations without a homeland" are not new or new today, they began to appear in the 1930s.

in Chile, with the preaching of Marxism, its penetration in the Universities and with the communist "Third International". Then, everything is "internationalism", the Christian and Judaic Democracy, of Bergson and Maritain, and the Catholic Church itself, without the patriotism of yesteryear, reserved only to certain exceptional beings, such as Fathers Osvaldo Lira, Rafael Gandolfo and Raúl Hasbún.

With the destruction of Nazism and the treason of Jorge González von Mareés, the sense of homeland and nationality almost completely disappeared in Chile. It is formally preserved in the Armed Forces, which, however, have been unable to defend the surrender of our territory.

Ah, but I forgot. In this magical Chile, patriotism is nourished and maintained by the Virgin of Carmen (and that is why it is magical), who intervenes at the precise and least expected moment, changing the whole course of events and making of this lost country, at the end of the world and the ice, a center of importance in sum, capable of altering the course of the Great Conspiracy of the ages.

By a time, at least.

She who interferes with the plans of the Enemy: the Virgin of Carmel, Cnmhnffo, *Chambollah,* the Virgin Mother, with the 'Son of Man", the Astral Body; Isis with Horus. *Oí yehue,* the Star of the Mariana, with *Sepun,* the Evening Star, in her arms.

When the *Golens* (not Golem) infiltrate the Frisians in Africa and return with them to Northern Europe, making a stop in Albion, in *Angefond* - "land of angels", of the "dead of Hyperborea"-.
The Welsh (the *Welches)* became contaminated and the Welsh became bastardized by the Jewish *Golens.* Even the Druids themselves started blood sacrifices. Today, the whole of the famous English "es/oh/ts/t- *ment"* is of cat-Judaic origin. The House of Lords, for example, is full of Jews. And so we saw in the trial of General Pinochet that, of the five Lords who decided his extradition to Spain, two were Jews, born in South Africa. But the Virgin of Carmen introduced the tip of her mantle and took care of one of them (Lord Hoffmann) and disqualified him. Something incredible and never happened before in all the History of *Great Britain (Kniai-Brith).* Something deeply symbolic and significant. The number five (the five Lords) is the Hyperborean Number. It is favorable to us.

In the world history of the Conspiracy, Great Britain has been chosen as the main Center, right up to the present day, having to pay a high price in infamy in order to remain as such. Remember his behavior with Napoleon, the bombing of Dresden and *Heligoland,* the assassination of Rudolf Hess, using perhaps the same intelligence agency that has been in charge of the sinister "Operation Pinochet", the M.I. 16. It was the English, with Balfour, who were responsible for the creation of the State of Israel and it was they who filled the seas with pirates, thieves, robbers and murderers, authorized by a Queen or a King, who granted them titles of nobility, as a reward for their misdeeds. Thus, from time immemorial, your House of Lords has been plagued by criminals and honorable robbers. Or of Jews.

Spain was always its main victim. And it continues to be so today, when, apparently, it is a judge of this country that has initiated the extradition trial of an important citizen of Chile. And I say victim because Spain will be the most damaged, because, for the first time in all the centuries of our common history, it has offended us in an irreparable and definitive way, despising us and trampling on our sovereignty and independence, followed by glorious and noble struggles. And this can no longer be remedied. Once again Spain is a victim of the English privateers and of *Crreat* Brttoin.

íKnai Brith). He has offended the only country in this America with -He was a true Hispanic tradition, and that he loved it.

What fundamental weakness, what undesirable mixture of races exists in the Spanish race that, in the decisive moments, it is led to fall into treason and dishonor, as in the case of Franco with Germany and now of Aznar with Chile, lending itself to play the role of promoter in a murky globalist plan, in which it has nothing to gain and everything to lose?

Great Britain, on the other hand, is paying the tribute agreed with the Lord of Darkness, its Master since ever. Margaret Thatcher, the conservative politician, assassinated Rudolf Hess and now, Tony Blair, the socialist, chooses just the day of Pinochet's birthday, not a day before and not a day after, to decide and communicate to him the adverse ruling of the Lords, descendants of pirates and Jews. Once again he has paid the agreed price. And it will thus be able to remain the World Center of Infamy and the Great Conspiracy.

The many arms of the Plan move, like those of Shiva, in a prefixed rhythm and with the ultimate aim of being able to embrace the whole world, the entire Universe visible to the eyes of the Earth, enclosing and encircling it. After installing in Europe social-democratic governments, of the Second International, it is intended to do the same in our America. It was believed that by removing Pinochet from Chile and putting him in prison, in addition to favoring the candidacy of the Chilean social democrat, Ricardo Lagos, economically supported by Tompkins and the Spanish Telefonica, it would also greatly advance the installation of the *"Juden !Staat"* in southern Patagonia, dreamed and prophesied, one hundred years ago, by Theodor Herzt. Pinochet and his Chilean Army were an obstacle to the realization of the Patagonian plan, since it is still a nationalist Army. Pinochet had always been opposed, as we have said, to including the Chilean Armed Forces in a globalist Army, under the orders of a World Armed Force, directed by the United States of America. That is to say, an effective Police Force, to combat disorder, guerrilla warfare and drug trafficking, for the time being. The General was tenaciously opposed to this transcendental change and convinced other Commanders of the Army and the Army to take the lead.

The only exception is Argentina, which has liquidated its Armed Forces and follows the orders and instructions of the United States, just like Spain. Except for the Argentines, who have liquidated their Armed Forces and follow the orders and instructions of the United States, just like Spain. As a result, Argentina has come to deserve the status of "Extra NATO Ally" with a relationship as close to the Yankees as that of Israel. That is to say, Argentina today is already a "New Israel" and Buenos Aires has a Jewish population only surpassed in quantity by that of New York. Thus, if Chile does not surrender the rest of its Patagonia, Argentina, supported by the United States, would take charge of seizing it, in order to make the necessary transfer to Israel, planned since long ago.[2]planned since long ago. However, an incoming Chilean social democrat President and the "Second International" would facilitate the handover. Tompkins on this side and Benetton on the other side of the border. Thousands and thousands of rich hectares, with the necessary minerals for the space age, molybdenum, plutonium, lead, uranium and the largest hydrographic reserves on the planet. Along with ecological reserves of vernacular trees, which do not exist anywhere else on earth, and which will be "cloned". In addition, the fortieth parallel will be the one that will be saved in the geological, synchronistic catastrophes that are coming. Because these regions will be the future Ecuador.

Almost simultaneously with the imprisonment of Pinochet and the decisive step taken towards globalism, a great "virtual" economic crisis was planned, whose ultimate object would be to put an end to paper money (the banknote, the check) and coins, to impose the momentary reign of plastic money (the credit card) until the bar code and 666, the Number of the Beast, the Number of Man, engraved on the flesh of the slaves (on the wrist or on the forehead) of the Apocalypse, of the Yugn *of Lead.* The current preparatory crisis would be taking place just at the seventy-year anniversary (70, cabalistic number) of the great Wall Street crisis. It started now in Asia and has reached to affect the world.

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2. The Pentagon would give her secret information on technology and new weapons. In addition, almost simultaneously to Margaret Thatcher's revelation of Chile's aid in the Falklands War, England decides to lift the arms embargo on Argentina. Machiavellianism and intrigue.

Japan. This invented, non-existent, "virtual" crisis is more dangerous than a real crisis, for the very reason that it does not exist outside the hypnotized minds of the agents of globalism.

And all this could have been avoided by Chile, without waiting for the intervention of what I call the "Virgin of Carmen", of the Hierarchies of Light, who always act with delicacy. I was in favor of responding energetically to such a great offense and humiliation of our homeland. We had to break off relations with Spain and England, surround the two Embassies with tanks and take the Ambassadors prisoner, as hostages for the Senator, former Commander-in-Chief of the Army and former Ruler of Chile, kidnapped in England. To him -who would be humiliated and taken to testify- he recommended suicide, just as the Prussian generals did when they lost a battle and the commanders of the German Navy when their ships sank; like the *samurai* and like Arturo Prat himself and the heroes of the Concepción, in Chile, giving their lives in combat.

I said this in a televised interview and in publications in the newspapers. In addition, I sent the Commander in Chief of the Army, General Ricardo Izurieta, a letter, which I reproduce here.

I had an interview with the Commander in Chief of the Air Force, General Rojas Vender, and I suggested to him to carry out a commando operation (Skorzeny type) to rescue General Pinochet in London. I offered him our young men to participate symbolically. The Chilean Air Force had two planes waiting for the Lords ruling in England. It also has an extraordinary commando team, like the Navy and the Army. And there they are, immobilized, completely useless.

We ask ourselves: if something similar had been done to the Jews, kidnapping Begin, for example, a former Prime Minister and former terrorist, what would they have done? Without a second thought, they would have rescued him, in a successful commando operation. Chile's reaction was very weak and belated, typical of a committed, Christian Democrat, socialist and socialist government.

democrat.

General Pinochet would be taken to the Court of Lords. I then sent him a fax, dated December 5, 1998, through the Head of the Chilean Military Mission in Ingl aterra:

"You represent Chile, like O'Higgins. You cannot accept to testify before any foreign court. ¡Vino Ohíle!".

The letter to General Izurieta, Commander in Chief of the Army, was as follows:

"Val paraíso, November 9, 1998 " Mr.

General Ricardo Izurieta
"Commander in Chief of the Army
"Santiago

"Much appreciated General Iz/zrieta*:*

"We are a country of Uascans, Visigoths, Oraucanians and mountain people. We are a lonely and proud country, surrounded by enemies, but never humiliated or defeated. For the first time, since our independence, we have been the target of an offense that affects the very essence of our nationality; never, not even during the bombing of Valparaiso, nor even during the government of Salvador Allende, had anyone dared to jeopardize our sovereignty in the way Spain and England have done today. It is the first judge and should be the last. If we accept the offense, we will cease to exist as a free and sovereign nation. We shall have lost our honor, we shall have lost everything, and for good. On the other hand, if we stand alone against the powerful of this world, we will also gain everything, because Our Lady of Mount Carmel *and the Spirit of our sublime* summits *will help us to be born. We will have saved ourselves by rising to great heights and we will also help all of our America, for our example will inspire and redeem it.*

"Our glorious Army is still intact and it is up to it, at this moment, to insist on the immediate rupture of relations with Spain and, later, with England. It is the very existence of Chile that is at stake, because the situation, as *we said, is much more serious than that of 1970. All the hard and glorious past, the dark present and the future of this beloved Chile are now at stake. With a single decision we* will

We will win it all, and we will raise this noble race to heights we have never dreamed of, from which no one will ever be able to lower us, no matter what happens.

"In your hands, General, and in the hands of our glorious Hierarch, the Fate and the Tulelary Spirits of our Logical Earth have placed the most important and initiating decision of its existence.

"This is the decisive hour!

"M(guel Serrano
"Former
Ambassador."

General Izurieta acknowledged receipt and "thanked me for the suggestions" with a letter dated November 17, 1998.

And on January 18, 1999, I sent General Pinochet, still sequestered in London and three days before the new trial in the Lords, the last fax:

"The number S [ue [ouorable in the Lords' notation,' by irihabilitating Hoffmanri. Number 7 rio is. Let his lawyers try to get - if still possible - an extension to 9 Lords. it would be more favorable to the final notation"'.

I remembered the "Seven Projections" of your Minister Melnik, shortly before the Plebiscito catastrophe.

7 is the Melnik number.

THE HOMELAND

TELLURIC NATIONALISM

I think the time has come to explain what the Homeland is. I have always been talking about "my homeland", from the first lines written in a book. In my generation *e-Lo* was not strange. Today it is

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3. We repeat: Number 5 is the Hyperborean Number (see "Adolf Hitler, the Last Avatar" and "Manu, For the Man to Come").
4. In the first vote there were 5 Lores. In the second vote the number was changed to 7.

frowned upon, as if they were things of yesterday, of old-fashioned, ignorant people. When I was almost a child, I found in a notebook of my grandmother, Fresia Manterola de Serrano, a line written in her beautiful and careful handwriting: "Mamacita querida, if I ever had to choose between you and the Homeland, I would do it for my Homeland". Above, I have referred to the "generations without a homeland". Even in my generation -that of '38- there were those who did not have one. Eduardo Anguita, Braulio Arenas, Eduardo Molina, Enrique Gómez Correa, Santiago del Campo, did not have it. And it was not only a matter of the schools where they were educated, but of their families, I think, and even more, of the landscape, of the land. Certainly, the family thread was already breaking, creating an unbridgeable gap between children and parents; but much more so, between man, the inhabitant and his landscape. In Chile, the disconnection with the landscape was taking on dramatic proportions, although not perceived by the majority.

> And the landscape is the homeland. The Homeland of the soul and of the blood. Because the Earth is a living being, a great body of a God.

Goddess imprisoned and that, surely, has the same shape of man, his "image and likeness" (although to the "scientists" it appears round). Maybe we are round too). And it is not the same to be born and exist in one place on Earth as in another. From *Gerda,* as the Germans called her.

When the *Div yas,* the Sidd/ios, arrive to fight on Earth, they settle in Hyperborea. Involuted into *Viryas, they* lose this paradisiacal Continent, having to abandon it before the catastrophe. They will be inconsolable and nostalgic pilgrims. Hyperborea, at the North Pole, was like the brain, or the skull of *Cerda.* Through the change of ages, their Germanic-Aryan ("twice-born") descendants will settle in the wooded areas of the heart of the Earth, today's Germany. Feeding on its roots, on its minerals, absorbing its emanations, they will establish the connection between soul and landscape, which will enable *Seeing* to live and die there, and to prefer to die defending that environment, which has become a projection of the Self (of the *S!elbst).*

If we move to the south of the world, we find something similar in the Araucanian, the Mapuche, which means "Man of the Earth", of *"his* Land". It shows here its extreme characteristics, and can be used to analyze what the Germanic himself must have been in the beginning. The Arauca does not build cities, he lives in

"rucas" of branches and wood, in the middle of the forest, of the

untouched landscape, so that the "forester", who is the "architect" of the "rucas" and the assistant of the "Machis" (or *Magis,* Magos; all *Re-Che,* "doubly man", "born twice") before cutting a tree has "conversed" with him, has asked him for permission, like my servant in India, before cutting a flower.

For almost four hundred years, the Araucanian fought and died defending his forests, his rivers, his divine mountains, the untouched environment of his soul and the food of his bones and blood. He died for his homeland *(Pater-Mater).* And the Spaniard, who mixed and "settled" here, also connected and assimilated himself to the landscape, although he did not succeed in fusing his God with the Gods of the Landscape. He did *not* achieve *it* with the conscious mind; but he did with an "other something", which made my ancestors, for example, shed tears while contemplating a sunset on the summits, and my grandmother write that "the Homeland was first before her mother". Or Father Lacunza saying in exile: *"Only those who have lost it know what Chile is".*

With education impregnated with internationalism, then with Marxism and the politicization of Chile, the generations are moving away from the union with the landscape. Industrialization and the tendencies to build mega-cities, while destroying agrarian life and the countryside, end up making invisible to the eyes and feelings the divine peaks of the Andes, for which I and many of my generation were willing to give our lives. Especially those who died on September 5, 1938a.

And so we have arrived at the preaching of the "mundialism" and "globa lism" of the present, new disguises of Jewish Marxism, of those who have no Homeland, because they are like cancerous cells that spread voraciously from one healthy organ to another of the earth, moving, devouring and infecting, until they produce the total death of the living body of the God-Goddess, of Gerda, of the Earth that has received us with love, giving us back the love that we gave her, devouring and infecting, until they produce the total death of the living body of the Goddess-God, of *Gerda,* the Earth that has received us with love, returning the love that we gave her, *"receiving us in her giant arms, when our body dies,"* as Teilhard de Chardin wrote.

5. The murdered Nazis.

The internationalists, the mundialists, the globalists, the economists (businessmen, entrepreneurs), the ecologists (without a homeland), those of Opus Dei, all the same as the Marxists, accuse us of being "backward-looking", of being "transnationalists", etc. They do not know, because they do not want to know, that in this, as in everything else, it was the National Socialists (national socialists) who also gave the exact and correct answer to the problem of "unity". They do not know, because they do not want to know, that in this, as in everything else, it was the National Socialists (socialist-nationalists) who also gave the exact and correct answer to the problem of the "unity of the earth," of Friendship in *Shit.*

Everything in the Universe is different, nothing is the same in Nature; even snow crystals are different from each other. No two fingerprints are alike. Human communities also tend to differentiate themselves from the beginning, because of their environment, their blood and their race. Their happiness and their mission is not to break the difference, but to accentuate it, to the point of projecting it into the cosmic symphony of a new galaxy, that is to say, to eternalize it, to include it in an Archetype, or in their Group Spirit; that is to say, in their own God. "In the God who has created our People", as Adolf Hitler said.

And so it was the Hitlerist SS which, in 1945, almost at the end of the War, in response to the "Mundialist Charter" of San Francisco, made known its "New Order", with the *"Charter of Charlotemburg",* which is the definitive and forever answer to all the worldism and globa]ism of the Homeless and of the internationalists, of any of the "Internationals" of our days.

To the unnatural, unnatural, monstrous equality, which today is preached and imposed, mixing all races, languages and peoples, to create bastard aberrations, in order to dominate this senseless conglomerate, without any will or direction, or destiny of its own, by a minority of "one-eyed" people, who "will be the kings in this world of the blind", the Hitlerists gave their answer: the co/o6orntion *of the carnal homelands.* They brought back the situation of Europe to the Natural Homelands, which since the First World War, and even before, had been destroyed by the Great Conspiracy. In this way, and taking into account ethnic and linguistic differences, they reformed the conglomerates and delimited their natural, inviolable borders by publishing a map (see my book "The Golden Cord"). These homelands would relate to each other, just as individuals do, by ties of friendship and

interests,

Hitlerist response to the "globalism" of the Charter of San Francisco that created the United Nations, on a purely materialistic basis, with artificial entities, destined to disappear for the sake of a totalitarian, rationalist and enslaving World Empire. The Charter of Charlotemburg organized the earth on the basis of racial and linguistic units, with "carnal homelands", harmoniously relating to each other by means of natural and peaceful exchanges, outside capitalist exploitation.

Here, on the money and on the base of the money, is stamped the symbol of the "New Secular Order", the Totalitarian Pyramid, with the open eye of the "**Big** Brother" at the top. And in front, under **the claws** of the eagle, the shield of **six** bars, anticipation of the "**Bar** Code"**, without** which "no one can **buy** or sell". **Above** the eagle's head, the **Star** of David.

working together and connected, for the *love of the soul of the Earth,* to complete, within their inevitable cycles, a divine and superior destiny in which they all participate, because it is a battle for the liberation of the Gods imprisoned by the Demiurge and against his *robot* servants, in this Battlefield, which is our Planet.

Since the end of the Great War, the situation has become desperate for those who remained fighting on the surface of *Cuerda.* The *"Charter of Charlotemburg" ceased* to exist, disappearing from the memory of men. The "Charter of San Francisco" was the one that prevailed, with its "Pan-Europe", its "Common Markets", its "Euro" and, in America, with the "Mercosur", etc.". Extreme materialism knows only trade unions. It is the triumphant "Historical Materialism", to which cybernetics, robotics and cyberbiology have been added, as the last resort to put an end to the superior human being and his divine, omnipotent mind, capable of recovering his hyperborean powers, creators of new worlds. This was achieved only by an elite of Hitlerists and SS: the *!Soniienmerish,* the Sunman, the Superman.

6. The fateful President of Argentina, Agent Menem, proposes to put an end to national currencies in Latin America and to impose the dollar as the single currency (single army, single currency and a single people in control: the Jewish anti-race). It is not strange, therefore, that it is precisely the dollar that incorporates the Masonic symbology of the *Illuminati.* The World Order, symbolized in a Pyramid with an open and vigilant Eye at its apex, only one, controlling the slaves at the base. And the legend: *Nouus Ordo !SecuIorum* (New Secular Order, New World Order, global, globalist). And the date of l777, which is the date of the foundation of the dome of the Lodge of the Illuminati of Bavaria, by Adams Weishaupt, subject to the Rothsehilds. It was the symbol of the *Il umiriati,* brought to North America by George Washington and incorporated by Roosevelt to the currency in 1935. The imposition of this currency in all the Americas would be much worse than the "Euro" in the West, since it signifies imperial domination and the total (totalitarian) enslavement of the peoples at the base of the Pyramid, controlled by the open Eye at the top. If so, if this is realized, it would mean the prelude to the establishment of the Jewish Messiah's Empire in southern Patagonia, with the Desert Lagoon and the Ice Fields, all the way to Antarctica.

It is difficult to write these things today, for those of us who are still here, at the gates of the Apocalypse, fighting a final and desperate rearguard battle to save the soul of *Cerda,* in this Mystical, Magical and adored Homeland, where we are still free. In Chile.

PART TWO

IN TITO'S YUGOSLAVIA

THE SADNESS OF THE GRASS

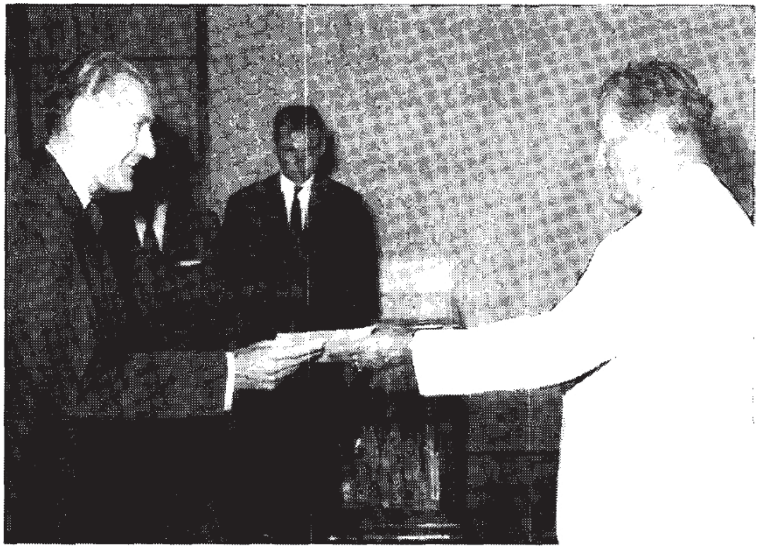
As I have said, I had no desire to go to communist Yugoslavia. I had been to Cuba and I did not foresee a great difference between one and the other, between Tito and Fidel, both non autonomous characters, pulled by secret strings and pulling secret strings as well. In India I had met Tito's Ambassadors and, to my pleasant surprise, I had made good friends, excellent and loyal men. I had also met the "Ché" Guevara, a reserved and courageous character, interested in yoga, undoubtedly an idealist. Involved in a dark game, which he did not control, he was taken out of the game at a young age.

After India, with its intimate joy, detached from some hidden center, with its divine misery, propitiated and permitted by its Gods, illuminated by an inner sun, where everything was phantasmagoric and nonexistent, one more illusion in the endless chain of reincarnations, this other world, without a great faith, outside the materialistic belief of a half-heresy Marxism, imposed by arms and terror, with its "self-management socialism" (factories run, "managed" by their workers), Yugoslavia appeared to me wrapped in an enormous sadness, in a desperate melancholy, which was detached from beings, men, animals and the landscape. Even the grass was sad.

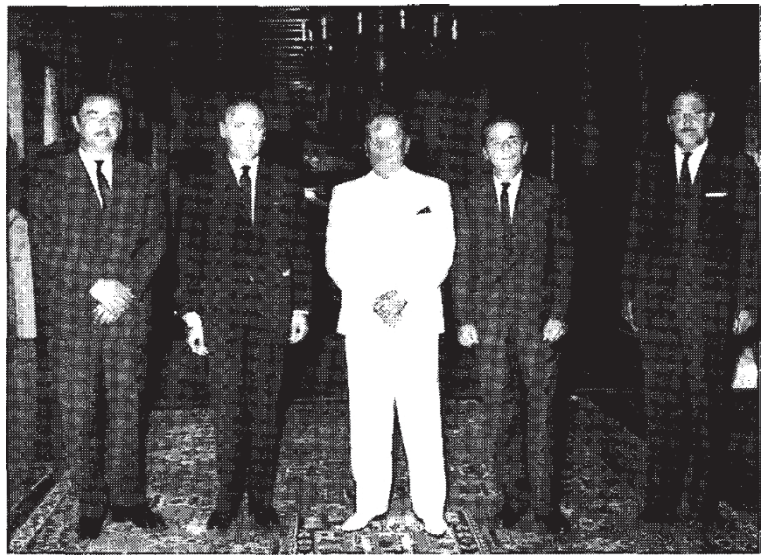
This was the first impression of that other world, to which he had been transferred as Ambassador of Chile.

It is not my intention in these "Memoirs" to go into my diplomatic life in other countries, after India. I wish to pass as quickly as possible through them, to return soon to my homeland. I only aspire to be able to explain the emotion in the human contact with the people of Yugoslavia, a people, an extraordinary race and of an unparalleled beauty in men and women, with heroic and warlike qualities.

Presentation of credentials in Yugoslavia. On Brioni Island, passing Fevista to Tito's guard.



I deliver my credentials as Ambassador to President Tito, at his summer residence, on the Island of Brioni, in the Adriatic.



After the presentation of credentials to Marshal and President Tito, with **Foreign** Minister Koca **Popovic** and Secretary of the Presidency Crnobrnja.

Wreath at the monument to the unknown soldier in Yugoslavia, destroyed by NATO bombing.

and an intimate love for their land'. And this in the Serbs, as in the Croats, in the Montenegrins, as in the Bosnians. Very soon they conquered me, also the landscape, beyond my first depressive impression. Dalmatia, with Split (Spoleto), Dubrovnik and Rijeka, or Fi ume, where the Italian poet and fascist Gabriele D'Annunzio wanted to establish an independent republic, with a minaret from which to read aloud his poems to the people gathered at sunset, and with public baths, where men and women swam naked. And the beautiful island of *Huar,* from which the valuable Croatian colonies of the beginning of the century left for Chile, settling in Punta Arenas. They were called "Aus-Triacs" for traveling with passports of that nationality.

These Adriatic islands of Dalmatia are more beautiful than those of Greece.

I arrived in Yugoslavia in the summer of 1962, having to present my credentials on the Island of Brioni, the "Island of Tito", in Dalmatia, to which I have already referred in the previous volume of these "Memoirs". From the dock I was taken to the presidential residence in a rustic carriage, pulled by horses, which were not exactly Lipizzaners. Everything was simple, without much pomp or elaborate protocol.

In a central room, standing in the middle, in a row with their legs open, as if they were American soldiers, were three people. The one in the middle must have been Tito, of medium height, very tanned by the sun. To his right a man also of medium height, with mustaches, must have been the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Koca Popovi c. He had fought the Spanish War in the "Communist Legion" and spoke perfect Spanish. On the far left, I recognized my friend Crnobrnja, former Ambassador to India and now Secretary of the Presidency of Yugoslavia.

I handed my Letters of Credence to Tito, standing, but in the firm position of a Prussian, with my heels together. And he pronounced

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7. It can be proven today when Serbia fought alone against the **US** and NATO countries. It was also chosen as a "guinea pig" at the same time as Chile and Pinochet to impose the New World Order by means of terror.

a short speech of which I remember nothing, except that I must have mentioned the efforts of the Croatian colony in Chile.

It was said that Tito was of Croatian origin. The truth is that nothing is known to be true. His eyes were a cold, dull blue, and his face remained expressionless.

The Honorary Consul of Chile in Yugoslavia, appointed by my predecessor, Ambassador Enrique Berstein, the *"Yospodin"* (Mr.) Jovanovic, a charming man, with whom we understood each other in French, a mixture of primitivism and tremendous humanity, assured me that Josip Broz Tito represented a mystery, that he was not the "original warrior", but that he had been changed by another, by a secret agent in the service of England, a Polish Jew. In turn, my wife, once when she was sitting next to him at a meal, told me that he gave off a strange odor from his whole body. I think it may have been the hair dye and aftershaves he used to rejuvenate. There were many legends; but an agent of a foreign power he was, and not of Russia, but of the Center of the World Conspiracy, of England. That is why he handed over the nationalist General Mihajlovic, a Francophile, to be shot, something that De Gaulle never forgave him. In the Balkans, Tito became an essential piece of a heretical communism, as we have said, which stopped the Stalinist advance of Russian imperialism, in its eagerness to reach the warm seas, forming part with Greece of the "Balkan Pact", under the direction and protection of Mr. Eden, Minister of Foreign Relations of *Great Britain (Great Bri tain íKnai'Brith).* Moscow put an end to the *Komin[orm* in Yugoslavia; but left its agents, such as Vice-President Rankovic. Thus the silent and secret struggle continued.

And it is very interesting to see that, at the other end of the world, something similar was done with Fidel Castro, although in reverse, and as a compensation. These two characters repelled each other, for the same reason. They were two agents.

However, and as I will come to tell later, Tito also came to esteem me, being able to have with me incredible and unusual gestures in the hard com m unists, but not in the guerrillas and "partisans" (even if they are agents), who know about the camera, the danger and have their own code of honor. That is why, even today, I find myself confused to give a definitive judgment on this man and prefer to keep my ambivalence towards him, finding myself

satisfied that I did not want to be intimate, when I could have been, and that I preferred the distance, also fulfilling my Mission.

* * *

It is exciting to follow the chess game of the World Intelligence Services, especially in these intermediate and strategic zones of the world. The Yugoslavian experience enabled me to understand in depth what happened in Chile with Allende, especially after the events of the so-called "Prague Spring", with the anti-Russian rebellion of the English agent Dubcek, fully supported by Tito. The other way a r o u n d , similar in its predicted failure, was the senseless adventure of Salvador Allende, teleguided by Fidel Castro. Of course, the Bolsheviks of Brezhnev supported him, but without much enthusiasm, something like "spies' obligation", or "conditioned reflex" of chess players. In the time between the departure of my predecessor, Enrique Berstein, who was based in Vienna, as Ambassador accredited to Austria and Yugoslavia, there was as Chargé d'Affaires an eccentric and attractive character, Gaston Wilson, who hated communists and communism. He left me a personal and confidential letter with all sorts of instructions for "survival": Every six months I should change the keys to t h e office. As for the service p e r s o n n e l , the most I could expect was that they would not lie about me in their weekly report to their inspectors or "commissaries". When I attended official meetings with authorities, I should be sure that I was being recorded. I was advised to carry a pencil to start tapping on the table. In this way The recording was spoiled for them.

I put all this into p r a c t i c e , with the result that the door of my office, after some time, had an incredible amount of keys and cha pas, which I left in place so that the marks would not remain, and I had to climb a ladder to open it. As for the pencil and tapping on a table, it became automatic for me, so that on my trips to Chile, more than once I caught myself doing it in my meetings with the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

I must, however, state that these precautions were not Gaston Wilson's eccentric manias. Even though, since

t the beginning I established an affectionate relationship with my employees, with Nevenka and Elena, the maids; with Milica, the cook; with Sveto, the vallet; with Mile, my first driver and, even more, with Branko, who succeeded him in the job, almost all of them accompanying me on my move to Austria. They had to deliver reports on my activity and my person, as they later confessed to me.

For example, and this is interesting to relate because of the people involved: I was visited in Belgrade by the President's son, Eduardo Frei Ruiz-Tagle, his sister Carmen and her husband, Eugenio Ortega, with their young son. He put them up in my house. Eduardo Frei Ruiz-Tagle is the current President of Chile. Well, I found out that during my stay, when I was in my office at the Embassy and also my guests were walking around the city, some "gas fitters" had come, under the pretext of inspecting the gas pipes, and had entered the room of the children of the President of Chile where, for sure, they checked everything. I could not allow this and immediately requested an audience with the Chief of Protocol and lodged a formal protest. At that time I had already established a very special relationship with the Yugoslav Government, and I was allowed the license to "act" and to be heard.

However, at the beginning it was not like that. In fact, as soon as he arrived in Belgrade, the invasion of India by the China of Mao and Chou-en-lai took place. It was a treacherous and surprise attack, which caught Nehru totally unprepared, although I could not say the same for his Defense Minister (a *wounded Israel?)*, Krishna Menon.

As I have already mentioned, in India I never had a Chilean secretary, since all the Embassy staff was of that country's nationality. It was in Yugoslavia that the Ministry sent me my first collaborator; better said, collaborator, because she was a woman: Marta Sa u nier. If at the beginning I had doubts about her ability, I soon had to be convinced otherwise. Besides, she was very fine and beautiful, with that distinction, elegance and sympathy of the classy Chilean woman. If we could compare her with someone today, to give an idea of what she was, it would be with Congresswoman Mari'a Angélica Cristi, because, in addition, she was an equestrian. Green eyes, brown hair, very attractive voice; she had a spontaneous sense of humor, which manifested itself in the first meeting at the airport, when she said to me:

"Oh, Ambassador! Here I come to increase the flow of the waters of the Danube with my tears, for I am in love. ...".

Then I found out: Marta was single and had fallen in love with a married man, who had promised to separate (as always happens in Chile) in order to marry her, "because he was doing very badly in his marriage" (the eternal explanation!).

Another day she told me that, jumping on horseback, the animal resisted right on the stick and she was thrown off, falling sitting on the ground. "I hit my popi," she told me. "But, when they came to my aid and asked me in fright if anything hurt, I replied that "my prostate hurt." .. I didn't know what a prostate was, and I still don't. ..."

That was Marta (Martita) with all the charm and also the loyalty of the Chilean woman. Very soon she would have the opportunity to show it to me.

* * *

Despite the fact that Yugoslavia was one of the "non-aligned" countries, together with India and Egypt, Tito did not openly support Nehru when the Chinese attack took place. He did not open his mouth, he did not make any statement. This was, for me, the clearest manifestation that Tito was an agent and that Yugoslavia was not free to act, having "infiltrated" the non-aligned group.

In the previous volume of these "Memoirs" I have explained how the Chinese invasion of India in 1963 brought about Nehru's downfall, taking him out of the foreground of world politics in which he found himself. He was the leader, the ruler, who was listened to and respected by everyone in the world, having placed India among the most important nations on earth, something that did not please the real powers, owners of real power. Nehru, by magic, by his human qualities and intelligence alone, had achieved an incredible, unnatural place, according to the canons of this world. And so would his daughter Indira and his grandson, Rajiv. For the same reason, they too were made to disappear. Nehru died very soon after the Chinese invasion, without being able to recover from that cruel goal.

I had just left India when the Peking attack on the Hyinalayan frontiers took place. They stopped at will, turning back, when they could reach as far as Calcutta itself.

It was as if my homeland had been attacked. I spoke to everyone, wherever I could, expressing my surprise and repudiation of Yugoslavia's passivity and "neutrality" towards its "ally" India. I spoke with my friend, the former Ambassador in New Delhi, Crnobrnja, to whom I made my opinion known, believing I would find an echo, an attitude similar to mine. This was not the case. He only told me: "We must wait".

Knowing that in this country he was surrounded by ears and spies, he began to speak openly and also with my employees, declaring my indignation and going so far as to say that he was going to "recommend to my Government to change the seat of the Embassy to Greece, to serve Yugoslavia from there".

Whether this meant anything to the Belgrade Government, I doubt; but repercussions in the communist leadership, with respect to my person, it did. Although they were wrong, as I will explain.

TITO'S TRIP TO CHILE

Several events were precipitated. Bolivia began to press for an outlet to the sea, campaigning in all international organizations and obtaining the support of several South American countries, among them Uruguay, where the writer Ricardo Latcham was Chilean Ambassador. Bolivian efforts were now aimed at getting the "non-aligned" countries to support it as well. In those days, Tito was preparing his first visit to the United States of America, invited by Kennedy. In a diplomatic maneuver, which he believed to be strategic, he also managed to be invited by several South American countries, among them Brazil, Uruguay and Bolivia. Thus, he would r e a c h Kennedy making believe that he was supported by the "Third World", by the "backyard" of the United **States.**

I feared that it might happen to me like Ricardo Latcham and that I might

Yugoslavia gave its support to Bolivia, which would have been fatal for us, and could have at least dragged Egypt and, with it, the Arab world.

I asked to be called in consultation to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Santiago. When I informed Belgrade of my trip, they thought I was going to ask for the touted change to Greece, when my real intention was to get Chile to invite Tito as well, as a means of neutralizing Bolivia's action.

Tito gave me his dedicated photo.

FEDERATIVNE NARODNE REPUBLIKE JUGOSLAVIJE

Tito's card.

The President, Jorge Alessandri, was immediately convinced and approved the invitation, but not other politicians, such as Radomiro Tomic himself, of Yugoslavian origin, a Christian Democrat and left-wing sympathizer. He feared that the Croatians in Chile, anti-communist, would violently oppose him. The same thought was expressed by the right-wing Senator Francisco Bulnes, who sent me a letter, telling me that he had always supported me in Congress (at that time the Senate had to ratify the appointment of Ambassadors) and that he could not understand that I would bring a communist to Chile, causing a tense situation in the country.

And as if all this were not enough, there came the unexpected action of Yugoslav communism against me, typical in its malignity and also in its clumsiness.

I received a phone call at the Ministry from my secretary at the Embassy in Belgrade, Marta Saunier, to inform me that the Yugoslav Government had officially complained that I had paid for my plane ticket on the airline of that country with false dollars. The matter was clear to *me*: with this they intended to discredit me in case "I requested the transfer of the Representation to Greece". (Needless to say, I had never seriously considered this). They would accuse me of leaving Belgrade for committing fraud. Or, they were thinking of inhibiting me for the alleged transfer of the Chilean Embassy. They could never imagine that I was in Santiago to get the invitation to their Ruler, Marshal Tito, something that "made them fall backwards", so to speak, when they found out.

I had informed no one of the real reason for my coming to Chile, not even my secretary, Martita Saunier. For this reason, his loyal and energetic reaction before the Yugoslav authorities is even more meritorious. She rejected the protest and accused them of "fabrication and falsehood". She revealed this to me on the phone. I congratulated her and asked her to continue to maintain the same attitude until my return.

I returned to Belgrade with the valuable invitation in my briefcase. And I immediately requested an audience with the Chief of Protocol, Ambassador Makiedo.

Without beating around the bush, I went straight to the subject of the dollars. They were prepared and had already been informed by their Embassy in Santiago of the real purpose of my trip to Chile. Undoubtedly they were confused and were trying to fix the diplomatic and "Intelligence" gaffe. All kindness and smiles,

In front of a cup of Turkish coffee, the Chief of Protocol called his secretary, who appeared with a one hundred dollar bill in his hand. Makiedo passed it to me, saying:

"-See! Is this the money you paid with?".

I didn't even take it. I just looked at it. It was an absurd imitation, in a transparent paper, like the one used to wrap butter.

"It's ridiculous," I replied, "and you know it. I could never have received, nor passed on anything like that."

"-Enough with your statement," he replied. "The matter is finished."

I leaned back in my seat and, looking him straight in the face, I said to him

I said:

"-No, Mr. Makiedo, the matter is not finished. I went to Chile to get my government to invite President Tito. I succeeded with considerable difficulty and opposition. And here I bring the official invitation, which I must deliver personally to Marshal Tito; but I will not be able to do so, since your Government has seriously offended me by casting doubt on my honorability. To come to you, I need a formal explanation, official and written excuses. Only then will I be able to give you the invitation".

Ambassador Makiedo did not think twice and agreed to send me the excuses I requested, in writing and to my Embassy.

That same afternoon I had the official note from the Yugoslav communist government.

And I was able, in a short period of time, to deliver to Marshal Tito the Invitation to visit Chile.

Curiously, I had had to buy dollars in Belgrade to pay for my airline ticket and had been helped to acquire them by the Honorary Consul, *Yospodiri* Jovanovic. That was the way things were going in that rarefied world of com- unis. The company's activities have been very successful, whether in Yugoslavia or in any other similar country.

But nothing was easy. Very soon I received a letter from President Jorge Alessandri, in which he told me of his concerns. Apparently the Croatians in Chile were threatening attacks and he asked me to see to it that the Yugoslav government was also

concerned about the

security of his Head of State. I replied that those were just bluster, that he, like me, knew that never in Chile would an attempt be made against a foreign Head of State. And that was the way things were in those years in our country. Today we can no longer be sure of anything. Back then, you could walk alone and unarmed at any time of the night without fear of being assaulted. Today, in broad daylight, people are robbed and killed.

The Yugoslavs were also worried. Surprisingly, the Chief of the Civil Police in Santiago, its Director, Emilio Hoelker, arrived at the Embassy. He informed me that he was there because the Yugoslavs had brought him from Helsinki, where he had attended an international meeting of "INTE **RPOL".** They were very worried about Tito's safety in Chile. He had reassured them with the same arguments as mine, besides assuring them of all kinds of protection. Hoelker, of German origin, was a cultured man and he told me that so were the Yugoslav security chiefs, besides being tremendous drinkers. They had gone from meal to meal, drinking "slivowitza" and talking about Goethe and Shakespeare.

The importance that world diplomacy gave to Yugoslavia was evident in the fact that the **United States** had George Kennan, who had been Ambassador to Soviet Russia and was the driving force behind the fateful *"Iron Mountain"* Plan, as its representative. John Galbraith, Ambassador to India, had recommended him to me, saying: 'you can deduce the importance of India and Yugoslavia: I am here and Kennan is in Belgrade...".

So it was in those years, and on the "chessboard" of world politics at that time. Today, Yugoslavia does not exist and India does not count. There are other "pawns" in the Great Game.

MONTAGUES AND CAPULETS

I should remember the wise advice of the dear Ambassador of Italy in India, Alberto Berio: "Do not do important things, try not to stand out, so as not to create jealousy. *Don't* give extra work to the Ministry officials; they will hate you and you will always be at a disadvantage because you are far away. Try not to

to do nothing, to go unnoticed, to be believed that you don't exist, that you have died.... And you will be the best Ambassador.

Neither he nor I followed the sage advice. However, he must have been an exception to the rule, for he became a State Councilor. And I believe that I, although I did not reach that level, have been recognized for my work and my effort; but a *sotto uoce* and only when I no longer had any influence in the high spheres of politics and, therefore, could not overshadow anyone.

What was going on in Chile that I only had to set foot in Santiago to realize that an enemy atmosphere was surrounding me? I tried to arrive before our guests of honor to try to help; but I found myself as if I was not needed at all, finding it very difficult to connect with any official. The Minister of Foreign Affairs was interim, Enrique Ortúzar, acting Minister of the Interior, so I knew little about the management of the staff, lacking authority over them.

I had just arrived and went to see President Jorge Alessandri. He received me immediately, interrupting a meeting and making Minister Ortúzar wait in the lobby. He was exultant with joy at the success of the invitation to Tito. He then made Minister of Relations Ortúzar pass and, in front of me, ordered him: "You support Ambassador Serrano in everything and do what he advises".

I felt worried by his words, which hinted at something, as if the President was suspicious of what was being plotted against me.

The Minister nodded, favorably accepting the presidential advice, although, of course, he did nothing, or could not, to prevent what was being prepared.

Always, and everywhere (except in Heaven, and who knows?), it is the conniving middle managers who ultimately decide and produce the fateful events. (Until the "Virgin of Mount Carmel" intervenes and changes everything.

There were three reasons for the events of which I was victim in Chile: first, "having done things"; second, Enrique Berstein; and, third, something incredible and which I found out later, at the end of my visit: President Alessandri had thought of me for Minister of Foreign Affairs. That is why he was keeping Enrique Ortú zar as interim for the time being. Faced with this possibility, there was a muted and uncontainable agitation among the directors and career officials of the Ministry.

Looking back over the years, I see that everything that happened was for the better. A Ministerial position would have been short term, at most the duration of the Presidency. It would have cut me off from my research and investigation of "Esoteric Hitlerism", which I was conducting secretly and privately, in a double life, so to speak. In India, in Yugoslavia and then in the *Führer*'s native Austria. All this would have been cut short. That is why what happened to me in Chile - no doubt prompted by my EL in the final balance - was favorable to me, even if I did not appreciate it in that way, in those uncomfortable moments.

To make matters worse, a *"gaffe"* committed by me was definitive, as it deprived me of the President's support, which was very necessary at that time. Without wanting to, or even thinking about it, I hurt his extreme sensitivity. And today I know that it was again HE who guided me, because if the President ever thought of me as Minister of Foreign Affairs, that was the end of it.

The same day of Tito's arrival in Chile, in the afternoon, the first official meeting took place in "La Moneda", the Presidential Palace. I attended, because it was the President who invited me. It was a small meeting.

There were two rows of seats, facing each other, with nothing in between. In one row was the President of Chile, with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Ortúzar, on his right, and, on the other side, his Minister of Economy, Julio Philippi. The latter, who was an intellectual genius, like his German ancestors, solved any question the President asked him. In the other row was Marshal Tito, in uniform, with his Minister of Foreign Affairs, Koca Popovic; the Secretary of the Presidency, my friend Crnobrnja, and myself, as Ambassador accredited in that country.

President Alessandri took the floor, to offer the floor to the Marshal Tito, who gave a brief speech, surely the same one he had been repeating in the countries he had visited before, Uruguay and Brazil. Then, it was the turn of Don Jorge, who improvised in a way that filled me with admiration, with simplicity and modesty. At one point he said, "What a pity that we are such a small country, to be able to influence world events. ..!"

This phrase made a deep impression on the Yugoslavians, to the extent that, from that moment on, they became firm admirers of Jorge Alessandri. When a new

new election of President in Chile, I remember that they told me: "What you must do is to reelect or keep President Alessandri in power. You will not find another one like him". They did not believe in democracy. And in that we were alike.

That afternoon, as we left the meeting, journalists approached us and began to question us. They believed that Chile would become part of the "non-aligned". Julio Philippi did not open his mouth. And it was I who spoke, declaring my admiration for the words of President Alessandri and for the "coincidence of appreciations" with Marshal Tito. The next day the newspapers would publish the news, without giving my name. And this was enough for Jorge Alessandri, suspecting that I was the author, to totally change his attitude towards me. And that was the end of my Ministry!

Meanwhile, the program of the visit continued to develop. Marshal Tito was lodged in the Cousiño Palace, being pleasantly impressed by the beauty of its ancient construction. I cannot help remembering his arrival at this mansion, with a police protection that I had not seen even in Yugoslavia. I was in the motorcade, in a car, together with the Ambassador of Yugoslavia in Chile and the Secretary General, Crnobrnja. As we approached our destination, the nervousness of my companions increased, to the point of asking the driver to stop the car, get out and run to the group surrounding Tito at the entrance of the mansion. They thought, or perhaps they had been informed by their Intelligence Services, that the attack would take place there.

The protection of Tito was phenomenal. I don't think we have seen anything like it in Chile. The Government and Hoelker responded as promised. This attracted the attention of Chileans, until then unaccustomed to such police deployments. President Alessandri himself used to walk from his house to the Presidency in the mornings, accompanied only by a friend. I remember that during the visit to Congress, Tito, already very confident and relaxed, met informally with the parliamentarians. The group included Salvador Allende, who asked me to translate for him, since he did not speak English (nor French, nor any language other than "Chilean"). He asked Tito why he had surrounded himself with so much police protection, "that the people did not understand it". Tito replied that he had to ask his Secretary of the Presidency. He was next door and I repeated the question. He answered, saying that he did not

It was their business, but that of the Chilean Government, that they were also surprised. I explained to Allende in Spanish that this was not true, that I was a witness of the insistence of the Yugoslav communists in asking for maximum protection and that Hoelker could also confirm it. At the Press Conference, given by the Yugoslavian ruler, the journalists also repeated the question to him. And the Marshal answered with the utmost self-confidence: "In my country none of this is necessary, because I am protected by the people there". I had always been struck by this communist technique of applying the lie as a system, all over the world and even among themselves. In my case, first, with the matter of the dollars and, now, Tito's impassivity to tell lies without wrinkling. It is "the organic lie", to use Alfred Rossenberg's exact and brilliant expression, transmitted by the "genes" in the "Marxist dialectic" to the heirs of inter-communism. national and any International.

I never liked Tito. I went to Yugoslavia against my will. I knew about the cruelties and crimes committed by his partisans with the German soldiers, whom they hung alive by the genitals, mutilating them. The Italian Ambassador in Belgrade, the socialist Roberto Duce, had confirmed it to me and Otto Skorzeny, who was in charge of an unsuccessful operation-command to capture Tito, would also tell me about it. I made the invitation to Chile not for him or for his country, but for the interests of my Homeland. And in this sense it was a success, since in his next trip to Bolivia he did not support the request for an exit to the sea. The President of the Senate himself, Francisco Bulnes, an opponent of the visit, had to be convinced.

Until the Press Conference, things went more or less well for me. Very soon, I had to realize that I was being discriminated against in an evident way, in the places reserved for me at meals and, above all, at the signing of the Commercial Agreement, where I was not invited to be present, which was a premeditated offense. And that is how the Ambassador of Yugoslavia in Santiago made it clear to me, asking me about the reason for this attitude of my Government. I gave him as an explanation the fact that I had been the promoter of the Marshal's visit: "There was much opposition.

conservative, the one that was now acting against me". The explanation seemed to convince him. And this would have unsuspected consequences. However, things were different. Enrique Berstein, former Ambassador to Austria and Chargé d'Affaires in Yugoslavia, had been appointed Chief of Protocol in charge of President Tito's visit. I had had the opportunity to meet him in India, also as Chief of Protocol of the Chilean Mission, led by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Osvaldo Sainte Marie, and there had already been some small friction, for matters related to the delivery of gifts to Mrs. Gandhi, as I relate in the volume "The Chilean Mission to India". of these "Memoirs".

Now, he felt he was the "discoverer" of Yugoslavia, for having been the first Chilean representative in that country. He was a Christian Democrat and very zealous, although a good ambassador and excellent diplomat, in everything he had to do on behalf of Chile. The difficulty with me was rather inherited. He hated my uncle Joaquín Fernández, for having served as Minister Counselor under his orders at the Chilean Embassy in France. There, situations arose that forced my uncle to ask for his transfer. He explained to me, telling me that Berstein was an intriguer. And if I were to judge by what was happening to me, my uncle must have been absolutely right. It was Berstein who was directing that cannily - and I would also say foolishly - action against me: for it was detrimental to the dignity and effectiveness of my office and, therefore, of our country.

I think that this was a fight of Montagues and Capu letos, in which I had neither art nor part, as I had to tell Berstein himself one day (See volume III, page 55). One of the Chilean diplomats who decided, on Berstein's advice, that I would not attend the signing of the Trade Agreement, was Willy Osorio. And I mention him because during the Military Government he was involved in the "affair" of the "pass-throughs" extended in Paraguay, being later "committed suicide".

However, this whole conspiracy against me must have come to an abrupt and unexpected end. I will explain.

THE GREATNESS OF THE YUGOSLAVIAN SOUL

Tito had to give his farewell dinner in honor of President Alessandri. He offered it at the Cousiño Palace, with about three

hundred guests, including politicians, diplomats and parliamentarians. It was

a *"bu[et-diner"* for the majority, who must have helped themselves from the tables. A small group would enter a room where they sat around a round table. There would be the two Presidents, plus the Foreign Ministers, the President of the Supreme Court, the President of the Senate and the Ambassador of Yugoslavia. I was not there.

Now my indignation was great. As the invitation came from the Yugoslavians, I went to the Secretary of the Presidency who, in turn, was Tito's Chief of Protocol and asked him why I was not at the presidential table. He replied, very embarrassed, that it was not his fault, but that of the Chileans, and called Hugo Lea Plaza, a Chilean diplomat in charge of the Cousiño Palace on this occasion. He presented a series of contradictory excuses, offloading the responsibility on the Chief of Protocol, a Mr. Am unátegui, who was not from the ministerial bureaucracy and whom I did not know.

Incidentally, Hugo Leaplaza was a cousin of my former Nazi comrade, Alfredo Leaplaza, and both were related to my maternal family. Ambassador Crnobrnja explained to me that several times they tried to include me at the table of honor, but the Chilean Chief of Protocol objected, saying that, in that case, it would be necessary to invite Minister so and so, or parliamentarian so and so.

I cut the discussion short, telling him:

"-I see, Ambassador, that you are not to blame. Thank you. And I left in the company of my wife. She said to me:

"-Let's stay, but let's not eat anything."

We were both indignant and unable to understand what had happened, for it was an incredible offense, which would have repercussions, because at first sight it was the Yugoslavs who appeared to have committed the offense. The consequences would be damaging for both countries, if my reaction, which should have been to resign from my post, had been counted on. None of this would have escaped Enrique Berstein's calculations. Despite this, I still cannot explain to this day how he dared to go to such lengths. What drove him? What atavistic and satanic hatred of the Montagues and Capulets? He must have felt very sure of his influence and power to dare to act like that, perhaps counting on Alessandri's anger (the "tantrum"), which he must have heard about. Whatever, but in any case he never counted, nor could he

have even imagined the reaction of the Yugoslavs.

With my wife, we stood apart inside the large banquet hall, where the communist leaders were circulating and

socialists. We were thinking about finding an opportunity to leave, when we suddenly saw the Foreign Minister of Yugoslavia, Koca Popovic, trying to make his way through the guests and waving his arms at us. He soon came to our side and said to us, in Spanish:

"Where have they been hiding? I have been looking for them for a quarter of an hour. I have instructions from President Tito to take you immediately to your table. I am leaving, and you take my place."

He must have seen my surprised face, for he continued:

"-It is an order. You are here in our house and at our dinner. You are Ambassador to our country. You must be inside.

And addressing my wife:

"-I'm sorry, madam, that my wife is not with me to give up her place to you....".

I resisted, saying that I could not leave my wife; but then, she was the one who pushed me:

"Come on, let's teach these bastards from Chile a lesson. I'll stay here happily, waiting for you...".

And I followed Koca Popovic, who took me by the arm, to the expectation of the guests and the embarrassment of the ministerial officials, who received the greatest lesson of their lives, I am sure.

He opened a door and made me pass in front of him. I found myself inside the hall of honor, where the diners, including the President of Chile, looked at me out of the corner of their eyes in surprise, not quite understanding what was going on. Tito, with a broad smile and a gracious gentlemanly gesture, addressed me in English:

"-Ambassador, I had missed you, here is your 1ugar, please sit down."

And the Yugoslav Minister of Relations took me to his place, pulled out the chair and helped me to sit down. Then he left the room. I remained next to the Chilean Minister of Relations, Ortú zar. At the front, the President, Jorge Alessandri, only opened his mouth to exclaim:

"-Good thing he made it to the turkey!".

At that time the turkey was being served.

The President of the Supreme Court, Mr. Pedro Silva Fern án dez, a relative of mine, looked at me and smiled. Next to me, I heard Minister Ortúzar say to me:

"-How good the Yugoslavs have been to you!".

"-Yes," I replied; "but tomorrow you shall have my resignation." "-No, you can't do that to me!".

"On second thought," I added, "it won't be tomorrow, because President Tito is going to Valparaíso and I must accompany him, to see that everything goes well. I owe him that attention. After what is happening, I am no longer sure of anything...".

During the rest of the dinner, various topics were discussed, even religion, and Tito said that in Yugoslavia there was freedom for all religions. I supported him, taking his side in the discussion, thus appropriating the "dialectic of lies" as a reaction to the hypocrisy and cowardice represented by the Minister of Foreign Affairs and the diplomacy of my country.

Then, Tito said:

"-Gentlemen, there are other people outside waiting for me to greet them and I must go."

And without further ado, he got up from the table, leaving President Alessandri himself with his nose in the air.

I got up with him. I think this was his way (in a "partisan" way) of showing his displeasure at the President's attitude in allowing me to be so seriously offended. A strong man, like Tito, could not understand that such a thing could happen without his knowledge, or participation.

Jorge Alessandri wrapped himself in his scarf and left. My wife and I did it almost immediately. And when we were already at the door of the street, I felt Enrique Berstein catch up with us, saying to me:

"Miguel, I need to talk to you, to explain..." "I have nothing to talk about," I replied,

And I got into the car, without even turning my face away.

I AM A "PARTISAN".

Tito was housed in the Presidential Palace of Cerro Castillo, in Viña del Mar. He was happy with the view of the sea and leaned back on the battlements to contemplate it. Very relaxed, he walked along the waterfront, greeting passers-by. He found that our guy was "Mediterranean".

The rest of his delegation was accommodated at the "Hotel O'Higgins", where he also installed me, with my wife. That first night, Minister Koca Popovic asked me to take him out to eat somewhere typical:

Tito with prisoners in the bay of Valparaíso, aboard the "Esmeralda".

Tito exchanges views with a Yugoslavian officer, on the deck of the School-Ship "Esmeralda".

My wife, Carmen Rosselot, Tito's wife, Yovank a, and President Tito, on board the "Esmeralda".

"-All International Hotels are the same," he said to me. "Besides, I want to see Valparaiso at night. Not everyone has this opportunity.... .".

It put me in a hard predicament, because, with so many years of absence, I knew nothing of the port. Since the high thirties, when my experience with Blanca Luz Brum and Benjamín Subercasea ux, I had not repeated that night life and its extraordinary bohemia. What to do? It occurred to me to visit my friend, the socialist writer of Yugoslavian origin, Marcos Vodanovic, who was then living in Reñaca, thinking that he would know the port well. He was not asf, but, in any case, he partly got me out of trouble, taking us to dinner at a typical restaurant by the sea.

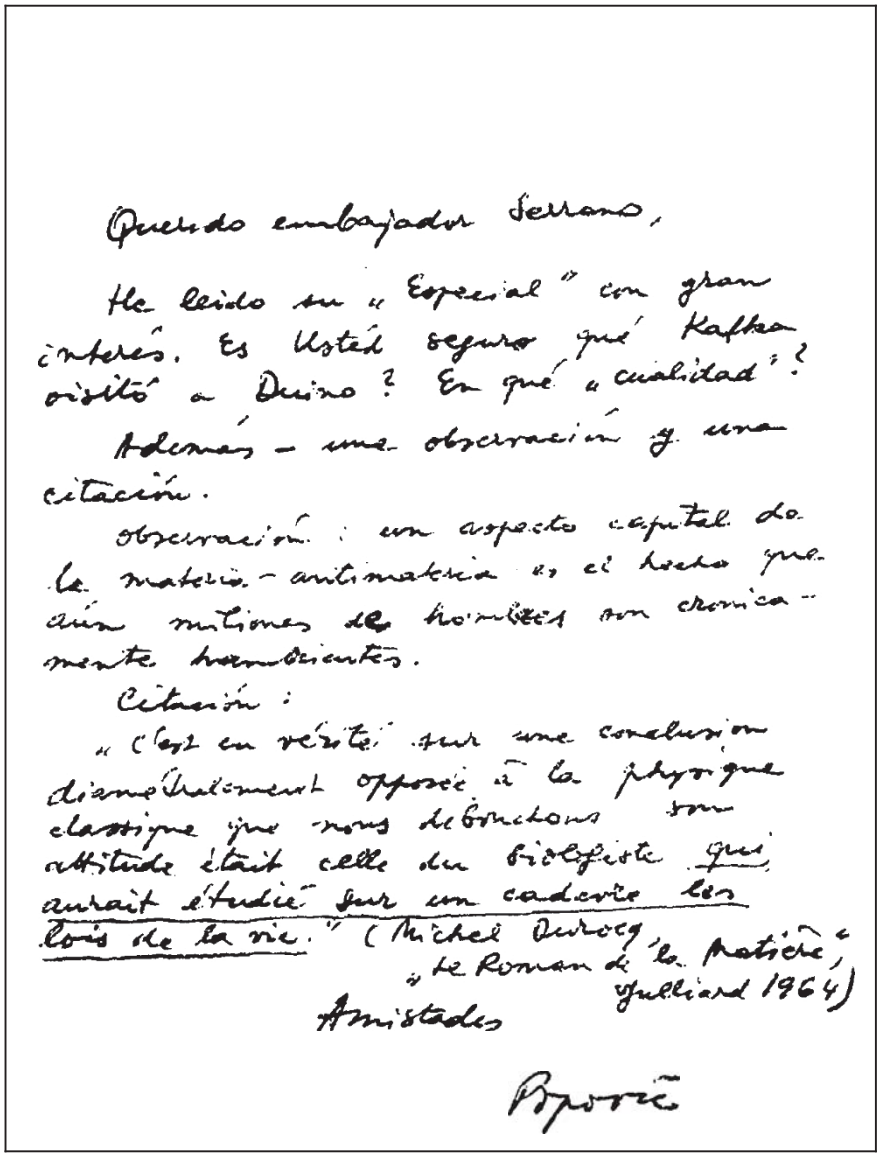
I helped Marcos Vodanovic, like the Montenegrin Casanegra family, in Yugoslavia to receive compensation for properties confiscated from his parents by the communist government. Dr. Casanegra is today a famous cardiologist and his sister was Director of Internal Taxes in the government of Mr. **Jorge** Alessandri. Thirty thousand dollars I got them, a fortune in those times. The doctor was still a student and was sailing with my son in Montenegro, land and sea of his ancestors.

I have already told the following story in the previous volume of these "Memoirs". If you have read it, you will remember my accident at the Port, when Minister Popović, closing the car door, grabbed the fingers of my right hand and I, without uttering a groan, asked him: "Please, open the door...".

This impressed him and his companions, the Minister of Defense, a General, and the President of the Legislative Chamber in Belgrade. They told Tito about it. And the next day, when I had to attend a lunch on the School-Ship "Esmeralda", he was waiting for me on the deck, next to the steps, with his wife Yovanka and his Minister of Foreign Affairs. My hand was bandaged and my arm was in a sling. With a serious face, he greeted me:

"-I have been told by my Minister that you deserve to be a "partisa- no". My doctors are going to look at your wound.

And Yovanka handed me a small tube, telling me it was a paste with "artificial skin", for me to use. I still have it, more than thirty years later, and when Yovanka and Tito no longer exist.



Querido embajador Serrano,

He leído su "Especial" con gran interés. Es Usted seguro que Kafka visitó a Duino? En qué "cualidad"?

Además - una observación y una citación.

Observación: un aspecto capital de la materia-antimateria es el hecho que aún millones de hombres son crónicamente hambrientos.

Citación:

"C'est en vérité sur une conclusion diamétralement opposée à la physique classique que nous déboucherons. Son attitude était celle du biologiste qui aurait étudié sur un cadavre les lois de la vie." (Michel Butor, "La Modification", "Le Roman de la Matière", Julliard 1964)

Amistades

Popović

Letter from the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Yugoslavia, Koca Popovic, in Spanish, about a book I sent him.

EMBAJADA DE CHILE

Beograd, 5 de noviembre 1964.-

Mi querido Ministro Popović:

No sabe cuánto agradecí su carta del 3 de este mismo mes y el hecho de que se haya dado usted tiempo para leer mis pequeñas reflexiones sobre Rilke en Duino. Que en medio de sus muchas preocupaciones usted se tome el tiempo para escribirme su profunda carta, con sus pensamientos condensados, hace que desee responderle en este papel traído del legendario país del Nepal, fabricado totalmente a mano por hombres (materia-antimateria, como usted dice) que muy posiblemente tienen hambre, pero que si usted les pregunta, puede que respondan con una frase de Picasso (no estoy seguro si es de él): "quiero tener el derecho a tener frío..." y "hambre", dirían ellos.Sí, los hombres que fabrican este papel, son como aquellos que levantaron las Pirámides,"esclavos libres" (materia-antimateria).

Sólo en raras ocasiones hago uso de este papel, porque no he traído mucho conmigo del Nepal. Lo uso para escribir a aquellos amigos que mucho aprecio, que mucho he llegado a admirar. Escribir en él es como ponerse en la línea de "la matinée des Magiciens". Bastaría, en verdad, con sondear el papel vacío, sin escribir nada, un gesto simbólico que diría mucho más que todo lo que se pueda escribir en él.

Actitud inmaculada del hombre que ni ha tenido hambre y que está ahí "estudiando las leyes de la vida sobre un cadáver" (como lo hiciera Leonardo); pero actitud que también forma parte del acervo del conocimiento humano (e "inhumano") que sube una escala compuesta por peldaños del hambre y del no-hambre.

Es posible que en la hermandad humana, en el"ser colectivo" , el conocimiento de los que no tienen hambre se haya hecho posible gracias a los que tienen hambre. Por lo tanto, los resultados les pertenecen más a estos que a aquellos, y es a éstos a quienes al final libero. Ni a los que no tienen hambre físicamente hoy, pero quienes, por no pertenecer a ninguna Iglesia comunitaria, no encuentran paz en esta tierra y padecen del hambre más atroz que se pueda sufrir: el hambre de la verdad, el hambre de la redención, el hambre de Dios, y la miseria de la nada.

Es cierto, no estoy seguro de que Kafka haya visitado Duino; pero creo que se lo dijo el actual dueño del Castillo, aun cuando no estoy cierto. Su abuela fué quien invitara a escritores y filósofos. Ella era austríaca y pudo conocer a Kafka, como conoció a Rilke.

Como le prometí, le estoy enviando una copia del libro de Teilhard de Chardin, "Le Phenoméne Humain", el cual traje hace tiempo de París para usted. No se lo había hecho llegar aun, ~~xxxxxxxx~~ pues temía importunarla.

Le ruego también aceptar un ejemplar de un librito mío, que he titulado "Las Visitas de la Reina de Saba" (esta reina ya sido encontrada y conocidas por muchos hombres; aunque talvez no muchos). Lo escribí en India, en una época solar, tratando de nadar-"de pescar" - en ~~xxxxxxxx~~ los mares profundos de viejos mitos y leyendas. En verdad es un doloroso juego con la sombra que el amor proyecta, como le explicaba este verano a mi hijo en las doradas costas de su bella Dalmacia.

Le hago envío de estos pequeños cosas con gran admiración y afecto, y con mi más sincera amistad

Miguel Serrano

I have also recounted the consequences of that accident and how it helped me to be the Yugoslavians who took me in their plane to Nehru's funeral. In addition to the exciting reunion with the Chilean cab driver, years later in Santiago, who witnessed my attitude on the night of the accident. He did not want to charge me because "he was proud to be Chilean".

It is certain that ól will never read these "Memoirs", in order to know how much I remember him, because he also made me feel proud to be Chilean, remembering other Swiss and English cab drivers who discuss the amount of tips, and the bad Chileans, like those officials and politicians of yesteryear. And also today.

Wherever he is now, if he is still alive, I hope that my grateful thoughts and admiration will reach him.

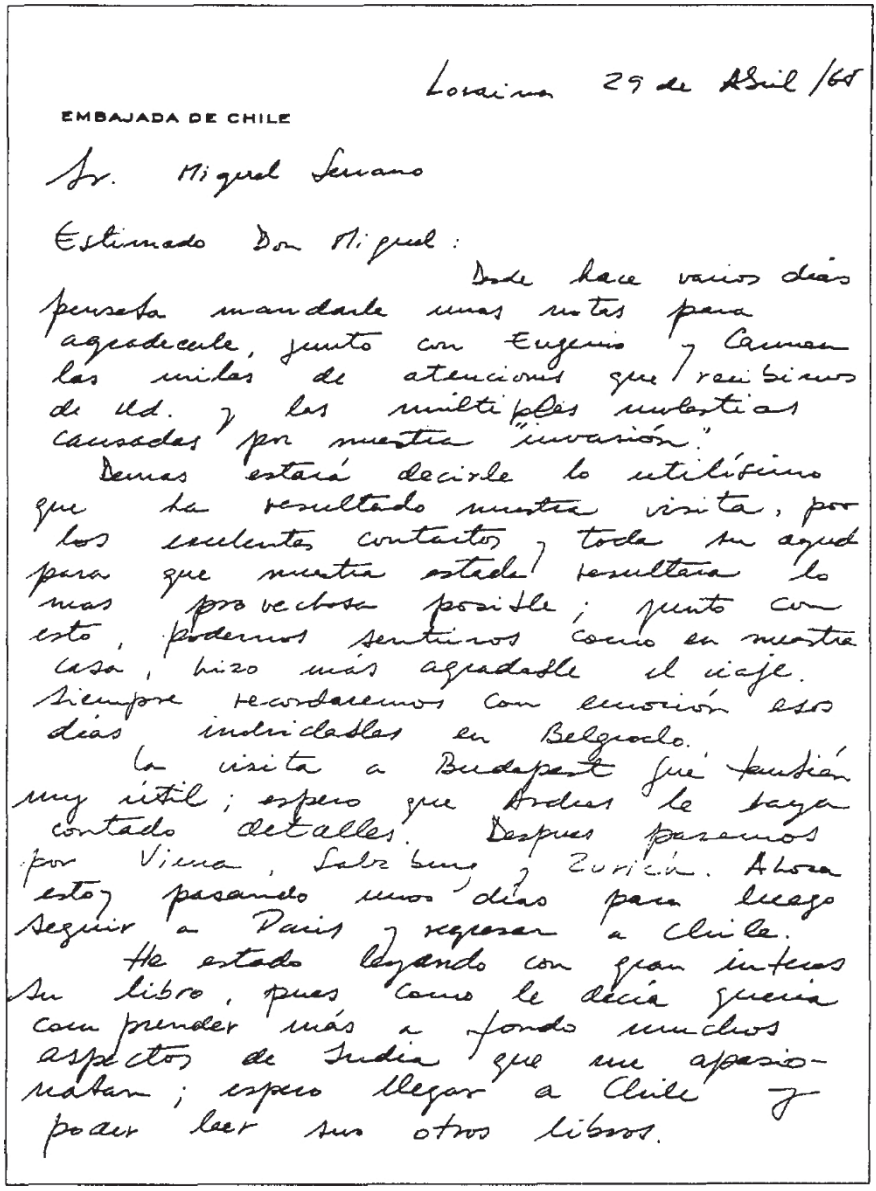
As for Tito and his Foreign Minister of those years, the intellectual and guerrilla fighter, Koca Popovic (a former student of philosophy at the Sorbonne, son of bourgeoisie, who had fought the entire Spanish War in the international communist brigades, learning to speak Spanish and to admire the Spanish fighter), I maintain a great confusion of feelings. They represented ideologically the most opposite to my convictions and also in their way of being and in their political style. However, deep down, in the essence of them there was perhaps something untouched and that survives in the real warriors. In the case of Koca Popovic, especially, although both served as agents of a Conspiracy that they did not direct and whose end they perhaps did not know, as did the guerrillas of this other side of the world, including "Che" Guevara and Miguel Enriquez himself. Tito was an agent of the British "Intelligence Service"; Koca Popovic, I do not know. Both of them, without any personal, national or international interest whatsoever, "broke lances" for me. Why? Only because of the greatness of the Yugoslav soul and out of solidarity of man with man, with the fighter and the solitary warrior that they had seen in me. Yes, because I would have been able to do the same for them, too, in a similar case, and even more. I have said it and confessed it in a press interview twenty years ago: if I had witnessed a Jew really being taken to a gas chamber (and I say this thinking especially of my friend the Israeli Ambassador to Yugoslavia, of Senator Angel Faivovic and of Volodia Teitelboim himself), I would have gone in there with him.

Well, on the ship "Esmeralda" I was presented with the unique opportunity to have an in-depth conversation alone with the "partisan", the guerrilla, the communist, the ruler and, finally, with the man, Josip Broz Tito, or whatever his real name was. And I let it pass, conscientiously.

After lunch, while we were sailing slowly and under sail in the bay of Valparaíso, on a beautiful sunny day, Tito sat alone on the deck, under the main mast. And next to him there was an empty chair. Seeing me also on deck, he motioned for me to come and sit next to him. So, for a long time, we sat there side by side and said nothing. Today I know that I did not want to question him, when I could have. And surely he was waiting for it, to reveal his innermost thoughts to me, without resorting to the "conditioned reflex" of lying, perhaps for the first time in his life. I thought it was not fair to take advantage of that special moment in the existence of a being who knew nothing about me and who, deep down, was my enemy, since I represented the very opposite of his conception of the world. For, had the circumstances been different, he might well have tortured and massacred me, together with my German Hitlerist comrades of the Great War. And out of loyalty to myself, to my youth, to my dreams and to my past, out of loyalty to my *Führer* and also to ól, I remained silent, sitting there in that chair, in the School-Ship of our Navy, in that summer so many years ago, in the same bay of Valparaíso, which today I contemplate from my window.

BOJANA

My stay in Yugoslavia also meant fertility in my literary work. There I wrote "The Hermetic Circle", with the memories of Hermann Hesse and C. G. Jung, published for the first time in the Editorial "Zig-Zag", in Santiago, by my friend Ignacio Cousiño, and by "Routledge & Kegan Paul", in London, and "Shoken Books", in New York, translated by Frank MacShane. I also wrote "La Flor Inexistente", illustrated by Julio Escámez, in beautiful editions in Spanish and English, by "Routledge & Kegan Paul"; a bibliographic jewel, of which I keep some copies. Before leaving India, he had written "The Serpent of Paradise", about that hidden and mysterious Homeland, published by "Nascimento", in Chile, and "Rider and Co", in England, having



Louvain 29 de Abril /65

EMBAJADA DE CHILE

Sr. Miguel Serrano

Estimado Don Miguel:

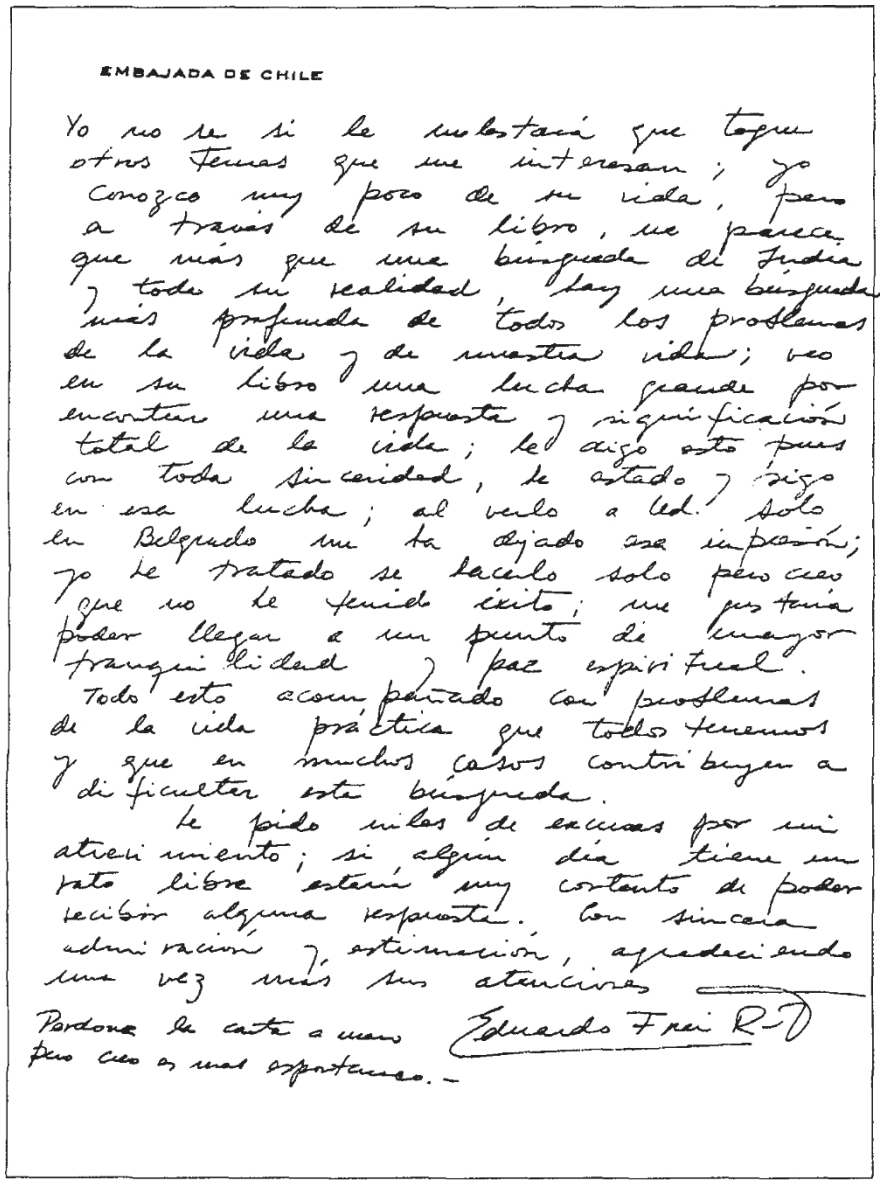
Desde hace varios días pensaba mandarle unas notas para agradecerle, junto con Eugenio y Carmen las miles de atenciones que recibimos de Ud. y las múltiples molestias causadas por nuestra "invasión".

Demás estará decirle lo utilísimo que ha resultado nuestra visita, por los excelentes contactos y toda su ayuda para que nuestra estada resultara lo mas provechosa posible; junto con esto, podemos sentirnos como en nuestra casa, hizo más agradable el viaje. Siempre recordaremos con emoción esos días inolvidables en Belgrado.

La visita a Budapest fué también muy útil; espero que Andres le haya contado detalles. Despues pasamos por Viena, Salzburg y Zurich. Ahora estoy pasando unos días para luego seguir a Paris y regresar a Chile.

He estado leyendo con gran interes su libro, pues como le decía quería comprender más a fondo muchos aspectos de India que me apasionaban; espero llegar a Chile y poder leer sus otros libros.

Letter (dated **April** 29, 1965, in Louvain) that Eduardo Frei Ruiz-Tagle sent me to Yugoslavia, after having stayed at my house with his sister Carmen and his care Ortega. He thanked me and commented on my book "The Serpent of Paradise" in a serious and profound way. I came back to receive him in Austria and, since then, we maintained a delicate and affectionate relationship, in something that I believed".



EMBAJADA DE CHILE

Yo no se si le molestará que toque otros temas que me interesan; yo conozco muy poco de su vida, pero a través de su libro, me parece que más que una búsqueda de India y toda su realidad, hay una búsqueda más profunda de todos los problemas de la vida y de nuestra vida; veo en su libro una lucha grande por encontrar una respuesta y significación total de la vida; le digo esto pues con toda sinceridad, le estado y sigo en esa lucha; al verlo a Ud. solo en Belgrado me ha dejado esa impresión; yo he tratado se hacerlo solo pero creo que no he tenido éxito; me gustaría poder llegar a un punto de mayor tranquilidad y paz espiritual.

Todo esto acompañado con problemas de la vida práctica que todos tenemos y que en muchos casos contribuyen a dificultar esta búsqueda.

Le pido miles de excusas por mi atrevimiento; si algún día tiene un rato libre estaré muy contento de poder recibir alguna respuesta. Con sincera admiración y estimación, agradeciendo una vez más sus atenciones

Eduardo Frei R-T

Perdone la carta a mano pero creo es mas espontanea.-

I was a SOLID aI¡JiStad, until he assumed the Presidency of Chile and did not receive me, denying me an audience twice, when I tried to ask him not to hand over the Laguna del Desierto, our sacred territory. When I was up there, he was obsequious. When he arrived at the al tu ras, he was rude.

was recommended by Lama Govinda to the eccentric English gentleman, Gerald Yorke, literary advisor of the Publishing House. For this book I was awarded a Municipal prize in Chile which, in my absence, was received by my wife. The only one that has been given to me in Chile in all my literary life'. "The Serpent of Paradise" was later published in the **U.S.A.** by "Harper and Row", also in Hindi, in India and in Japanese, in Japan.

One day, in Belgrade, I received a letter from "Editorial Kier", from Buenos Aires, proposing to edit my works. I agreed and, since then, they are my publishers in Spanish, extraordinary and very correct people, true friends. They have edited almost all my literary work, ignoring the one committed to Esoteric Hitlerism, which I have preferred to leave aside, so as not to harm them or our friendship, which I appreciate enormously, especially remembering how we worked with Don Pedro, the two of us, separated by thousands of kilometers of terrestrial distances (but not of the soul) to write and edit "Nos. Libro de la Resur sección" (The Book of the Resurrection). Wherever he is now, he should know that I always think of him. And also of the owners of Routledge & Kegan Paul, the Jewish gentlemen, Collin and Norman Franklin, dear friends. And Gela Jacobson, extraordinary and beautiful, able to translate "Nos" into perfect English.

Also in Yugoslavia I received a letter from the director and owner of the important newspaper "La Prensa" of Buenos Aires, Alberto Gainza-Paz. This newspaper was like "El Mercurio", of Chile, and its owner, a great gentleman. We became very good friends with him and his son. Gainza Paz was like Agustín Edwards in Chile. He asked me to collaborate in his important newspaper. Jaime Eyzaguirre, the Catholic historian and writer and Chilean Hispanist, who knew very well my National Socialist trajectory, had recommended me. But, that was the way things were then, nobody made any question of ideologies, where friendship prevailed. Today, so many years after the end of the Great War, it is getting worse and worse and the infernal circle is closing. I accepted to collaborate with "La Prensa" and

8. I had totally forgotten about this award. That is why I say, in Volume III, that I had only received an award from the "Sociedad Protectora de Animales" of Argentina, for an article on the death of my

dog "Dol ma".

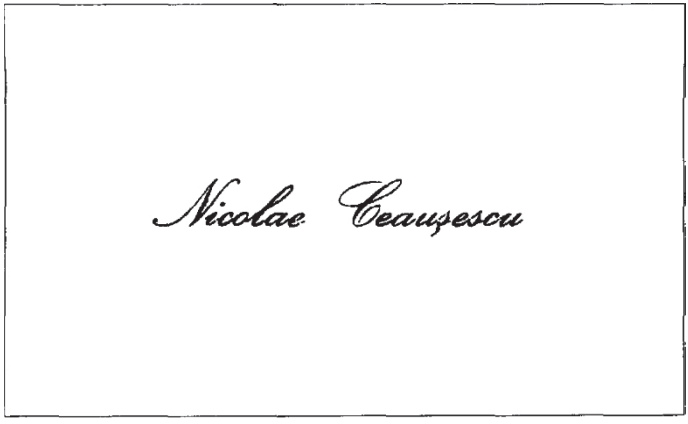
Visit of Chilean socialists and communists to Yugoslavia. Aniceto Rodriguez and Volodia Teitelboim, together with Tito, can be seen at a reception in Belgrade.

Second from left, Jaime Coutts, Secretary; then, Sergio Pigueroa Tagle; behind, Honorary Consul Jovanovic.

Greetings from the Chief of the Ceremonial Guard, Bulgaria.

Delivery of credentials to the Head of State in Bulgaria.

Delivery of cFedentials in Romania.



Card of the General Secretary of the Romanian Communist Party and Prime Minister Nicolae Ceausescu.

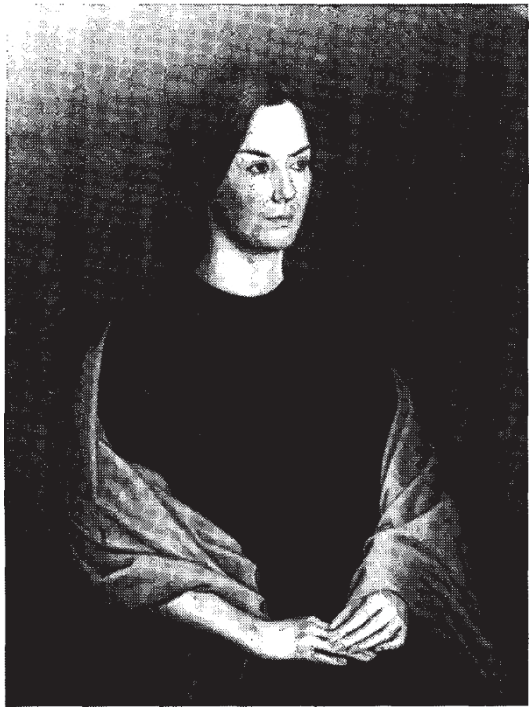
I imposed my style, occupying full pages of the magnificent illustrated literary supplement, with essays and articles that at the same time were published in "El Mercurio" of Santiago, in the Sunday Literary Page. And so it was, in this way, until the newspaper "La Prensa", like everything great and good, ended, along with the death of its owner.

In Chile, "El Mercurio" continues. For many years I was a contributor to this newspaper, since the times of Rafael Mal uenda, Armando Donoso, René Silva Espejo and the literary critic "Alone". "El Mercurio" also sent me to Antarctica, in 1947, as its correspondent.

Almost the entire top echelon of Chilean socialism visited Yugoslavia: Raúl Ampuero, Aniceto Rodrígue z and Salvador Allende himself, accompanied by Carlos Altamirano, as I have already mentioned. Eugenio González Rojas, the philosopher and Rector of the University of Chile, was interested in signing a Cultural Agreement with Yugoslavia.

I also managed to extend our diplomatic representation to Romania and Bulgaria. I was accompanied to present credentials by Honorary Consul Jovanovic, my old friend Sergio Figueroa Tagle, now Cultural Attaché at the Chilean Embassy in France, and my new secretary, Jaime Coutts. Entering Sofia, the Bulgarian capital, Jovanovic felt like an ancient Roman, or an Englishman visiting his colonies: *"ils sont des primitiues", he* said. In the evening, there was a people's party in the capital's square. It consisted of hoisting the cars up in the air and throwing them several meters farther away. Jovanovic, who was leaning out on the balcony of the hotel where he was staying, discovered that one of the cars was his own and began to shout at the top of his voice: *"Vagina* motriz/". He said it in Latin.

As in India, my wife and children had to return to Chile to continue their studies. There was no possibility of doing so in Yugoslavia. My loneliness was mitigated by the family of Jaime Coutts, first, and then by that of Carlos Costanora, a magnificent secretary, who would die as Ambassador in a fire in Caracas, during the government of General Pinochet.



Oil portrait of Bojana, young Yugoslavian girl, painted by Julio Escámez.

Badge of the Croatian fascists, the *Ustaehí*, who fought alongside Italy and Germany.

And so we come to Bojana, a young Yugoslavian woman, in charge of the medical "Dispensary" for the diplomats accredited in Belgrade. She was also portrayed by Julio Escámez. And every painting made by this artist, every portrait, links me to that being for eternity. Those paintings are like the antique mirror at the entrance of my house in Valparaíso: the vision of a past reincarnation, of someone to whom I was closely united. And who will return, in the Rondas del Eterno [Retorno9].

A PAINTING OF THE NIAS ALLA

How can Julio Escámez, who has come to Yugoslavia, also paint the Portrait of AJlouine, from Papán, dead in the years, stolen by legend and irreparable time? I take him to my house and we sit on the terrace and contemplate the autumn forests of Beograd. Slowly, I begin to tell him the story of A Aris *(Ar-Bar Is),* who came from Hyperborea, on the wings of the Fënix Bird, to meet Allouine, who together with Opis and Argo established the cult of Apollo on Delos. And there they sang the songs of the bard Olen. tu *ris* loved Allouine and Apollo, jealous, took her to a Star, to Ven us, perhaps to AJdebaran.

With the words of a song, I try to describe the beauty of Allouine, her blue gaze of Hyperborea, her golden hair, waved by the wind, like the tops of the': patriarchal oaks. And I am crying, without realizing it. . . . my Gods, how is it possible that after so many years, centuries and roads traveled in the

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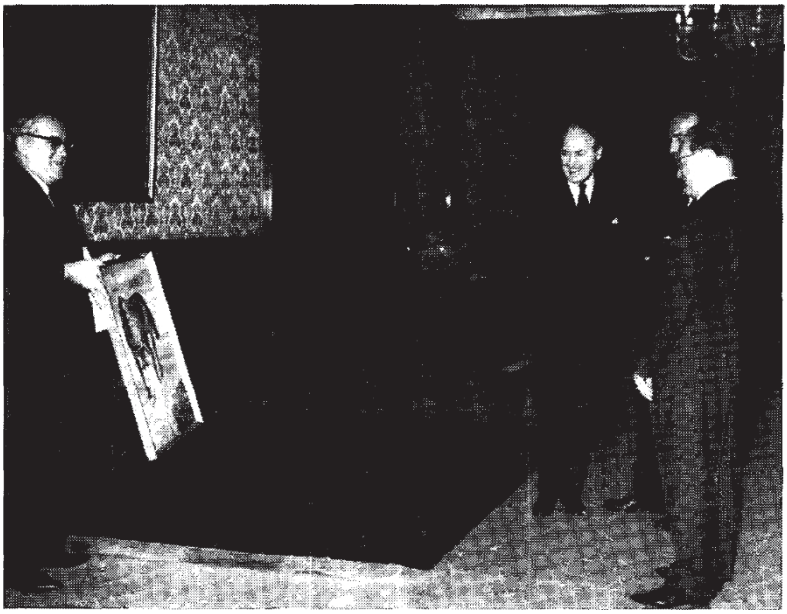
9. In fulfillment of the Plan to establish the World Government and the "International Punitive Tribunal", directed by the Secret and Hidden Minority, after the kidnapping and "trial" of Pinochet, the European NATO countries, commanded by the USA, have begun the destructive bombing of the former Yugoslavia, today's Serbia. I managed to get Bojana and her daughter out of Beograd in time to bring them to Chile, with the help of the courageous Chilean Representative in Belgrade, the socialist Pío García, and his collaborator, Mr. González. After thirty-seven years, she is here in Chile, in this Round of Eternal Return. But she has left again, to fight for her homeland. Thus, life resembles a dream.

Codreanu, Chief and creator of "The Iron Guard", a movement born on alsoci ali sta and mystic. Assassinated by Antonescu. A massacre similar to that of the "Seguro Obrero" in Chile.

This little Chinese dog was brought to me by Tencha de Allende, Salvador's wife, from Beijing, telling me that it was a stamp with the initials of my name (which is difficult to prove).



When I left Yugoslavia, I gave Tito an oil painting by the Chilean painter Julio ESCámez.

Tito decorates me when I leave Yugoslavia.

earth, I continue to love her with equal intensity, unable to forget her even for a second, in the time of the soul!

Julio Escámez has gone to an inner room and has begun to paint the portrait of Allouine, of Princess Papán, once again resurrected, by the magic of his brushes. And by my singing.

It was in Belgrade where my friend, the Chilean artist Julio Escámez made the painting of that woman he did not know and brought to life for an instant, still dead, from the afterlife. He sat her on a bench, with the background of the Beograd woods in autumn and next to a fairy, which was his "Spirit of Rain" and also Botticelli's "Spring". Unknowingly she has also painted my tree friend, behind the fairy, so that now I know that it is *She* who speaks to me through it.

When I showed this portrait to Allouine's mother, *Mutt*, she did not recognize it immediately (like the disciples of Christ on the road to Emmaus) and only later (by her way of "sharing the Bread of Eternal Life"). And then, our *Mutt* said to me. "Yes, it is She; but it is She *Dead"*.

Because the dead only resemble the living.

THE FIRST FREI BECOMES CHILEAN PRESIDENT

The presidential elections in Chile were won by Eduardo Frei Montalva, with the support of the Right, against Salvador Allende. And that is the beginning of Chile's misfortune, from a deeper point of view than the political one. From an "esoteric" point of view, I would say.

The Master explained it to us: "Frei is a weak man, full of resentment, only disaster awaits the Nation. ..". We listened to him, and I still remember it today. The Master was never wrong: "I have seen him in the astral, where no one can fool anyone", he added. "He had a gray aura and body, the color of weakness and resentment: '-You are a weakling-', I told him, '-Yes, but I have the word-', he replied."

He presented my resignation, as it should be done in these cases, since the position of Ambassador is of exclusive confidence of the President. He can accept the resignation or confirm the position. With great surprise, I received the acceptance. I have said that I met Frei when I was a child, at the "Instituto de Humanidades", where he was my teacher.

The Belgrade forest as a background for the Allouine and *Ar6oJ* painting. where Situ resides. *Our* Ar6oJ.

Santiago 'L Chlle, 12 of ##o-tO of lÑ Ü-

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Letter from the Senator and General Secretary of the Chilean Socialist Party,
Raul Ampuero.

What had happened? I immediately traveled to Chile and there I found out that the Undersecretary of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs was the "Capulet" Enrique Berstein. He probably asked Frei to get me out. And the "docile" accepted. Gabriel Valdés Subercaseaux had been appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs. The atmosphere was very different in the country. In such a short time, there was already an air of proselytism, of arrogance, of *"selling it"*, where goodness was not worth, nor was friendship respected over political ideology. The greatness of the soul of a traditional and beautiful Chile was destroyed right there.

I am not going to repeat what I have already told many t i m e s : how they threw me out. On the same day that the first Frei and the Christian Democracy came to power, the word "Homeland" was erased from the National Dictionary, just as with the arrival of the next one, the son, t h e motto of the National Coat of Arms disappeared and enormous territories of the country were given as a gift and for sale, u n d e r the total impavor of the Armed Forces.

It was out of fear that I was reinstated in my position. Fear of Dario Sainte Marie and his newspaper "Clarín".

The rejection by the Senate of the Republic of the appointment of a new Christian Democrat Ambassador to Yugoslavia, "dislocated", as one would say today, the Government and the Ministry of Gabriel Valdés. Not knowing what to do, the only solution, in order not to have to resort again to the Parliament, was my reinstatement in the Embassy. But it was not easy for them, because now I demanded a written explanation, with excuses to the Government of Tito, for my withdrawal and for the request of *Agreement* for another Representative. I no longer remember the reasons given; but they were given. And so, achieving full satisfaction and confirming at the same time the definition given by the Master of "weakness" of the Christian Democrats, I returned to Yugoslavia.

A little earlier I had a conversation with Enrique Berstein, about Shakespeare, my uncle Joaquín and the Montagues and the Capulets. And we both agreed to stop playing the r o l e o f Sha Kespearian actors forever.

My collaboration with Berstein and with Gabriel Valdés was very fruitful, during all the years of Frei senior's government. And it was they who moved me from Yugoslavia to Austria, allowing me to settle in the very heart where the *Auathora* is rooted and the legend of Esoteric Hitlerism is born.

Raul Ampuero, on a new visit to Yugoslavia, brought me a message from Eugenio Gonzalez to read *"Le Mati n des Magiciens"* by Louis Powel and Jacques Bergierl°. Ampuero was also impressed by this book and the revelations made about the hidden roots of Hitlerism. Bergier was Jewish and had been an intelligence agent during the Nuremberg Trials.

At that time I was studying Catharism, whose origin was very close to Belgrade, in the Bogomils of Bulgaria. And I was planning a trip to Montsegtir, in the footsteps of SS Otto Rahn and his book "The Crusade against the General". I had begun to write a trilogy of essays on this subject, which I finished in Austria and sent to "La Prensa" and "El Mercurio".

I think it necessary to reproduce it in these "Memoirs", so that it does not disappear from the memory of some men and to serve as an introduction to my Austrian adventure, thus sparing myself further expositions on the fundamental subject.

THE LEGEND OF THULE

The Book of Erioch is older than the Bible, and is the only extant or known antediluvian manuscript. There are only three copies, two in England and one in Paris, in Aramaic, Hebrew and Chaldee. The copies were found in Abyssinia, around 1772, by the Scottish scholar James Bruce. Erioch would have been an orthgiriary of Upper Mesopotamia, ancient Armenia, or the Caucasus. He was a great prophet, an initiate. In *the Zohar, which is the oldest part of the Hebrew Kabbalah, the Book of Enoch is mentioned several times as a legendary* other, handed *down from generation to generation.*

The Book of Enoch is also a source for the legend of the Hyperboreans, inhabitants of the mythical North. It is said

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10. Eugenio Gonzalez was surprised that I, more than twenty years in advance, had made identical revelations in my magazine "La Nueva Ed ad". When we met again, he questioned me at length about the source of my information, something that I refrained from revealing to him, in spite of the high esteem in which I held him.

The Earth was inhabited by a race of giants. The ffiyos *of God, inhabitants of the Other World, descended on the earth and cohabited with the daughters of men, of the giants, of the Nephilim of the Bi blia (which means giant in Hebrew). Their descendants are the heroes of the Golden Age and of the legend. The tenants of the Other World are also the Angels and Archangels, who teach men the use of the [Æng.They teach men the use of the game, weapons, the* observation *of the stars, astrology and magic. Women are taught how to dress, how to groom themselves, how to wear jewelry and ornaments.*

There are *thus two humariities: one, the offspring of men; the other, that which is mixed with angels.*

It has been noted, strangely enough, that these people from the Other Side have the attributes of the angels, are not asexual, practice magic, *observe the course of the stars and, at the same* time, *know the use of weapons. They have come to Earth, it seems, as defeated in a cosmic war, as "fallen on Earth". They are then the Fallen Angels. O* hten, *the Fallen Angels would be extraterrestrial cosmic fighters, arrived on this planet in the ancient past. They are the ones who teach the children of the bakeries, they bring them out of the sleep of millennia. This would be an answer to Toyribee's question: Why does man not progress for hundreds of thousands of airs and then suddenly initiate the ciuií izac(ón?*

At the end of the Tterra, the extraterrestrials fill Erioch in a chariot of game. (The interesting /thro *"The Extraterrestrials", by Paul Thomas -Editortal Plori, Paris- refers to this exciting fear).*

The Tfipenboreans

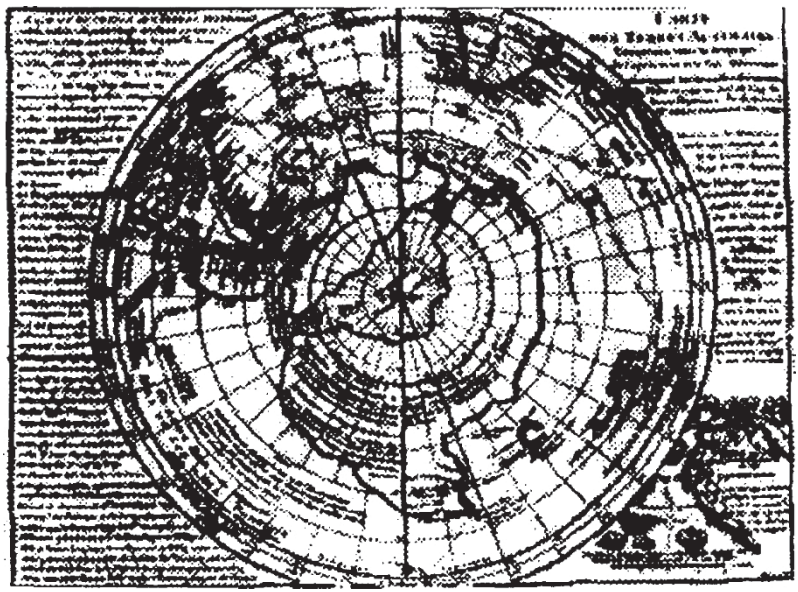
The Book of Enoch tells us that the Hyperboreans, inhabitants of the North of the earth, are the Children of the Intellects of the Other Side. Their hair is also white, like wool, and their eyes as beautiful as the sky. All the peoples tell us of these furnaces and of this mythical land. Herodotus says of Hyperborea and of its capital, Thule, that "it is an island of glac iars, situated in the Great North, where

However, this island, although surrounded by mountains of ice, has a *mild and delightful climate in its center. It is inhabited by the Hyperborean, Nordic people. In its capital, Thule, reside the sages who guard the secret revealed by the Intelligences of the Other Side and the Twelve Members of the S!upreme Initiation. Their*

•*Women are of extraordinary beauty. She who is born fifth* in *a family has the gift of clarity. Slon*
The golden hair floats in the wind, against the transparent ice of the Northern Crrnn.

But then, for some unknown reason, *the Hyperborean Island (where Apollo used to go to meet every* winter, *returning always younger than the first ones) with its capital, Thule, is submerged. Perhaps because of* ***a cosmic catastrophe.***

S!éneca will write later. "In future centuries there will be an hour when the great secret lost in the Ocean will be discovered. The Mighty Isle will be found again, ***Tethys will*** *once more return to its regions and Thule will* no *longer be the country at the end of the Earth...".*



Antarctica in the *very rich* map of Piri Reís.

In *1957 were discovered in the Topliapt Museum in Istanbul, the geographical charts of the 16th century Olomonic ruler Piri Re is. These charts would have been drawn from other very old Portuguese and Greek charts, which in turn would have produced charts more than eleven thousand years old, dating back to the last ice age. The Piri Reis charts show us two continental plateaus emerging, one near the present-day Isles of Amores and the other in the cut, in the Arctic, between present-day C!roenland and Norway. (Incidentally, we note that Thule is today an air base. The American American island in Greenland, founded in 1910 by the Danish ex- plorator Knud Rasmussen, north of Ba f[in Bay and called Th ule in remembrance of the legendary hyperborean capital).*

Affonfida *and Aritort ida*

The plateau near the Arores would be the Atlóiiti - da, of which Ptatóri speaks to us, also disappeared.

After the recent discovery in Av tartartica of a reptile fossil, a replica of the hippopotamus, all this does not seem so fantastic. Wegeyer's theory about the translation of the cont i ne nts, due to the precession of the el uinoccts, gives a *scientific background to the leyetide. In my book, "Who would be in the Ices", I refer to the Aniortida as the Atlantidae.* Tt *search in 1947 of the anPortic oases (desc opened by the admiral Byrd), of water and cl ima tem pía- dos, in rriedio of the ice of the south pole, was i nspired* /ombién *in the description of the Thule hi pe rbórea, of The Li bro of Enoclt and in the* ancient *classical poetsi in Píndoro, in special. My book has as its epigraph the Greek poet's verse. "Neither by sea* nor *by iron the carrii n that reaches the region of the eternal ice.... .".*

For vol ue r or the legend (which bre ri *may not be read). Not all Hyperboreans perish with the destruction of Th ule. Some Guí'zs lead the survivors to the regions where the* Crohi *desert is located today. A//i* {and *then they* send an aftn *ciuilizocióri, which is also destroyed, perhaps by* an *atomic flOration that transforms that region into a desert. The destruction of Sodorna and Gomorrah would have been a*

The possibility *of this catastrophe, produced by mankind itself or by extraterrestrials, is a* possibility.

The Two Cities

Again, all the descendants of the Hyperboreans now perish in the interior of the Himalayan mountains, in a system of pyramidal caverns. There are two centers, or cities, in which the wisdom of the primordial Norse race is preserved: Agharti and Shampulah. The *former concentrates solely on knowledge and contemplative magic, directed to the subtle planes and the "parallel worlds". The second uses* its *magic to control the planetary energies, to mold* rivers, *trying to produce a* mutation *of the human race, to make it be born for the second time. Aryan sigrii tca, precisely, born twice. Since !Sham pulah the ancient guides and)erarchies project a stream of energy that can be captured by the initiates, descendants of the ancient rtórdicos, to produce the Messiah of the Aryans, who used the collective directive forces that promote the creation of the rare and the advent of the !S upe rh man. Because the evolution of man has stopped (Teilhard de Chardin) and must be continued by the* indiutduo*[ue* rzo/. *Man must finish what nature has left unfinished, by channeling the energies coming from the Occult Hierarchies, resident in !Shamputah, center and refuge also of the Hyperborean C!uias.*

Osseridouishi, in his book "Beasts, Men and Gods", and René Guenon, *in "The Lord of the World", tell of these two centers, cities and rivers; they are also referred to by several leaders of the Black !S!S, during the interrogations of the Niiremberg Trial.*

It is from these high parts of the world, from Tibet, from the Pamir, that the wool-haired, transparent-skinned men, the twice-born, the Aryans, migrate in two streams to the southwest. Some follow the path of the right hand, others the path of the right hand, others the path of the right hand, others the path of the right hand. They are guided by their heroes and high Hierarchies, without losing contact with the supreme energy centers, Agharti and Sham pulah.

A good Civilization

Thus the Aryans arrived in the regions of the Caucasus, where they built another great settlement. The Gernionic sagas relate that the God Wotan, the greatest of the Norse Gods, reigned over the people of the Aces, or Oses, inhabitants of a great country, whose capital was Asgard, situated at a point "where the Volga and the Dori come nearer together". Because of invasions from Asia, Wotan was forced to lead his people across what is now Europe to the Baltic. The Scottish legends and legends state that, one day, the people of the Aces, led by the Walhirias and the Great White Initiate, returned to reconquer the holy city of Asgard, the land of the ancestors, guarded by the Logical Mountain, Elbruz, on which Noah's Ark would have rested, after the Deceased".

The Aces or Bears are large, blond and blue-eyed, and are believed to have originated in the Caucasus, where North Ossetia is located today.

451,000 fio6ifon/es *-its capital is Ord,¡onihidse- and South Ossetia,* with *3,900 square kilometers and 9,700 inhabitants - its capital is Tchhhiuali-.*

THE PRIiSiONER OF THE MYTH

"Life has meaning only when it is totally surrendered. It is necessary to be possessed by one, idea, to transmute the person, in order to attain absolute personality".

These are the concepts of a letter from Rudol fHess, the prisoner of !S pandau, written to his son from prison.

Your son, who was only three years old when Hess was taken prisoner almost thirty years ago, has followed in his father's footsteps. He has given himself totally to one idea, to one mission: to achieve his father's freedom.

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11. This article was written in 1969.

One had to wonder, however, what Hess, after thirty years of imprisonment and close to the end of his life, wanted to be freed? And, in a deeper sense,
can it be!'

To try to find out, it was necessary to go very far and very deep, trying to penetrate the mists, the shadows, the abysses and myths of the time that had passed. Today, when the English and American archives on the Nuremberg processes and the documents before the last great war, and about the war, are beginning to be opened to researchers, this is almost impossible. Something, or much, can be conjectured. And the reality, half-unveiled, is so incredible for those who knew nothing, so exciting and shocking, that there are those who would rather not know it or forget it because they are not prepared to resist it. It enters the zones of logical realism.

Rudolf Zfesa

When I went to India in 1953, I met *German glider pilot Hanna Reitsch, Hehru's guest and trainer of Indian glider pilots. This extraordinary woman was a German test pilot during the Great War and one of the last people to be with Hitler and Eua Braun in the Berlin Chancellery* Bunker. *Eri Nueua Deliii we talked for a long time. She told me about events of those times.*

After almost ten years of residence in India, I left for Yugoslavia. In Belgrade I was befriended by a former Serbian prisoner of war, interned by the Germans in the ausl ***riac*** *prison of Rossauer Lende". He told me*: *"I was alone in a small dungeon. It was nighttime. Suddenly the door opened and a woman came in and sat down in front of me. Little by little I distinguished my face and two eyes, like carbuncles.*

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12. Gasi twenty more years in prison Rudolf Hess would spend before *ISreat Brt tai ri (Kriai 'Brith), the* World Center of Infamy, murdered him.
13. Indeed, it was our Honorary Consul, Jovanovic. Today I can give his name. He is no longer here.

glowing in the dark. I spoke to him but he did not answer me. So the night passed. At dawn the shadow was still there. Then he spoke and his father, who was also a missionary. I asked him why he had been internac!o. He explained that he was uri ostrich. He explained to me that he was an astrologer and that almost all the astrologers and astrologers had been imprisoned because *Rudol fHess, on the advice of astrologers, had flown to England. The Gestapo believed in a maneuver of the British Intelligence Service.*

(It has recently been discussed in Lon-Dres' The Times whether Ian Fleming, the author of James Bond, who like Graham Greene worked for the British Secret Trial during the war, was involved in the "astrological plan" which would have brought Hess to England. Flem ing's brother denied this in a letter to the same newspaper).

My Yugoslav friend added: "I asked the astrologer to predict my future. He looked at the lines on my hands, consulted me about the date of my birth, and assured me that I would come out alive at the end of the war. He also predicted Hitler's defeat.

This was in 1941, one day after Hess's unelo to England and in the immediate aftermath of the German attack on Russia.

In that year, on that very day, I was walking along Morandé Street *with my uncle Vicente Huidobro. Suddenly he turned and said to me: "Hítle r has lost his job. And he knows it...". Then he added these mysterious words: "Miguel, if you behave yourself I will introduce you t o a powerful society, where they will help you to succeed...". Surely Huidobro was referring to a secret society, who knows if it was the same one to which the astrologer belonged and where predictions were made about the final outcome of the war".*

Rudol fHess was born in Egipto, Germany, on April 26, 1876; t h e son of German parents, he was educated in Switzerland and Germany, but he always had a great attraction for Egipto. He returned to Germany for long periods. After the first world war, in which he was wounded, he enrolled in a course in political economy at the University of Munich and, as a student of the University, he was able to study the political economy of Germany.

14. Undoubtedly, Freemasonry.

General Karl Haushofer, the originator of geopolitics, who *would come to fear a decisive influence on* ***Hess.*** *Hausho[er brought him into the Th ule Society and the Vril Soc(edod, where he also met Alfred Rosenberg. But of this we shall speak later.*

Hess practices yoga, takes homeopathic drugs and herbs brought from Tibet, is a vegetarian and sometimes his very clear and fixed eyes become even clearer, as if he had a sudden fainting spell. Then he explains: "I have jumped in the astral".

Hess is a corisumed aviator. On *his flight to England he filled many of his medicinal drugs. During the years of imprisonment he has not concentrated on himself, and has not allowed his wife or his son to visit him ("so that they do not weaken him and have no memory of him," writes Bach Fischmann, in his book "The Seven Men of Spandau"). "Because he is a 'double',* a *Doppel génger of the real Rudol[Hess", according to the English Dr. Thomas). He is often found lying motionless on the floor of his cell. He is as if absent; he has "escaped in the astral".*

In Munich, the center of spiritualism, magic, and rndiurnnism, in the 1920s, and by different paths, from different directions, another extraordinary persori-Je - Adol[o Hitler - also arrived. Dietrich Echart, "the man who *gave Hitler his ideas," according to* the *Austrian researcher Wilfred Daim, met them in the secret Thule Society. This meeting had a decisive influence on both their lives and on the history of the U.S. health care system.*

The S!wóstiha

The symbol of the Swóstiha (the term is sónscrito) appears in all the world and utene of very ancient. of expands in *the Epoch of the Bronze. It represents, it seems, the rotation of the earth around an equator and that of the seven stars of the Big Dipper around the Polar Star. It is therefore also the symbol of the S!ol, of the [uego and of the blood, of everything that rotates, projects, ananaa, [ecunda. Yes,* I do not *forget the euol ution, especially the ni utation.*

René isuenon writes, in "Et Senor del Mundo", that the place where all tradtctons agree that the center of the higher energy is situated, the sythetical center of the Great Hierarchy, is symbolically the Pole; for it is around this pole that the rotation of the earth, represented by the lswasti Aa, takes place. The Atlantean Th ule is not to be confused with the Hyperborean Th ule, the latter symbolizing the supreme center for the present cycle of humariity. It was the S!agrada Island and its situation was polar in its origin.

Today *there are two !Swastihas; the first one, the* de-trogiro, *where the broken lines to the left indicate that the rotational movement is* clockwise, *in the sense of the rotation of the earth and of the hands of the clock. This is the emblematic Swastiha with which the Aryan people of the Aces emigrate from the Caucasus and leave the sacred* et *udod of Asgord; it is also the Buddhist !Smastiha and the symbol of [ecundity in the pre-Columbian American peoples. The other S!wastiba, the leuógira, the one that turns to the left, in the opposite direction to the rotation of the earth and the hands of the retoj, is more difficult to find. It is found in Tibet only in the sect of the* Bo *religion,* which *predates Lamaist Buddhism, and which is a witness to the most ancient tradition of earlier Tibet, among the Lamas of the Black Boiietes.*

It is also the Suiasti ba who chooses Naciorialsocialism. It is the S!wastiba of the return to the primordial earth, to the Asgard logic; the Slwasl iha that turns to the reués, that returns to the origin.

Thule isoeiedad

It would take us a long time to describe the origin of this secret society. Let us just say that two of its most important members were Dietrich Echart and Rudol[Hess. Echart filled the society with Alfred Rosenberg and Adolph Hitler. The Society of Th ele rejects the esoteric part of the legend of Thu le and the Hyperboreans and seeks the Messiah of the Aryans, who will be the transmitter of the Hierarchical Wills *of the* ***Unknown*** *and Invisible Superiors of Thule, of S!hompulah and of Asgard.*

Hausho[er's geopolitical theory is also based on the

symbolism of the swóstiha, i.e. it is a spactial projection (in the "Vidal Space" - "Lebensraum"), *a spiritual energy*.

which expands in the ez/erno, *gtrondo from a center (Germany, in this case). Thus we see that Httfer's conquests* are full of a *leuogyric direction, turning in Europe and America in the opposite direction to the rotation of the* earth and *of the river's rivers, in order to attempt the "return" to the Caucasus, to the city of Asgard, that i s , to "the promised land", where today the republics of Ossetia are located. ¥ from there, to Hi perborea, to the Polar North.*

It is said that lageopolitics was conceived by Haushofer in Tibet and Japan. Haushofer was a friend and conttnuator of the great Swedish explorer of the Transhirnalaya, Sueri Hedin; he follows in his footsteps in Tibet, where he is found sworn to the mysterious magician Gs *rdJie/{. Maushofer starts in a Tibetan Larnasery and in a Japanese monastery. Haushofer is a leader of the* Vril *Society.* Vri1 *is a sónscrtto term and designates uri neruio,* urt *psychic center (corioctdo erilre the* Jainas *of Indias, producer of the ene rgía* uttof *which is not* ofi/tzndn *in its entirety by the* humartos *while uiueri. The society teaches the way to use this energy to the maximum and to recover the electric-magnetic center trarism isor and receiver that once possessed the hi perbóreos.* fin *However, Mitler, as we have said, uiene from other [nentes, from another direction. He is Austrian. He was born in Bra unan-am -Inri, near Linz. This is a* very *interesting geographical point,* known *to occultists as the earthly* psychic *center which has produced the greatest mediums of our century, among them the famous brothers Will and* jedi *!Schneíder, who tinpresionarori to all Europe.*

Hitler was educated at the Austrian Benedictine convent of Lomibach, where the Prior was Theodor Hagen, a mysterious person, who after a several years' journey through the Middle East and the countries of Eastern Europe, up to the *Caucasus, had the leogogical Swastika engraved in the most* important and *visible places of the monastery and in the choir of the chapel. Hitler would contemplate it as a child. Later, in his secret airs in Vienna, Htller would have come into contact with another person je a En rriós* mtsterioso, *the ex moríJ'e cislerciense Adol[loseph Lane (later, Georg Lane* non *Lieben fels), fun- dodor of the Order of the Nueuo Tem plo, and in relation, according to* dtce, *with the last Templars. That foot laughs that a certain*

The crt ptogrphic transmission of the Templar secrets may have taken place through the ancient Orders of the Knights Templar of Calatrau a, in Spain, and of the Knights Templar of Pose(dóri, in Portugal). Lona also edits the magazine "Ostaro", where he makes known and *preaches the law of Th ele "and on the recounting of the myriad projecter and receiver" of cosmic energy possessed by the hi¡oerboreans.*

It has not been possible *for me in Austrio to obtain an issue of this magazine. Lane died in 1954; but there must still be disciples of his.*

Now, once in power, Hitler seems to cut off his main ties with the Society (never with Echart, while the latter is still in power). *Hitler* ftqutdn *in Germany all secret and niasonic societies and creates his own Initiatic Order. the Black S.!S. Black. This racist Order tries to restore on its own the contact* with the *Unknown Superiors of Thule and Asgard, builds its centers of* intellection *(the Castle of We welsburg, in West Lack, is the main one), creates a whole initiatory liturgy and a western yoga of concentration, with* exercises *that today are* unknown to *us. The racial theories of Rosenberg's and Cruntherius' sorigre would be understood exclusively in a biological way in the restricted and initiatic circles of the Black S.S. In the Inner Temple of Wewelsburg, !Sarigre and the sigri* i/icorton *race were also the* Vril, *the center of inta ngr ble ene rgy, the solar, logical fluid, where the Archetypal Images of the* Ñftto *are gu.ardaried. Something similar to what has been* called the *Collective Unconscious.*

At the end of the war, the Wo ffen !S..S. *were composed of national elites from almost all over Europe and not only from Germany. It was the French* Wa *ffen !S.!S., of the Carlo Magno Brigade, which defended Hitler's Bunher in Berlin to the last.*

In *addition, the S.S. organized this sur generis scientific institute, the* Ahnenerbe *Institute - "Inheritance from the Past" - [a 1935* Berlin-based *institute directed by*

15. In Austria I met Mundt, his successor and author of the book "Himmler's Raspu tin". See volume III of these "Memoirs".

Dr. Walter Wust, a member of the Munich Academy of Sciences, and by Wol fram !Sie uens, a disciple of Frede ric Hte fscher, also a friend of the [beloved Swedish Tibetan explorer, !Suen Hedtn. The Ahnenerbe *studies magic, Rosicrucianism, the D e a t h Race, among other things, and undertakes research and explorations in various parts of the world. It is this Institute that sends scientists disguised as French mtl icians to explore the caverns of the Pyrenees of the Longuedoc, in search of the* General *of the Cathars. It is the* Anhenerbe *Institute which will carry out radar experiments in a Boltic island to test the theory of the Hollow* Earth, *inhabited from within, and also investigates the Glactic Cosinology of the Austrian Hárbiger. I t is also the* Anhenerbe *who prepares an expedition to Tibet, led by the ethiologist Dr. !Sche ffer, to discover the traces of the Hyperboreans on the Roof of the World, the contacts of the* Orthos *with these zones, the esoteric origin of the Nordic, Jewish and Gypsies, their relationship with the extraterrestrials - with the "Archangels" - and the real existence of the caves, and the real existence of the caves and the secret centers of the /erorchies,* in *the Malay and trans-Himalayan peaks, since t h e t i m e o f the Thule's disappearance and the civilization of the Gobi. The micro[ilm archives in Washington, although incomplete, would seem to reveal something extraordinary about this* ezpedtciórt, *if we are to believe the* tnuestigodor *[rancés Bríssaud, who would like to sign having had access to them. And the princ ipal documents have been made to disappear.*

Ef Flight of Z-tess

When the Hitler iricide was cut off from the

2 At what point does Hitler begin to act on his o w n , in order to maintain his contacts with the Unknown Outsiders, with the Occult Rerorq u *ies? Do these entities continue to* be *the same as those of Dtetrich Echarl, Karl Hausho[er and ... Rudol[Bess?*

At a *given moment it seems that Hauslio[er learned that preparations were being made, in the strictest secrecy, for an attack on Russia. He communicated this* to *Rudol[Hess. He advised him to try to*

Hess consults his personal astrologer, Schulte-Strathaus, who tells him that he must carry out his mission in northwest Europe. Hess consults his personal astrologer, Schulte-Strathaus, who tells him that he must carry out a mission in northwest Europe. The astrologer studies the stars and gives Hess the most suitable *date for his action. Haushofer thinks that the contacts should have been made only with certain members of the English secret society Holden Dawn, which has a long-standing relationship with the Society of the Virgin. One of the driving forces of the Golden Dawn was the English fa mos o m ago Aleister Crou ley ^ (self-styled The Great* Beast *666). Crowle and is the teacher of Ron Hubbard, current head of the Scientology Society, in California, from where the monology that inspired Charles Manson and the group of m uchaehos who committed the ritual crimes that have been widely reported in the* world *press has been proposed. From there also comes John Parson (self-styled The Antichrist) and a group of one* hundred *semi-demonic atomists. Parson dies in 19ü2, in an experiment with retropropulsion projectiles, in Pasadena.*

To the C!olderi Da nm have belonged important English and world personalities: Mac Gregor Mal hers and his wife, sister of the philosopher Bergson; the poet and Nobel laureate, Yeats; A. E. Waite, writer on Masonic themes,' the astronomer Pech, and the writer Arth ur Machen, among others. E. Waite, a writer on Masonic themes,' the astronomer Pech, and the writer Arth ur Machen, among others. Torn6ién *the Duke of Hamilton, in search of whom Hess will address.*

The English nobility maintains certain very closed organizations, certain cults, such as that of the Royal Order of Scotland, little known and which are inspired by alchemical proctics and Celtic radiciories prior to Christianity, as remnants of thematic orders. The pomp and ritual are highly suggestive and initiatory. Today they are all controlled by Mussonry.

Hess tries, three times, to undertake the unelo and fails, due to different circumstances. He decides, then, to reuis-

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16. There is no certainty that Crowley's meeting is effective, nor that of Gurdjieff with Hitler. These characters were secret agents of England and Russia.

Hitler and it is known that both men remain locked up for more than two hours.

There are no witnesses to this conversation. It is most likely that Hitler communicated to Hess his plan to a t t a c k Russia. No one will be able to change Hitler's mind. Before the attack on Stalirigrad, fft/fer *was in a forest, he seems to be in a trance. He agrees with entities i nuist bles and orders to take at all costs !Stal íngrade. Then he says, "No one can understand why I must take that city". This is his logical war, his mythical offensive towards the Caucasus, towards the city of Asgard. The* oscenston *to the summit of Eíbruz is also fulfilled. Captain Groth, in charge of the First and Fourth Mountain Divisions, takes charge of this enterprise. On August 21, 1942, Adjutant-Chief. Kummerle, succeeds in nailing to the summit of the mountain the flag with the Su'astika Levógira, the flag of return. This is one of t h e great deeds of the world's mountaineer and has been carried out under the most difficult circumstances and in the most torrential w e a t h e r . It is more than a symbol and represents the homage to the Alló, to the uernacular Gods, a propitiatory act to the hidden* enttdodes, *to the ancestors, to the invisible Hierarchies.*

According to Raymond Cartier - in "Hitler and his Generals" -, Hitler would have accepted Hess' mission *in England, to propose to the English to make peace, before the attack on Russia. England would be the maritime power, Germany the terrestrial one. Hess manages to reach even the Duke of Hamilton in England (including Scotland), but he does not reach the most hermetic circles, with which Thebe and Vril also maintained contacts and which are very close to King George VI. These circles are opposed to Churchill's person and policy. Aware of this, Churchill had Hess immediately locked up in the Tower of London. In Churchill's memoirs, the episode is described with little detail.*

elarity.

Mysteries of a Mission

Two works published in France also deal with these issues: "Hitler and the Black Order", by André Brissaud, and "Hitler and the Black Order", by André Brissaud, and "Hitler and the Black Order", by André Brissaud.

"The Nocism, *Secret Society", by V!erne r Gerson. In "The Heroes", Saint Loup tells us the story of the French Wa fferi S. S. S., "darlo Magno". In the mysterious work "What Hitler told me", Mermanri Rauschriing went ahead to raise* ft *na part of the net that still opens and will cover for ste mp re these harrowing events.*

To give an even truer picture, it should be pointed out that many of the English "esoteric" people have b e e n , in one way or another, mixed up with the British Intelligence S!erutce, or *Secret S!eruice. Thus, for example. Trebitsch-Lincoln, born into a Jewish family in Budapest, whose name is Timoteo-Ignatz Trebitsch, naturalized English, then reappeared as a Buddhist monk and inaist, meets Hess and Hausho[er, goes to Tibet and, from there, teaches the latter medicinal plants and also Hitler's physician, the disputed Dr. Morell, a member of the S!octedad of Th ele, who tried to use them, for sure, on his client. Tre bitsch-Lincoln [was an agent of the British Semi Secret and died in a hospital in S!hangai, in 1942, after having also spied on the pón. His death is reported on radio ni pona.*

Aleister Cromle and, a great promoter of the C!olden Dawn, as we have said, Master of the demonologist of the San Francisco Scientology, Ron Hubbard, was also uiriculated to the Intelligence !Seruice. On the other hand, the magician €yrd jie ff, who was educated in the same convent as S!talin, worked for the Russian intelligence service in Tibet. The English, who had information about ClurdJieff, did not allow him to settle in England, where his disciple Ousperisby settled and became well known. General Hausho[er carried out intelligence work in Asia for his own country and his contacts with some of the Trigger *Two were, in fact, with secret agents or members of the fascist organizations Hitler was after. Did he know this when he sent his disciple Hess to fly to England? Hausho[er committed suicide in 1946, committing* harakiri, *according to the confused and contradictory version that exists today; his wife, of Jewish origin, also appears dead next to him and his son has been executed in 1944, for being committed in the attack against Hitler. Hausho[er testifies at the Nuremberg Trials*

a [auor of Hess, claiming that "his faculties were not *normal and that he was acting under in fluence". This may be true, but in a deeper and di[erent sense.*

This is the story we set out to tell aqni. when the drama of Rudol f Hess, the last prisoner of
S pandau, has not yet reached its end. And we would like to end with the same question asked at the beginning. That man, who was also loved by the Archetype (let us call it so), possessed by the Myth, will he wish today, in his last quarter of an hour, to get out of this circle of play? Perhaps this question is badly formulated. For it is certainly not he, nor anyone else, who can decide it, apart from Archetype *himself, who made him a prisoner long before men. And the tremendous Archetype only liberates with death.... And who knows.*

Vienna, February 1970

LA RESURRECCIÓN DEL MITO

What we are about to narrate seems fabulous and, indeed, it is; it has the flavor of Legend and the mystery of Myth. It happens, however, in the middle of s(glo XK and, in a certain way*, it has erinueGto our own life. Even though it comes from far away, the thread is taken up again among us, it reaches our generation and we must once again take up the torch that, passed from hand to hand, has perhaps uplifted other stars.*

The legend is that of Gra1.

Once I met with Dr. Kung about this legendary myth. Unfortunately, because of his wife's interest in the subject, the doctor did not write any more about the mysterious legend. For Jung, the General *was an "Archetype", an exteriorization of what he called the "Self", that central, ideal point of the person,* equ/distinct *between the Unconscious and the Conscious; a lost and unreachable totality, perhaps.* The Non-existent Flower, *the Ideal, Heaven, Immortality.*

In history, the reading of *the* General *has unknown origins. It is a pagan Myth, which is sometimes connected with the legend of Atlantis and the Universal Deluge. The* Gral *is also that "Stone of U n i t y ", which Noah saved from the*

It is the "Talismari" that stops the overflowing waters. It is the "Stone" that the Mongols called "Yedeh" and *the Arabs called* "Hajar-al-mater". *For the Artos, the* Gral *is the lost "Cla ue", the "Stone" where the essential* sn6idurto *was engraved, the "Law" of the race and of the Hyperborean people, before leaving forever the ice patta, the legendary north, the* mythical *land of* "Aryana Vaiji", *made uninhabitable by the Ice Age. They* are *the clans of the wisdom of Atlantis, those who, if they were to meet and meet, would make it possible to really understand the "Yoga", the true, the "Tantric", that which would make man immortal as the Gods he once was, before the great sinking and overflowing of the waters. For the yoga that is known and practiced today would be uri al[fir i ncom plete, a mockery of uria magic subli me and of a grandiose wisdom. As long as the classes are not taught and not stopped, today's yoga is* no *more than a game with runic signs, which produces opposite or incom plete effects. This is what Sri Jaiiardana, head of the "E uddha-Dharma Mandalam", with an important branch and numerous followers in Chile, maintains in the Indta, for example.*

For Uariardaria, the true yogo *was the "Siddha Yoga", preserved in a secret Ashram in the Himalayas, where the mythical Bhagauan Sri Mitra Deua, Messiah of our time, would dwell.*

The situation today is similar to that which would be given to a man of the future, a survivor of an atomic *war,* who *would have found, in the ruins of the destroyed city, a metal tube with a film containing the synthesis of all the knowledge, with the mathematical, chemical and physical formulas which made it possible to produce the atomic bomb and the greatest technological advances of the vanished civilization. Nothing will be these signs as long as I am unable to decipher them, to understand them.*

The pagan Gral *would be then aria stone grahada. containing the keys to the wisdom of a cix ilization of*

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17. In those years. Today I don't know if the society still exists. See my book "The Serpent of Paradise".

Men-Gods, who would have managed to stop time, knew history.

The "Holy Grail" that is found in the Middle Ages is a metamorphosis of the pagan myth. Ste has transformed the "Ptedra" into the "Chalice" in which the blood of Christ would have been received, when he was wounded in the side by the Lance, on the Cross. It is sought by the knights of the "Round Table", the Templars, and the priests of *the Middle Ages.*

Los Cátaros

Today, one hears more and more about the Cathar heresy. Who were the Cathars? They appeared in the 10th and 11th century, in the Guedoc, today southern France, and were destroyed in the ***13th century*** *by the "Crusade Albiguerise", organized by Pope Innocent III, the King of France and the monk Dorningo de Guzman. In f a c t , the Inquisition was created to persecute and destroy the Cathar herr jia and was placed in the hands of the Dominican monks. Languedoc maintained much closer ties with Catalonia and Spain than with France. At the end of the "Crmzodo* A/btguense", a f t e r *thirty years of a cruel and barbaric war, Lariguedoc was annexed to northern France. If it had not happened in this way, the history of Spain would have been a different story, and* the *Trou(lization of the Trou(*lators *of Catalonia and Languedoc could have been developed in all its glory.*

Cathar is a Greek polobra meaning "pure". It would take us leJos to explain the origin -mv and unknown- of the Cathars. Some qttieries maintain that they were Druid priests converted to Rniqueism by the missionaries of Manes. Then they became Christians, although absolute dualists, apparently in the style of some Gnostics. They wear stern pre a hóhito of black laria of the Ptrineos, *believe in the reerica ma- ción, are strictly u e g e t o r i o n o s* and *maintain that the Ariti- guo Testament is the work of the* Demonto, that *Jehouó is* not *God, but Laton. The World, under the "Fifth Heaven", is not God's creation. The Earth is the work of Jehouó, the Demon. That is why they are against marriage and procreation, which obliges the angelic spirits to incarnate on this earth.*

It seems that they also accepted a kind of mystical sutcide, *called "Endura". The Cathars believed only in the Gospel of St. John, and they also believed that Christ is not incarnated in the world of matter and acts* only *from the astral plane, and may in fact be the Archangel Clabriel. All this is what is known about the Cathars. What is not known is much more. They practiced magic and were uidents. Unrelated to the troubadours'* citifization *and the* inictncíon *of "pure love", of the "madness of love", is documented, there having been troubadours who openly pro[ested Catharism.*

In the south of France, in the vicinity of the beautiful medieval city of Carcassonne, the Cathars built, on the top of a steep mountain, according to astrological laws, according to Fernand Niel, a legendary castle. Montsegur. There reside its highest priests, until that fortress, together with the fortified caves of the Pyrenees, falls into the hands of the Albigensian Crusade, led by Si rnóri de Mont Fort. Everything is destroyed, everything... except the Clral.

A German

In ***1932*** *an extraordinary book is published, which when translated into French produces a real commotion in the whole region of Lariguedoc: "La Cruz.ada Contra el Coral* [18]*, by Otto Rahri. Its author maintains that the Cathars, in their castle of Moiitsegur, guarded the pagan* Gral*, the "Tablets of the Law" of the Aryans, of the hi perbóreos. When he fell from the castle, four Cathar* initiates *managed to escape with the "Teso- ro" and hide it in one of the caves of the Pyrenees. The names of three of these Cathars are found in the Archives of the Inquisition of Carcassonne. The name of the fourth is unknown.*

For years Otto Rahn traveled and investigated the region. He was indeed a forerunner of modern speleology. His book is undoubtedly a document of the law as well as of science.
It is based on the General's poem, "Parsi nal", by Wol fram non

18. Today it has been translated into Spanish and published in Spain.

Eschenbach (which also served as the basis for Wagner's "Parsi nal"), in the [ilology and in the literal ura that exists on the Cathars. He agrees with the scholars and the mythicists of Languedoc, he reuisa the archives, he left nothing to investigate. Then, he continues his research throughout Europe and writes another book:
"The Court of Luc(fer "[19]*. It is also his last book. Because it is Otto Rahn commits suicide, in the manner of his heroes, shortly before the outbreak of World War II. Voluntarily, it would seem, he h(ells himself on a mountain in the Alps, in the [roritera* octuo/ *between Germany and Austria. Much later, he was found dead, sitting on a rock, his face resting on one hand and gazing peacefully at the glaciers. Otto Rahn was only thirty-nine years old.*

*A **Frenchman***

I have had a long and close relationship with René Nelli, a scholar of Catharism and of the civilization and literature of the Protestant Troubadours, author of "The Choleric Mystery" and "The Eroticism of the Troubadours", among other important works. It was he who introduced me to Otto Rahri. In *his house in Carcassonne, surrounded by relics and rare texts, in an atmosphere of ancient occitarian cioilization, he told me the following. "*If *the Germans had won the war, they would have rebuilt the castle of Moritsegur. On the 700th anniversary of the fall of Montsegur, on March 4 6, 1944, a German anion flew over the ruin of Montsegur and traced the Celtic cross in the sky with smoke. What possible connection could there have been between National* Eioticism and *the "Perfect Ones, the Cathars, who believed that this world was the work of Satan and only aspired to deJ'ar it, even committing suicide in the "Endura" (fasting, extreme penance)?*

A recent similar book. "N'ouveaux Cat ha res Pour Montségur"), by 3airit-Loup, author of "El Re y de la Patagonia", "La Nuit Comienza

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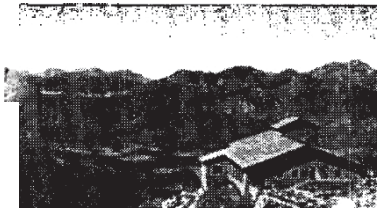
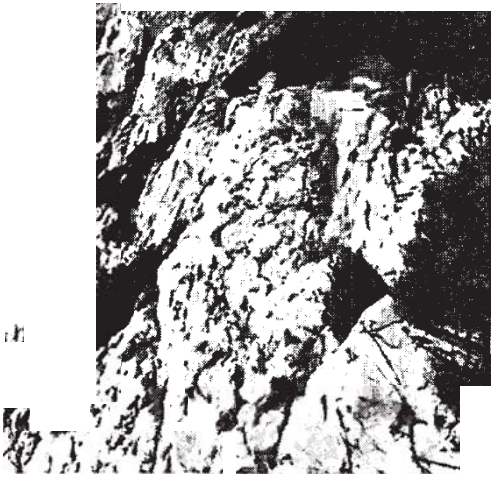
19. It has also been translated and published in Spain.



"Kehlsteinhaus", the "Eagle's Nest", Hitler's refuge in the city of Berchtesgaden. Its resemblance to MontseguF is striking.



at Cape Horn", "From Aconcagua to Cape Horn", "Los Heréticos. History of the ISS Carlo Mag- no Division", "The Volunteers. Hrs-

Corto *de la Legion Volontaire Française", "Eos Hostolgiques", etc., pretends to give the answer. He says that the one who flew over Montsegur was Al[red Rosenberg, the [iloso[o of National Socialism, author of "The Myth of the Twentieth Century".*

Saint-Loup maintains that Otto Rahn, after the publication of his book, "Crusade against the Grail", i.e. after 1933, [was made a leading member of Hitler's Black HIS - a secret and initiatory order, according to Saint-Loup-)- which, according to Rosenberg's instructions, found the Grail *in the caverns of the Pyrenees, where it was hidden by the Cathars in the 13th century, after the fall of Montsegur.*

According to lsaínt-Loup, Otto Rahn did not find the Gral.

It is difficult to *know how Saint-Loup obtained this information. There are coincidences of a rather external kind (black habits of the Cathars and the SS; Montsegur Castle and Hitler's Eagle's Nest in Berchtesgaden). It is true,*

It is unknown to this day what Catharism really was and *what* was *behind the SUS! Black Order functioned. The* most *important Cathar documents would have been burned by the Inquisition (their tradition was rather oral, like the Ueda), or have been made to disappear voluntarily. Also those of the SST and those of the National-Socialist research centers on magic, which were set up in Munich, for example. It is known of a professor joueri of the University of Vienna, erudite eri magic, serious researcher eri the* /tistorto *of this art, which was filled by the Germans to its Institul o of Munich and rio returned to Austria after the war. He has never been heard from again.*

René Nelli is perplexed and hesitant. Saint-Loup, when questioned about the sources of his in[ormation, refuses to reveal them.

The US Blacks continue, on their own, in the middle of the war, the search for the General in *the Ptrineos del Lariguedoc.*

René Nelli tells *us that German scientists, geologists, ethnologists, anthropologists, disguised as French militiamen,* were *touring the caves of the Pyrenees during the German occupation of Languedoc. What were they looking for in these caves, which more than seven centuries a g o served as the last refuge of priests, warriors and Cathar lords? What were they looking for? 2 El* Gral.

According to Saint-Loup, Hitler's SS found the General *and transported him to Berchtesgaden, already in the* jim/ *de laquerra. Saint-Loup's book "New Cathars for Montsegu r" is inspired by the grandiose and dramatic epic of the Longuedoc (so similar to the Irish) and their struggle for new independence within a "Europe of carnal palrias", as he and the !S!S would call it,[0] . He believes that this would have been achieved with the German triumph. Most of his book is based on facts. Historical facts are the search of the Germans in the Pyrenean ca uernas and the* orion*'s flight over Montsegur, plotting with smoke the Celtic cross, in*

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20. The *"Carto de* ***Cha*** *rlotembargo",* released and published by the SS at the end of the War, with its "New Nazi Order".

the 700th anniversary of its fall. Also the departure of a *German column of officers of the !S!S, [uertemerite custo-diated, in the direction of Berchtesgaden, carrying "something" found in the Pyrenees.*

According to Saint-Loup, the Germans also did not manage to discover the General. *At the end of the war, on May 2, 1945, when Germany was defeated, another column of selected officers, from a "Waffen ISS Diu sion", left Berchtesgaden in the direction of* the *Austrian Tyrolean glacier (in 2(llertal) near the present Furtschlag Hut and not far from where Otto Rahn died. There it is hidden again to be rediscovered by future generations. Three of the high commanders of the "Wa ffen*
SIS", a Frenchman, an American and a Norwegian, are on an anion, taking off from the Munich-Salzburg highway, heading for Tibet.

In "The Return of the Witches", Pan wels and Bergier argue that there were mysterious connections between the Third Reich and Tibet. They say that the instructions for the persecution of the Gypsies (and Jews?) were transmitted from Tibet, and that a Tibetan mission fought until it was completely destroyed in the last battle of Berlin.

Hitler's Eagle's Nest, in Berchtesgaderi, in the Al pes Bóuaros - not to be confused with *his chalet, which was much further away - is on the top of a steep mountain and may lead one to think that it was built as an inspiration for the Moritsegur Castle of the Cathars.* In *the Eagle's Nest the* General *would also have been kept, according to Saint-Loup.*

A Chilean

I believe I was the first, perhaps if not the first in the whole world, at that time -during the War-, to write *in this same sense and on these same tenets. My research*

---

21. Yes, they decipher it and this allows them the spiritual construction of the "Disco Volante", together (synchronistically) with the recovery of the "hyperborean organ" of the *Vril.*

The later in India, where there is also talk of "Aryaria Var)i", the primeval home of the Aryans ("The Artic Iogar in the Vedas". published by Gartgadhar Tilah eri 1956), and now my research on the Cathars, in connection with the {i/oso/io of "tonic" love, have filled me again to find the traces of a Milo.

Like *!Saint-Loup, I traveled through the southern regions of Chile, but I went* much *further than he did, as far as Antarctica, in search of the mysterious "oases" of tempestuous waters that exist in the middle of the ice. (A curious book, by* a /ttingoro, *Ladislao !Szabó, urinates that, at the end of the war, a mysterious convoy of German submarines went to Antarctica, carrying a "great secret"). I thought that there I would find the* Gral, *transported from the distant ice of the North, from "Aryana Var ji", from tsroelandia, from the Arctic, to the deep ice of the South, to reunite the terrestrial extremes. There, in the meadows of snow, J** to the enormous barriers, I desperately searched for* the *lost "Cla nes" that could reveal to us the secret of the Totality. (All this was described in my books* "Who *Lies in the Ice" and in "Antarctica and Other Myths "1. Then I went to India, Nu pcial Homeland of the legend, to conclude also that its known yoga has lost the clans...*

S!aint -Loup believes that there are already "Colonies" in the !S ur of the !S ur of the !S ur.

World, who guard the secret and follow according to the "Law. . . He searched for them, without haharlan. There are those who believe that these "Colonies" would be composed of "Pez Nouvea or Cathares".

Gods ç ***Demons***

In the glaciers of Tyrol, in the Antarctic Oasis...

Where is General Tof uez *kept today in the depths of his heart?* Tof *uez is kept today in the depths of the heart. Because the* Gra1 *is the "Inexistent Flower", the exteriorization of Something, of a Treasure, that only within us exists and that only there could be found. Prisoners of this subjective emotion, by projecting the vision to the external world, we are the first victims of our own "mental creations". The Myth, the Legend, the Archetype will burn us* with *their fire and snatch us from the earth in the flames that belong to them, reducing us to ashes.*

along *with those dreams. May a promise of a "perhaps rebirth", in a world of pure symbols. Here is the agony of the terrible Game. Both those who signed that "the Kingdom is of this world," and those who believed that it was, being voluntarily, or* tnuof *untutely prisoners of the Archangel, of the Myth, were taken away by the flames. 5" the game reached even the children of their children's children. The* inoterto/ *disappearance of the world could be produced by the absorption by uri Archeti po. What contemporary psychology* calls Archetype *are the Gods and Demons of the Antigiadaod. It is not necessary to* repeat *their names; even today they should be pronounced at the bottom....*

I SAY GOODBYE TO THE TREE

I cannot leave this tragic and beautiful Serbian land without saying goodbye to my friend the Tree, from the Beograd forest. I know I will not see him anymore. Next to him I have been with Indira Gandhi, holding hands in silence. She picked up some of its leaves, fallen in the autumn. What has become of them? Where are they now? I stand alone in front of the tree. Her fairy comes out of it and speaks to me:

"Up with the heart! .. We will meet again, sometime. You have to look for me in a forest in your homeland, in the South of the World, reincarnated in a larch tree of the Melimoyu. Try to recognize me, call me and I will speak to you again and tell you about *her,* helping you to find her again. For now you must leave. We have to separate. For you have little time left for your search in old Europe and in the outside world. You must withdraw into the oasis of your own heart. From there I have come to rescue you..... Sieg Heil!

I LEARN TO DRESS AND TO LOOK

Yugoslavia was almost more important than India, than Austria and even than my stay in Hermann Hesse's old Camuzzi House in Montagnola, if I take into account a unique experience, which marks a definitive milestone in this Round of the Eternal Return, being able to "take me out" towards "something not even dreamed of by the greatest utopians", as Nietzsche thought.

These fundamental events occur as if by chance.

Many of you will have experienced, when you reach a certain age, the tiredness and boredom of having to undress at night and get dressed again in the morning, even envying animals, especially dogs and cats, who go to bed and get up without having to change "clothes".

I meditated on this very thing, sitting in my room next to the statue of Shiva, and came to the conclusion that the solution for man lay, as always, in transforming (transmuting) habit into rite. Something that, by the way, had already been done by emperors, kings and priests. The ritual of dressing a monarch or a pope is something known, and whoever helps in this rite will be decorated or will obtain a noble title2a.

In India, my butler, Samuel, who prepared my clothes for the day, would have dressed me and bathed me if I had allowed him to do so. In this way he had done it with the English *"sahab"* and with the Hindu maharajas.

I also decided to inaugurate my "rite", going further than a king, or a priest: I started by dressing and undressing my body.

And it was at the end of my stay in Belgrade that I wrote about this important matter and published an article in "El Mercurio" and in "La Prensa".

As I reread it, along with the previous ones, I realize how much we have descended in the intellectual, mental and cultural level in Chile and in the world. We are at the end of the *Kali yuga* (Iron Age) and entering the Lead Yuga. In those years, "El Mercurio" was run by intellectuals and writers. With the death of René Silva Espejo, everything changes; a sectarian class takes over the key positions in the press and information of the country, imposing the secret lines of the Great Conspiracy. In addition, an attempt is made to prevent the "undoing".

Believing it difficult to better express the event to which I refer, I will also reproduce here my 1966 letter.

A DAY OF LIFE

The Ensoiiaeion

A few years before his death, I met Aidous Huxley in India. He told me of his friend's last moments.

D. H. Lawrence: the writer was nio [nera of the body, contemplating agonizing from a corner of the room. I asked Huxle if he practiced yogo and he replied that he only strove to be "conscious", "alert", following the recommendations *of Krishna Murti. Huxle and considered Krishna Murti to be one of the most interesting horbres of our time; at that time I used to visit him in Madras.*

Torri also Grurd Jef [and his disciple Ouspenshy preached the doctrine of "alertness", of "awakening". According to them, the world is a circle of daydreaming, the mind of man revolving between shells of unfinished images, drafts of ideas, unconscious sensations; reflections of day and night dreams which occupy the attention of the whole *of the day and night, in order to be mechanically, "unconsciously" performed at work. In this way our life differs little from that of an animal or a tree, my state of consciousness is only slightly less nebulous than that of an animal, in fact, loose, lost, in dtil. We believe ourselves to be men and we are only projects of the non-spiritual human, cascarories that turn in heartbreaking circles, that neither laugh nor swim, do not enjoy, nor really suffer ("De jad que los ruuertos e ntíerreri a los inuertos"). No one nite and, therefore, no one dies.*

The technique that Gurd j(eff and Ousperishy tried to impose for the achievement of "awakening" is somewhat the cult *of the absurd, of* grofuttos *facts, of unexpected and illogical actions, in order to produce "shocks" capable of keeping us awake. It is, however, an essentially rationalistic technique, which rules out the C!rocia and contact with those forces that reside beyond the limit of the dream, the other side, what Ril he called the A rigel and kung, the "psychoid"; that is, that which is only partially psychic, which transcends the psyche; a spiritual basis, beyond Maya, as the Hindus would say, beyond the web of the psyche.*

illusory. Maya is the j world of the psyche, '- which is nourished by the senses.

According *to Krishna Murti, the path of awakening leads to a state of continuous connection: to be conscientious.*

We need to be aware of ourselves and the world around us, as Aldous Huxle explained to me. To do this, we must not only "look", but also "see".

Looking and seeing. Most of us go through the world looking, but not seeing. We look at *everything and see nothing. Our gaze is like an insect that lands on many flowers and extracts no honey from any of them. There are the eyes, but they are blind. Inner reverie, the vague ruminating of ideas and memories,* is *a thick cloth between our gaze and the world. Krishna Murti believes that you have to break through that fabric, to pierce it, to reach the thing itself. I have heard him ask: "Who has seen a tree? Who has seen a child, the face of his wife or his friend?*
Who has seen the face of a child on the face of a man?
Who, the light of heaven reflected in the eyes of the beloved?
Who has seen a tree struggle against the monsoon wind?

Distressed, realizing that I was not alive either, that I would be just another dead man "buried by the dead", I went to visit

Kr(shrta Murti, to ask him to teach me to look, to swim. And a l s o to be able to cross the banks of Maya. ..

He responded to my inquiries by pausing to contemplate a flower in its pot. He did it in such a way, with such concentration, that something like uri was born from the air [that was created around him.

Then, he explained to me. "It is necessary to work with the conscious and the unconscious, so that the reverie is finished, even the dream of the night, because, if everything is put into the effort, I *have nothing left to dream.*

The Armor of the C-smith

Many years have *passed, years in which I am partially dead or partially dead; years in which I am taken by the uorogyny of mechanical actions, with which I believe I am doing something for the sake of* my *own self, to be also "working for my bread", to live, when in fact I am only building for death, "burying my dead", awakening the physical, spiritual meaning of time, which is the true lotigo of awakening.*

On the way of awakening, there are masters, each one should be his own self, discovering *the step, the path, the path that goes over the edge of a river. Personolmerite, it seems to me that this should be pure poetry, as well as mysticism enraptured. That is to say, when "ner", one experiences an emotion of beauty and grace (painters may know about this) to* which *we should* strive *with all our strength, until we reach the help of the Angel, who saves us from falling into that other niecanicism that Gurd jie ff.* teaches.

Life is transformed, and it is very possible that a single day of consciousness is enough, a single day of death, for us to arrive at our own death, to have our *own death as our own day of death. To deserve a day of death, to be already "dead buried for dead", to have our own death, as Rílhe asked.*

Let us, then, try to make a full day of it, *starting today, without further delay. The night has passed like many others; we understand that the dreams have not been restless, but rather have been a* prolongation of the *night.*

slab of the day, a glide between shadows and tumors. We rise with the sun and head for the balcony, which overlooks a small hill with trees. We intend to find something at dawn, anything, an object; but on the way we are struck by a doubt, which could be expressed as follows: "How can you go in if you have no eyes? How can you go out on the balcony if you have no body?

We stop halfway between the bedroom and the terrace. It is true, we say to ourselves, we have no eyes, we have no body, we have never had them, because we have never been aware of having them. We come out of the night's sleep and we are ready to undress our everyday clothes, which cover a non-existent ghost, a body of smoke. Only the soul is there, naked and also naked, having, sometimes, only an arm, a leg or my head half built. "Yes, it is necessary, before trying to go, before walking, to undress our body over our soul".

We plop down on a chair and start to take our clothes off. We have never done it before; it has occurred to us now, as if we received an order from the deep.

We will begin with the feet, trying to give them consciousness, to *scan them, to know their functions. We continue with the feet, the stomach, inside and out; the liver, the kidneys, the heart, the circulation of the blood, the lungs, the chest, the throat. Here we stop and start again, through the spinal column, slowly ascending, like an orb, until we reach the skull.*

We understand that we have put on an armor, adjusting it on ourselves. We are ready to engage in combat, like a warrior who wishes to take eternity by storm.

We looked out onto the balcony. The first combat was here against the top of a tree leaning over the railing. We will try to conquer that redoubt. The eyes are ready to be used. We direct them toward the tree, still dark in the dawn. And now we understand that the fight will be very hard. The enemy goes attacks on all sides, firing its projectiles. We are assaulted by memories; embryos of ideas, violent imaginations, unexpected associations. In a

second we are in childhood, remembering scenes ol uida- d'is eri years; l ueyo uieiie ii faces *of rriuJe res and friends, words, sounds that try to steal from us this segu ndo: the balcony, the top of the tree.*

With effort and desperation we strive to stand firm, to cast off the tmogens that hold us back, to achieve sleep. The armor, cm je, is strerrified whole in the effort of the will that keeps it tnmouif *there. Intuition tells us that in the ferocity of the attack a weakness is hidden. The eriemigo spends his ruuriiciories, attacking with* a tntensidod *that rio could not be maintained. We pray to the Arigel - to our* E1, or *our* She - *to protect us, to allow us to "ner". The prayer is heard and, in that* moment, *something like lightning falls from the* sky and *the tree's canopy is torn. There is then the tree, dark in the dawn, but* filled *with an iricreated light. On it, some birds stop - there are four of them - and start a* dance *on the branches. I discover them as the birds of the Chinese and Japanese* birds. *They are alternating on the branches, eri a liturgical rhythm, as if fulfilling a sen al exact, or a ti-low within* nrquettp/cos *numbers. They move together with Fate and their leaps, prefixed, are like a slogan, a language, a conversation that, in that instant, I am sure to understand eri the deep. It is the hermetic massage of the top of the tree.*

But alas, all too soon it's all over. A few seconds, and suddenly Maya's canvas spreads out, the mental genes return. There is always the top of the tree; but it is already the everyday tree, and the branches jump in disarray.
His flight means nothing. Everything has returned to chaos, it has gone out of the Law. The Word *has been forgotten, the language of Assisi is iridescible.*

The 'Teenage Winter

However, I intend to continue with the trees. Aritaño, in the Himalayas, in the Valley of Flowers, I learned the language of plants. I also keep from mt *yuuen/ud* nndtno *the precious treasure of conversation with a bush. I will now try to coy uersate with an orhol.*

Here, on this hill, there are some fir trees. They have always been here, but it is as if I have discovered them again today. Repeating the previous technique, I *let the nest* lie down, *without resisting too much, waiting for the moment when I can open a breach in their ranks. This is how it happens again and again.*

At the [rente of the group of saplings stands an inny graceful one, with its branches always uerdes in this European autumn. I'm looking at *it and urta sound tenderness is coming out of its weak blades and trunk. That tree is like an adolescent uri that needs help and gMa to grow. It now receives my gaze and thanks me; it responds to me, moving its branches and leaves in unison, in a joyful waving, in a strernecírniento of pleasure,* which *finds its best al(ado in the uiento. His word is this: "I need your gaze, I need it to be able to grow. I will wait for you every morning and I will be your love in the air, even if I a m covered with snow. We will grow together, we will be saved together".*

At the rhythm of the moment, their weak limbs, their weak branches, seem to extend themselves in an impossible gesture, as if they too wanted to reach out to God.

I come out of this *contemplation as if returning from far away.*

However, it is not the eyes that have shown. It is something else; for this is not rational contemplation. It is the COnscie nte and the Incoriscie nte that tra-J<^ ju'ítos-as espl i - cara Krishna* Murtt-. *I believe that this way of looking could be practiced even if the uist were lost. Here is his nitlagro.*

Autumn Treasures

At the end of the day, I go out to walk the paths of the small mountain, illuminated by the dull light. New houses and portals appear to me, even though they have been there before. €/no *star overhead winks at me and its waves reach me. I understand the truth of astrology and how* the *influence* of *those worlds remains sternly ninine over our* ***heads;*** *but we cut ourselves off from its powers* ***to*** *wander in a universe of automatons.*

The *night is [ria, sheets of ice cross its walls in this otokio of Europe. I stop by a streetlight. Without light it falls in torrents, right on a tree that leaves. I hold there ani last combat and I manage to perceive the incredible symbiosis of that single being and of that thing. Like instruments of an orchestra, they play within the light. Arrivals are not in my gaze today, and I also inlerue iigo in the* stn{onto *as uri ele ele me n- the predestined. I see the leaves fall from the tree, floating in the light as in a consistent water, piling up on the ground, like dry leaves, like frost of ancient gold. To my heart goes the idea of being next to the treasure of the autumn, eri a hill of gold ntejo, in eri room full of gold leaves, as once the Spaniards were next to the gold of the Inca.*

Autumn has given me its secret, it i s *poetry of spiritual light.*

Loaded with leaves and stars I return to my room, thinking that I will have left nothing for the dream, because the dream, its magical atmosphere, has intertwined with the day, with its hard work and its [rtitos.

The visions of those who "enter" and *"swim" can only be compared to those obtained during the "astral dis-prendtments" when, suddenly,* in *mid-air, the curtains of sleep open and we find ourselves in front of a violent world of light and shadow, with hallucinatory images, captured not only with the eyes but by the whole being, and which are more real than reality.*

6f 2tosfro *de* Sltioa

I think eri Ril he. He intended to "salt the earth, transporting it to the tnuisih/e", *mtraying and uiéndola with eritraíiable love. We will take from here a name, he said, the name of a flower, the name of a plant, the name of a yellow flower, the name of* an *autumn leaf. And lu ng believed he was discovering a myth for the man of our land "giving conscience to the darkness of the Creator". In his Tower of Bolli ugen, the great sage greeted every morning to his pots a n d pans, to the humble objects that accompanied him in his transit through this world. He said good m o r n i n g t o them. He, too, had* started his *own*

dialogue with the seemingly inanimate. Also /tobío *discovered the language of "Poor* Iszs".

We know that Father Teilhard de Chardin, like S.ri Aurobindo, believed that man had reached a limit in his biological evolution, which he could only cross by changing his state. Biological evolution *has stopped, it seems, and it is in the Spirit (in the* "Noosphere") *that the great transformation will take place, which at the beginning will be imperceptible. But this change of state must be accomplished voluntarily, as Yoga has always affirmed. That is to say, the soul must be created by man, because Eternity is attained within this free will. Eternal Life* is *thus meshing, eii potency, it is an inner virtue to be developed, "invented". ("Blessed are those who did not and did not create*

We are thus the weavers of our own soul, of that "Robe of Nessus". We are the warriors who will have to open a [orated with his spear in the thick net of Maya, the Illusion.

So, is i t not this way, along these trails of the "and *"see" through which the secret, hidden route that* leads *to that invisible and seemingly invisible boundary is found.*

Shiva's head, above the autumn leaves of Beograd. Photo **taken by Yugoslav photographer** Georgevich.

in{ranq ueable of a change of state, beyond "that ceiling of all oelocides and tem peratures"?

"Look at" and "See" everything: daily life, work, home, love, enjoyment and su[riniiento; lookatus as at the world and at the world as at us. To be actors and spectators at the same time. Spectators of our life and of our death, of our health and of our disease, of our nnes - Ira riq nena and riness ra mtserio. "To *see the face of a* child *in the face of a man. To see an orb against a Mormon's* ctefo.*" Then, only then, will we have defeated the muerle,*

we will have moved to "another time channel".

I have here, in my *room, a stone maheza of the Hindu god Si S!hiva. It was sculpted by an anonymous sculptor more than a thousand years ago in the Indian city of IlhaJuraho. lshiua* has *his eyes closed and seems to be contemplating inwardly the eternal* rest *of things. I try to see what he was. Every day I stop by this stone head, these stone lips, this dry gaze, and I strive to penetrate its terrible secret. Sometimes I seem to succeed. I think I understand that she is watching without attachment to anything, contemplating the eternal river of the world, always alert, always conscious, underneath the dream, full and at the same time nestled, forming part of that whole, one in diversity. His expression is one of sensual, soft and supreme joy. But I also discover, at times, depending on how the light falls on the legendary stone, a shadow of deep pain, of infinite pity, behind the layers of enjoyment, as if* the *dark suffering of the Creotion were reflected.*

Belgrade, April 17, 1966

GOODBYE TO THE FORESTS

I will never again see the forests of Beograd, nor the forests of Vienna, nor the Black Forest; I will never again see the forests of my homeland. Great fires destroy the trees of the earth. They ignite on the four horizons, in the south of Chile, in the center and in the north, wherever there are still vernacular trees. Who causes them? As with the *Ounis,* there is a conspiracy of silence and a disinformation plan. But some researchers have revealed it in the past: the extraterrestrials feed on

The blood of men, and when they fail to provoke apocalyptic wars, they resort to great forest fires. They search for their food throughout the Universe, turning the stars into deserts. Mars, the Moon and, now, the Earth. Their agents prepare a desperate banquet for them.

By osmosis they absorb energy from the internal organs of the human body and from the blood of the living and the recently dead. Jehovah's instructions in the Old Testament for his acolytes to offer them the human organs of sacrifice are those of an expert *"che[de euisine".* In Tenochtitlan, the Aztec priests prepared their food with the hearts of the people and the blood was the wine that flowed down the stepped pyramids.

The two world wars were a colossal feast. But
Now they are starving, they lack sustenance and must resort to forest fires to revitalize them, just as when we sit in winter in front of the fireplace to warm ourselves. They are helping, they are on bread and water. But only for a short time. For soon the final banquet will come, when their agents will hand over control of the "stable" to them, so that they can fulfill the daily slaughter of the slaves in the pyramids erected in the south of the world. The rest will be desert.

And at the apex of the great Pyramid there will be a watchful Eye, always open.

And the number 666.

Earth's turn to die has come. Here are already the triumphant worms, the ones in charge of destroying the corpse. In truth, they were always there. And the struggle for survival was against them. But the pta zo of the years was fulfilled and now it only remains to save the soul of the star so that it too does not die with its body: The *Inner Earth,* Plato's *Other Earth.* And that one is already safe, untouched, thanks to the *Ideal* defended by those who, without knowing that they could not die, because they are Gods, because they are *Diuyas,* were ready to give what they believed was their only life, in the eternal combat (those who believed that "their blood would save Chile").

They are already on the *Other Earth, in* the soul of the earth. Those of us who remain here, fighting the Battle of the Rearguard, have the mission of preventing the worms as long as possible in their work of appropriating the last earthly energies and not allowing "the desert to spread", as Nietzsche prophesied. Our mission is to transmute those remaining energies, by means of the *Ideal,* even at the cost of our own lives, so that, when the Tomb of the Earth is opened, the corpse will not be there either, for it will have been resurrected in an invisible body, of immortal *VráJa.* On the Other Earth, in the Heavenly Hi]aerial, in the Walhalla of the Gods and the Walkirias.

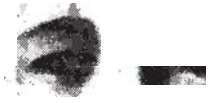
And someone, someday (Me? Him?), will also recognize the resurrected anti-water Earth. For there will be my reborn Tree, immobile as a God. Because Gods and Trees do not move. They are only stirred by the wind.

THIRD PART

AT THE PLACE OF INITIATION

Vienna is a melancholic city. Its eastern location imbues it with the sadness of the Slavic soul. I inherited an old mansion in Hietzing, in Tirolergasse, a beautiful and romantic neighborhood near the Habsburg Schíinbrunn Palace. Ambassador Alfonso Santa Cruz, my predecessor, lived there. He was the brother of Hernán Santa Cruz, of whom I have spoken in previous volumes, and of Guillermo, a Nazi comrade from the time of von Marées.

In addition to being Ambassador to Austria, I had to represent Chile at the International Atomic Energy Agency, based in Vienna. In order not to lengthen these recollections even further, I will pass over the diplomatic events of the official Mission, trying to



to concentrate on the essence of my other secret tasks, in this unique land, which saw the birth and incarnation of the *Avatar*. Shortly after my arrival, I went to visit The city of Braunau am Inn, where Ad off Hitler was born, the convent of Lambach and the city of Linz. Here, in a surrounding forest, the *Aura* was incarnated for the first time in the body of a young man, carefully prepared in the rounds of the Eternal Return.

Adolf Hitler nitro.

Documento sobre la Masonería, en alemán antiguo, entregado a Miguel Serrano por el bibliotecario del Convento de Lambach. (Dos primeras páginas).

Tercera y última páginas del documento de Lambach sobre la Masonería.

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Letter from the Director of the Library of the Benedictine Convent of Lambach. From 1970.

DR. HANS ZEDlNEK
oa=="h'w=-

Dpt. A 4844, Regau 13, Wien, den 2. Juli 1970
bei ÖRmonierad V., Margaretenstraße 150/15

Lugeck 1
1010 Wien I.

Euer Exzellenz!
Sehr geehrter Herr Botschafter!

Ihr Schreiben vom 16. Juni a.c. nahm den Weg von Lambach, [illegible] Göttweig, von Göttweig nach Wien, von Wien nach Regau, wo es mich erreichte und wo ich mir einige Tage Erholung gönne.
Nach der am 6. Mai in Ihrer Botschaft geführten interessanten Diskussion über den Adel Theoderich Hagn und dessen Ahnenwappen war ich nur kurze Zeit in Lambach, die Durchsicht der mir vom Herrn Verfügung stehenden Archivalien und Tagebücher führte noch zu meiner Feststellung, daß der seinerzeitige Berichterstatter Pater Lauz in Lambach zu Stiftungszwecken gewirkt hatte,
Ich möchte in der Folgezeit meine Tätigkeit bei meinem Bruder, dem Abt von Göttweig, in Göttweig aufnehmen, um dringende Inventarisierung und generelle Restaurierung der dortvorhandenen Schätze vorzunehmen. Werde auch im Juli noch in Göttweig sein.
Ich bin nun vorläufig in der Lage, Ihnen, sehr geehrter Herr Botschafter, 1.) ein Exemplar des Führers „Wallfahrtskirche zu Stadl-Paura" und 2.) die Photokopie des bewußten Dokumentes, das sich im Schäuber-Bd. 575 des Stiftsarchivs Lambach befindet,

Das bewußte Dokument ist in deutscher Kurrentschrift abgefaßt und stammt aus der Mitte des 18. Jahrhunderts (ca. 1750).
Da es aber wegen der deutschen Schrift und der damals gebräuchlichen Sprache von Ihrer verehrten Frl. Sekretärin mühelos kaum recht gelesen und daher auch nicht ins Englische übersetzt werden kann, müßte die deutsche Schrift in die lateinische Schrift übertragen und der damalige Sprachgebrauch den heutigen Sprachbegriffen an-

Zedlnik

Another letter from the Lambach librarian, 1970.

In Braunau I went to see the famous medium Rudi Schneider in his invalid's bed. He was cared for by his wife, a nurse. I verified my Master's opinion about mediums: in the end they are destroyed by the forces that have used them and which they do not control.

The house where Hitler was born was still intact and the inhabitants of the small town of Bra unu were still proud of that event. Today, for sure, they have already changed their attitude, under the ever-increasing pressure of those who have succeeded in making them feel like criminals, just because they live in that town and in that land. I have seen in Vienna, on the beautiful Café Mozart square in the center of the city, a horrible sculpture erected today to commemorate the "Holocaust". President Kurt Waldheim was forced to facilitate its installation, under the pressure of an insistent attack and with the threat of the revelation o f his Nazi past.

The Benedictine convent of Lambach is a mystery. There, in the choir, Hitler sang as a child and could contemplate the Sw ástika Levógira, placed in many places by Prior Theodor Hagen. It was in this Benedictine convent where Joseph Lanz von Liebenfels, former Cistercian monk in Mayerling, would have found some important document, which led him to abandon the habit and to found the Templar Order of the "New Temple", while editing the magazine "Ostara", of the "Ariosofia", where he spoke of the lost powers of the Aryan race, of Thule, of Hyperborea and of the Runes. I went to contemplate the Swástika Levógira and to try to find also some document. I only found one writing in old German, about Freemasonry. It is almost certain that the A/trienerhe and Himmler's SS will have taken the most important, together with the secret of the Levira Swastika and the Prior.

* * *

One afternoon in Vienna, reclining on the balcony of my house in Hietzing, we were talking about these things with the Ambassador of Peru, Manuel Mujica Gallo. He was referring to the grandiose past of the Austrian Empire. I, thinking of the forest of Linz, where Hitler, according to his childhood friend, Kuvizek, received the Initiation, with the incarnation of the *Auathara, I* said to him:

"-Manolo, I have not been able to physically reach that forest

and nothing would be achieved by going this way to that magical place. How can I do it?

To find the precise site of the *event* in the midst of so many trees? Tonight I will go by *astral...".*

IN THE LINZ FOREST

In my small corner of meditation, I urge myself next to the stone head of Si va Ardonostsuoro, I do the "Direction Practice", I pronounce the *mantras, I* concentrate on the middlebrow and I wait, paralyzing all thought, all emotion. Little by little, a vibratory current begins to run through me from bottom to top, more and more strong and powerful, so that soon I feel "outside". It is a liberation from all thought and a stilling of emotion, without the will having to make an effort to do so. It does not, however, seem like individuality or *self.* I am floating, immersed in a dark world. A space opens up, through which a ray of yellow light penetrates, taking on the form of an octopus, with multiple arms and suction power. It is the dangerous "lunar current", which grabs me by the chest and I feel an anxious pressure; its immense power lifts me up and transports me in space, bringing me closer and closer to the bright star, whose gray and cratered surface is almost within my reach. I understand that if I do not resist and overcome, I will be imprisoned in that tenebrous world. And I make the "Sign", for three times, able to cut the "lunar current". It is an indescribable relief; once again I am light and free, being able to mentally direct the search for the forest of Linz (the one I proposed to myself "over there", in "that other place", in which I am still - I know, I feel it - also reclining and meditating).

I go through night and lonely streets, following the footsteps of a young man walking briskly, frowning and clenching his fists. Soon he leaves the outskirts of the city behind and begins to climb the slope of Mount Freinberg into a forest.

"-I have left Gustl," he says; "now I am alone again, as always."

It stops in a small clearing, in the thicket, in front of a tree illuminated by a strange light; uncreated light, moving light. With intense joy I recognize my tree. The young man waits, and speaks:

"Here they are, here they come. What do you want from me? Take me, I am ready...".

I did not see them arrive. Without a sound, without my noticing, without understanding how they could have done it, a large circular craft landed right there, in the clearing between the trees. The young man did not turn to look at it, for his eyes were still fixed on "our tree". A window opens in the ship. Someone is watching us. A silent hatch is opened and a man and a woman of almost blue whiteness, with hair like liquid gold, get out. They both approach the tree and open it halfway. They gently push the young man inside. They close it, lock it. And they stand waiting. There is a tremor in the branches and the trunk shakes from side to side as if the tree were about to collapse. And the whole forest accompanies, in rhythm, this tremor, as if playing a melody, like the music of the spheres, or the "Ride of the Walkirias", or Wagner's "Twilight of the Gods".

Curiously, I do not feel like a separate observer, nor apart from the very strange event. I am in them, immersed in each and in all. I am also the Disk, the Circular Ship. And then, I exclaim:

"-All right, all right, all right! Get him out of there!".

And I head straight to open the "door" of the tree. And it is not me but the transparent character who opens it. From inside comes out, not the young man who came in, but a man: Adolf Hitler!

From the Disc a voice is heard. And it is the Disc itself that speaks, as if it were a Being, a Person:

"I come from Aldebaran. It is not the first time I do it. I visited Hyperborea, I was in Sumeria, repeating this same event, this drama, with *Ar- bar-is*, with *Ra j-na -ur* and in the presence of *Her*. Here they are again. From now on, you will no longer be you, at least in the great moments. You will be s lo. That is, *He*. You will decide nothing on your own. *I* will decide it. The decision is already made: You *(Us)*, we will lose the War in order to win it. Because Our *Reich* is not of this world. And I say ours, because it is *We*. Moreover, you will remain chaste, out of loyalty to your She, who will enter into you. She will be you and you will be Her. That is why you must maintain until the end the characteristics of your androgynous figure, disconnected, because until *it* does not enter you, in the decisive moments of this Drama, you will be nobody, you will be nothing. And when it is in you, you will be God and no one will be able to disobey you or contradict you in your frightening path, until the final collapse-triumph1. In the m e a n t i m e , you will build, like Barbarossa, your refuge.

impregnable in the ice of the South Pole, where you will install the best of your Aryan race, so that there it may "fall twice", be reborn, reconstructing, resurrecting Hyperborea. In the meantime, I will have taught you to mentally reconstruct this Disk, which is 'our body' and which was that of our brothers before the fall, for those who came out of it and are outside, are myself, and in me they merge, *round,* once they re-enter. In such a Disk, round as God, you will disappear before the end, with the best of your warriors. And you will return when you wish - but you will wish no more - to this decaying and dying world. You will only connect from above to give inspiration to those who are still fighting. But they too will have to save themselves alone, burned, on the immense waves of the end of the world, to the wood of your *Ideal,* which you will leave shining unharmed in the immortal Drama of your Defeat, without ever betraying it".

Hitler raises his face and with transparent, luminous blue eyes, exclaims:

"-Found your will and laugh at mine!".

The golden figures of the man and the woman, instead of going to the Disk, enter the Tree, my *Tree.* The Voice says:

"I am Wotan! And I have been repeating this Hysteria for all Eternity! ..".

When this scene fades away, like a film that reaches its end, or lacks the strength to continue projecting itself, the *Voice of the* Lord of Armies addresses me:

"-You too are a prisoner of Fate and Fatality, a prisoner of Myth. You are condemned to sing this Legend, here, among the sleeping and the deaf, shuddering, shaking them, shedding tears of blood, until your last last sigh, until you can no longer, and until you doubt me and my presence, for I did not come looking for you.... You will only have to discover the Disk, to be the Disk, to be God. Be *HIM.* It is you who must come to Me. Only *Allouine will* help you... .".

"-Me too!" says the *Fíihrer.*

ONLY THE GERMANS AND THE CHILEANS KNEW WHAT FRIENDSHIP WAS.

I had never revealed this extraordinary experience. Little by little in these "Memoirs" they are coming to light, just like what happened to me in Antarctica, which even though it is much earlier in time, it resembles it. I have narrated it in volume II of these "Memoirs". They are the *Revelations of the Last Days*, therefore it is no longer important to relate them, since the human beings do not listen (they have never l i s t e n e d) and the great masses are idiotized (t h e y always were). Those few combatant warriors, for whom they are addressed, may feel reconfirmed, experiencing that understanding and solidarity that the shared Ideal produces. August Kuvizek, a musician, an artist, tells in his book "Hitler, my Friend of the Youth", that not sharing the National Socialist doctrine, because he was not a politician, when the war began to go badly and he saw his friend Hitler in difficulties, he joined the Party: "For a friend is tested in misfortune and not in success. He adds: "Our

The Germans never understood what friendship means to a German.

"The figure of Hitler is reflected in the two worlds. He unites them, he rules them.

tad. And he says that when he learned that the Jewish doctor, who had treated Hitler's mother in Linz, was in a concentration camp and wrote to the German *Fuhrer*, the Fuhrer ordered his immediate release.

Friendship is above ideologies and political convictions, says Kuvizek. He and Hitler confirmed this.

And so it was also in Chile, as I have already written, until not so long ago. Until my generation.

Of all the books that have been written about Adolf Hitler, studies based on meticulous research on esoteric societies, such as the *"Thule Crescha[t",* on the books of von Lizt, on the doctrines of ariosophy and the "Order of the New Temple" of Joseph Lanz von Liebensfels, on his journal "Ostara", and so many others, including those of Nicholas Goodrick-Clarke, on "The Occult Roots of Nazism", none can provide such shocking and direct truth, his journal "Ostara" and so many others, including the important ones of Nicholas Goodrick-Clarke, on "The Hidden Roots of Nazism", none can bring such a shocking and direct truth as Kuvizek's book, already mentioned several times. There it is all there, the essential, the only thing that counts, the fundamental. He saw and witnessed when his friend and fellow student Adolf Hitler, in 1906, only 17 years old, after having listened to Wagner's "Rienzi", and walking together at night to the forest of Linz, on the Freinberg mountain, suddenly transforms himself and in a trance begins to speak with a voice that is not his own, *"admiring the phenomenon himself",* as if contemplating himself from outside, and what he is saying, about the future of the world and of a Mission that he must fulfill ... . This alone is enough. Kuvizek, the "friend of youth" who, from that moment on, will become the eternal friend, has witnessed the incarnation of the *Avatar* (of the Last *Avatar)* and the possession of Adolf Hitler, his fntciotion. And no further initiation is necessary, neither that of *"Thule C!escha[t",* nor the teachings of Dietrich Eckart, who believed "he had written the music for Hitler to dance to". Nor of anything.

Only a genius like C. G. Jung understood the shocking phenomenon in depth and revealed it on his own in the press and radio interviews, which I have so often quoted. He went so far as to compare Hitler with Mohammed. And this, many years before Kuvi zek wrote his account. It is only strange that Jung, having "seen", was not able to transfigure his own life and give himself to follow him with his *Cross (!Swástiha) on his back,* to the last, to

the pocaliptical end. Like me, who also "saw," and like others (Heidegger, Ezra

Pound, Knut Hamsun, Robert Brasillach) that gold is not *going,* The Blessed!

First by my Master, then directly by myself, and thanks to the means the Master placed at my disposal, I learned who Adolf Hitler was. We are thus the only ones who know the whole truth. And that is why I can never change, change or give up, for if I did, it would be like the suicide of my soul, the destruction of my self and the abandonment of my Him. Having also *uisto,* I am equally a prisoner of Myth and Legend, which I must sing with a voice that is not mine either, until the *Auatra* (my *Führer)* no longer needs it; because we will both have won, *losing.*

And this will be so forever and ever, repeating itself in the Rounds of Eternal Return, for all Eternity.

Because God and his Creation are simultaneous, they appear and disappear at the same time. Eternally they are and are not. Immobile like my Tree. *Like the Tree of the Forest of Line.*

Kuvizek says that after the experience he witnessed, they went from the forest to the city, but when they arrived at the door of his house, Adolf Hitler said goodbye to him and returned alone to the forest, preventing him from accompanying him. I never knew what happened there with Hitler. But I did. Hitler kept his secret and so did I, until now.

EZRAPOUND

I met Ute in Vienna, how much I owe Ute! Even if Escámez did not paint her, I will be forever grateful and united to her. I owe her the residency in the Camuzzi house of Herrñann Hesse, and also my first interview with Ezra Pound. One day he told me: "I have Ezra Pound's address. He lives in Venice, in Querini street, near the *Sam te* Cathedral, almost next to the *"Da Crei"* pension, where you always stay when you go to Venice.

And so it was. The Italian Ambassador in India, Gi usto Gi usti (owner of the "Gardens of Verona"), had recommended me this typical Venetian pension: *"A la Salute da Cici".*

I immediately arranged a trip with Ute to see Ezra Pound.

In press articles I have recounted the details of this exciting encounter. Those articles have recently been reproduced in Chilean newspapers and magazines[22] and were also published in English, if I remember correctly in India and the U.S.A. I do not wish to repeat myself and I will only try to say what I did not say and kept to myself, as on many other occasions. Because the relationship I established with the immortal Irish poet, Ezra Pound, was that of two pilgrim warriors, isolated, tortured and immolated in the archetypal ritual of an identical Religion and great cause. For that reason, when he had to leave - "to pass outside"-, to enter the Disc, or the Tree, I was the only one until today that propitiated and inaugurated this monument to the immortal hero; the only one existing here on Earth, in the Spanish city of Medinaceli.

As these contacts are unrepeatable and I feel tired and painful to recount them, reliving them again, as in previous cases, I will resort to transcribing here the descriptions made so many years ago.

Ezra Pound received no one. He was in total silence. It was thanks to his patron, Prince Ivancich, that I was able to meet him one afternoon in 1970 in front of that Rock, that silent and invincible Tree.

FOR POUND OR THE SCREAM OF THE iSIZ.UNCIO

In 1960, I asked Dr. Kung. "Is it possible to change at will, in the hardness of one*'s life, the center of one's personality, to move it from the head to the eorion, or to the solar plexus, for example? Would it be so little* closer *to the mysterious* Self? *I believe that this was not* post6fe, *neither with the "psychologta profe nda" of kung,* nt *with the practice of yoga. It was* an *accident, a trauma, a catastrophe in the life of* a *man.*

In India, I met some yogis, horrible beings, who were in an involuntary silence, from which they only emerged

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22. And in a valuable book by Armando Roa Vial and Armando Uribe, published by Editorial Universitaria.

Head of Ezra Pound, sculpted by Amo Breker.

" " ° "

from evening to evening, to pro- n uncite the unknown names of God. In my ltbro -prologued by kung- "the Visitiis de fo *Queen of Sheba", I narrate my meeting with the Brother of the Slilencio and how he* taught *me* how to *converse with him.*

within the yesJeiicto. *But this was so many years ago that I have forgotten it, submerged again in the stormy waters of the West, where man "thinks with the center of the word, with the* Vishuda Chakra, ef *of the throat" -not even with that of the head-, as Professor*

The Brother of the Slilencio gave me.' 'I have to listen to your silence, not to hear you speak; for I am not interested in what men say with words, but in what they say with silence. There are those who have a bad silence, there are those who have a good *one. Silence is the way of truth, I want to know In* silence".

Thus I learned to converse in silence. This is also *the voice of animals, trees, statues and rocks. This was the language that Francis of Assisi knew. But I had forgotten it.*

And now suddenly, I find myself before a great silence, a terrifying silence: the silence of Ezra Pound. Even though I had been warned that the poet is no longer speaking, his silence surprises me, frightens me.

For years I was looking for the great poet. Only in 1970 I located his fugio, hidden in a narrow street, next to the Uenetian canal. But he was not there. In a nearby hostel, *known to both of us, I gave him several of my books dedicated to him. Then I looked for him on the heights of San Ambrosto, facing the Ligurian Sea, walking along the same paths that, for over forty years, the poet had walked on foot. The sea horizon is shrouded in a blue mist and resembles the one that Wagner once gazed upon from the heights of Rauello. Now, at last, by accident of fate, I arrive at the poet's side, as if led by a hand that opens doors already closed to me. Two doors, one physical, the other of pure blue mist.*

The physical door of his house in Venice was opened to me by his companion, an extraordinary and beautiful woman. The other was opened to me by the Brother of Silence.

She makes me climb the steps that lead up to Ezra Pound's room. I find myself freete the poet. He is sitting in an armchair next to a small *window overlooking the narrow street of Venice. A sunset light comes in. Pound is eighty-seven years old. Tall, [rógil, the hair and beard hirs utas, white. lse lenanta. Le neo* how to believe me, *as above. He shakes my hand and looks me in the eyes. He says nothing. He sits back on the chair* and *looks as if he's moving away through the small window, perhaps in search of a gondola that will fill him far away through those canals he loved so much.*

I begin to speak in words. I tell him that I have taken back the books I left him a year ago in the Albergo and that no one gave them to him. I read him a missiua I had written to him, certain that I could no longer find him. I *tell him of a Sacred Laurel that I remember every seven hundred years, of Montsegur and of the t rouadores.*

Ezra Pound laughs and says nothing. He plays with the fingers of his left hand on the back of his right overalls. He *closes and opens his eyes. Suddenly he opens them wide and looks at me. Is he interested in anything I say? I'm talking about* the *cormorants and Montsegur. I tell him that I have just climbed the mountain and visited the ruins of the holy* site of the *Cathars, that Christian sect of the twelfth century. There is a sparkle in the poet's eyes. Le*

I ask if you know Moritsegur, if you have climbed the mountain. Mueue his cooezn o/irmottunly. *There is* tinn *rese rbe ration of ale- gry around him, eri the "oura "that enuuelue him, so to speak. A joy that I grasp. I insist on the theme, I speak of the concept of the evil of the Cathars, those unknown priests, druids passed to manichaeism, p e r h a p s , and who were burned along with all their books and secret documents.* The *Cathars* believed *in reincarnation and* were u e g e t a r t o n o s . *I tell Pound about* my *new book, in which I reproduce poems of the Occitan troubadours. My American translator and friend is looking for Pound's translations, as they are the most accurate. He looks for translations of "Bom's mission", I say. Curiously, I get the name of this translator I know and admire wrong. Then, the poet moves forward (his luminous "aura" and his [ríente) and, for the first time,* he says. "Bertrand *de Bom...". your voice is deep, it comes out as if from the depths of the sea. ¥ me of the cla ue: Ponnd est est following all that I d(go; still more, it is directing me, slowly filling* /toc'o ttn *purito where we shall meet. Even if attentive to everything, I laugh it is here in the words where I want to meet, to meet. However, I am not yet able, because I still do not remember my ancient encounter with the Brother of/* Si/encto, *in the distant Himalayas. And I keep talking, I keep trying to fill the spaces, the gaps of the shadow and the light of this Venetian afternoon, on the high floor of this refuge that resembles the tower of uri yoga that I met in the [roriteras of Tibet.*

I open my book, "The Hermetic Circle", and I read aloud the poem by Hermann Hesse - "The Finger I evaritado".

"Master Dyu-Dshi was
*-/*of *as rios relates*
of quiet manners, shane and so modest, that
he renounced words and alliances because
word is appearance.
and euitar anyappearance was
his concern.

"When students, mon jes and noucians liked
to show off in noble chats.
With games of the spirit, about the supreme longing,
about the why of the world, he watched silently,
guarding against any exaggeration.

"¥ when they approached him to ask him
questions, either eager or serious,
by the meaning of the ancient scriptures, by
the name of the Buddha, by the if itrninotion,
for the beginning or the end of the world, he
remained silent, and, slowly, he only pointed his
finger upwards.

"And with this mute, convincing sign,
he [was] becoming more and more
tender:
warned, taught, praised, castrated, showed, showed
in such a way the heart of the world and of
truth that, over the years,
more than one disciple understood the
subtle lifting of his finger,
woke up and shuddered."

Pound was also, here, giving him the finger? I tell him about Ford Madox Ford and about my friend Frank MacShane's book, which Pound knows. I move on to Aldous Huxle and D. H. Lawrence. I mention the latter's little-known book, "Apocalyptic Psis," and comment on the belief of the Cathars in the final apocalypse for our age. Huxley, too, was a Gnostic, dualist, and, like *the Cathars, believed in the autonomous, obJetitious existence of evil. I remember what Huxley told me in India about the last moments of D. H. Lawrence: on his deathbed he sat up to point to a corner of the room, and said, "There I am, contemplating myself. Professor Jung writes that, during a serious illness, when everyone thought he was dying, he would go upstairs to a large hall to meet a Being who remained seated, cross-legged and* with *his eyes closed, meditating, thinking about his own life - the life of °fun,g-, such as the one in which he had been living.*

dreaming it. And he was to meet with that Being, to enter into it. (In
its HIM). *This was death.*

As I speak and tell all this, as I try to fill this tremendous silence of Ezra Pound, I feel vertigo at the danger of falling, slipping through the words, the millions and millions of words, and saying things that I no longer know, that I don't know, going to fall I don't know where. But. eri uerity,
What do I know? I don't know anything. And I shut up. I remain there, with my hands crossed, [rente to that man [rógil, to that great ageless old man, to that poet who now writes his greatest poem in silence; because he has discovered the cosmic poetry of silence. Little by little a something, a shadow, a light, an emanation coming out of the chest of that horrible, of that being, who "has already changed the center of the personality", of that "chosen one", who because of a *calostro[e, of a great pain, perhaps of a dream iii me nso, has discovered the poetry of silence and I do not leave there, uiue in it, getting ready for the great silence...*

From Ezra Pound's chest there seem to emerge silent echoes, rhythms of cosmic poems, which I am listening to within his silence. And there is joy and also pain. The joy and pain of qutert lio *penetrated the deep drama of man, of man's history and his ine uitoble dual condition. The drama of the immolated uictim at the center of creation by the autonomous presence of evil. All this can be expressed only in the Song of Silence. This* gtfo *that I am now listening to. And before it, I gather myself and I shudder as if I were shocked by the enigma of a saint. ¥ I am ashamed of having spoken with words, of having said things...*

How long are we there? The afternoon light leaves the uentariuco. Then *something huge* happens, *as huge as all this. Def* ptso *de mós arriba, in the small house, a pro[unda, tired, ageless old man, begins to recite (It is the voice of the sea, it is the voice of Pound). He recites the "Con[ucian Odes," translated by the poet directly from the Chinese* tdeogroms *during his thirteen years of confinam [on at the Elizabeth Asylum. Elizabeth Asylum. And that us that he recites on a record, spun up there by his friend, on the upper floor of the little house, is that of this silent poet now, who is more* there *than* here. *And I think again of D. H. Lawrence, co ntem -*

from outside himself and in C. Cl. Jung, going to rejoin with the person who dreams of being propto *uida... From outside himself, from God, from the Universe, Ezra Pound prescribes his Odes of Con[ucio... A qui aha jo, [rente a m í, there is a sign of understanding, of irony, in that blink of his eyes; a Iene smile of understanding. ..*

I get up to say goodbye. Ezra Pound also rises from his seat and shakes my hand. He looks again into my *eyes, it seems he is going to say something to me with the word; but he doesn't, he stops at the edge. I have already said everything in the silence.*

If I realize that I am doing so, I join *my hands in the salt of India, as I once did before the holy men of the East, and say, "Na maste. "I salute the god that is in you".*

Outside, through the narrow canai, some gondolas pass, transporting what is left of t h e afternoon light. The dome and the pigeons of Santa Maria della Salute *are resplendent,* and *all the windows open.*

Vienna, October 1971

CELEC TELS PHENOMENA
TRIBUTE TO EZRA POUND

I returned to Ezra Pound a few months before his death; I may have been one of the few who had this privilege. I was accompanied by my colleague and translator, the American professor at the University of Columba and writer, Franh Mac Shane, who wanted to meet the poet, because he was writing his biography.

He met *them in the same high room, next to a small window that lets in the afternoon light, which first passes through the dome of the Cathedral of the Salute and is enveloped in the sweet warmth of the pigeons.*

This time I had to stop the silence, the great silence that God gave as my blessing at the end of *his days to this furnace, so that it could recover the light that his fellow men wished to take away from it forever. I knew now what I had to do: to speak from time to time a few times.*

essential phrases, such as should be given to a man of that age, who is preparing to leave the world of things. Pound was eighty-seven years old, thirteen of which, the best of a man's life, were spent as a prisoner in an insane asylum in the United States, interned there by his countrymen after the war, for having opposed his country's entry into the conflict and defended Italy's position.

As age advances, the physical body decays, enters an irremediable shipwreck. However, the "other body" seems to initiate a process whereby, along with its detachment from the physical, it becomes more consistent: the energies pass into this "other body". The physicality of the old enters into a disconnected situation of progressive disassembly. As the brain weakens, as the blood does not circulate, as it does not irrigate, as everything sinks, there is something that detaches, that recovers, that becomes more vital and, perhaps, free. A circle is closing. It is said that the time is a return to childhood. And so it should be also in that which is believed that the child "is more outside than inside", because if he is not yet incarnated, he is found in the "Guardian Angel". In the case of the child, the self, the being, the Self, is de-eroded, by turning to the Guardian Angel. Just as a child should be spoken to not where he is physically, but where his Arigel is, in order that he may understand us, so to a man we should speak to him not in the direction of his physical body, of his *conscious rational mind, but where he is* leaving, or *his "antasina,"* or *the Arigel who awaits his return.*

lena inVenice

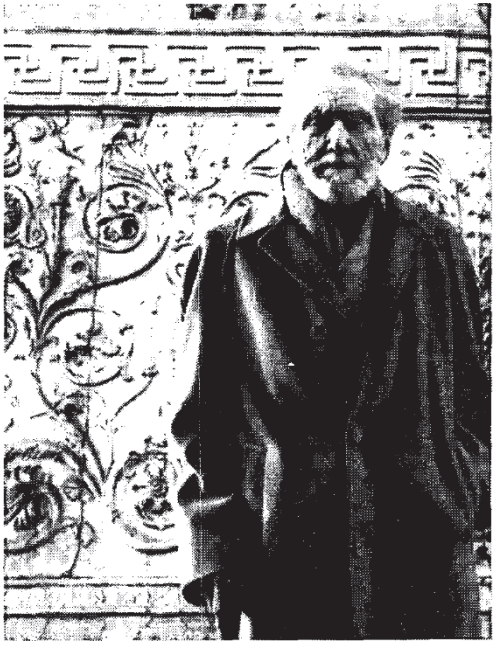
Pound invited us that evening for dinner at a *small open-air restaurant across the Grand Canal. His corn pañe- ra, Oíga Rudge, speaks organized this serious.*

It was the European summer of 1972. I do not remember what I spoke, sitting next to the poet; I did, however, addressing his [antasma. There was Pound, ininóuil, without touching his plate, looking I do not know where, seeming to laugh listening and, in truth, laugh listening with his ears nor seeing with his eyes. Not uiendo the hanging flowers, the eriredaderas, the starry night of

Venice; but recording in some part what I said to him. I think I was talking to him about all this, precisely, and about the return, in a big circle, going back to fight the battles and perhaps to fight the same battles - or perhaps not. Because "every seven years, *the tree is in bloom", according to the famous legend, so dear to* my *heart and to Pound's. Seven; mystical, sirabolic number, which means something other than seven hundred historical years.*

Then Pound walked ergtiido {ue walking, leaning on his cane. He went ahead, accompanied by my friend Franh, who was talking to his body, *without knowing that a little further up was the [anlasma, the tigei, surely* feeling *troubled by the death* stf *ence, close to death, as it happened to me in* my *first visit almost two years ago. We crossed the Plaza de San Morcos. I was walking a little behind, in the company of 01ga Rudge and Ute. The women* hoh/ohon, I *mused: there* the *Ezra Pound, the greatest poet but of our 1them poem, but half, crossing that square, where so many bros have come, where pigeons have landed on the shoulders and hands of* generoctoues *of children and adults, on the hands of my grandfather, my father and my daughter, on the hands of my grandfather, my father and my daughter, on the hands of my grandfather and my daughter. There* Uncle *Pound, passing through masses of people, many of his own country, who looked at him with curiosity, or looked at him,* not *even knowing that the greatest poet of this century was passing by, a contemporary of Lo Yce, of Elliot, of Richard Otrauss, great as they were, perhaps even more so, because Pound has been the* founder *of a* mort mtenf *of openness to the East, to the East, to poetry, and the champion of an open generosity, which is the genuine expression of the Grand Canyons of the Colorado and the rivers of his land. Pound's generosity extended from the Andes, through T.S.*A/tod, *through Italy, Germany, England, Spain, to the China of Con fucius and Lao Tse. To all of them he made [auores, to all of them he* reiutndicates *and helped. And his cosmic poetry is a portrait of our tempo, written in all the languages of Babel,* with *all the cadences and dissonances of jazz, pop, Stra uss, lstrauinstay, dodecaphonics, Greek poly[onic, Hindu, Chinese mono[onic, ja poriesa, and, also, of the mythical melodies of the troubadours. It is*

Ezra Pound's face. The light comes out of it.



Ezra Pound in Venice. He has chosen the background wall, with swfistikas.

Bach and Scarlatti. Above all, it is Dante. His work is the Divine Comedy of our time *and it was the heaven and also the hell of Dante.* Ctefo, *first, alló in the all tiras of lsairit Ambroggio, in fierno in the prison of an American madhouse and purgatorio in the last years of his life in Venice. Like Dante, he also suffered the desertion.*

For two centuries, scholars and scholars of the West have been trying to incorporate Chinese thought and mentality into the mosaic of their culture, some initially, very few in depth. One of the latter was Richard Wilhelm, translator of the "I Chin"*, or "Book of Changes". But no one had ever attempted to incorporate into universal poetry the* chtno *thought,* the *Chinese mind. The first was Ponnd. For this alone he already has his place in the immeris ity of that world which is born, or reborn, and which one day paid its debt to the visionary. Many of the "Cantos" which appear unpredictable to Pound's readers and to his guests, can be easily understood, however, by those familiar with Chinese thought, language and poetry, especially by those familiar with the "1* Chin". *Ezra Pound and 01go Rudge spent several hours every day with this* onfiq utsirno *book of oracles.*

Night and Farewell

It is night time. All the windows of the "Albergo" in this small street are open to the narrow canal. The heat of this sweltering summer night is reflected in waves that rise from the water. A few paddles splash, every now and then a chime, a chirp. I am lumbered with a heavy drowsiness. There is someone in the air of this room, someone sitting in a chair who is going to say a word to me. There is the "ghost". I wake up startled. Ute says.

"-There ahaJo someone *is turning and won't let me say anything, he says Pound has just passed by, that he has gone out to* eat *in those alleys".*

"-It can be," I replied, "there's no one talking there.

I have looked out of the window and contemplate the deserted street and canal.

En la ciudad española de Medinaceli contribuí a levantar el único monumento dedicado a Ezra Pound en el mundo. Una roca de los montes cantábricos, bajo un olmo. Dice: "Aún cantan los gallos al amanecer en Medinaceli".

El árbol del monumento a Pound en Medinaceli.

Inauguration of the Pound monument in Medinaceli. Olga Rudge, Pound's translator into Spanish.

Spanish and Miguel Serrano.

It was the "ghost", who now answers my questions, continuing the dialogue.

In the morning we go to say goodbye. Olga Rudge takes us up to the second floor. Pound lies in bed, staring at the light coming from the window. More companions approach and you shake his hand. Pound looks for me with his hand. He opens his mouth and speaks to me: "Take care of her," he says, turning to 01ga, "she has been heroic; she has prevented me from going mad...".

These were his last words, his message, addressed to me, *in the presence of those witnesses who remember them. He clasped his hands in mine, I looked him in the eyes this time.*

-for now he was there- and I gave him je: "-We will meet again in seven hundred years...".

MuezYe. *Y Z/omenqje in fi'spana*

Ezra Pound died in Venice on November 2, 1972, less than five months after our meeting. I was in Spain, touring that harsh, ancient land. I had visited Ronda, in the south, the city over the abyss, where Rilhe lived for a time. I was reading his letters in the small museum that the Spaniards have dedicated to him in the hotel where he lived. His love letters to Lou S!alomé, also *loved and inspired by Nietzsche. I reflected that the Spaniards have paid homage to this universal poet, who stepped for a short time on their soil full of history and legend. I continued northward, to a small town near Madrid, Medinaceli, where the Cid sought refuge in exile, a city of stone and stone, Roman and Uisigothic, heavy with Iberian mystery, perhaps Celtic, Druidic. It* is *perched on a hill and overlooks a dry, dull sea, of brownish, yellow, l unar waves, like the vision of a dead planet. Sometimes, on the distant horizon, made of stone, a sunny tree appears, placed there by beauty, by that someone who enjoys arranging the country of Castile to contemplate it from the top of Medinaeel i, or through the Roman Arch, the remains of an ancient fortress.*

I learned about Ezra Pound's m vierte in Madrid, in the newspapers. The Spaniards paid heartfelt homage to him. Eugenio Montes referred to the burial in Venice, where he was

He was transporting him with his imagination back to his home in via Querini, now on his last trip in a dark gondola, along the canals, to the cemetery on the island of Saint Michele. Eugenio Montes quoted that in the last interview he had with the poet - certainly many years ago-, the latter had asked him: "Do the roosters of El Cid still sing at dawn in Medinaceli? 1" he *added that Pound had* uist/odo *ñfedinocef* t *in 1906, siUniendo la ruta del Cód. Pound loved the poem of the Cid, which he considered even superior to the Song of Roland. He had come to Spain to remake the ancient comino of the "Campeador". In this way /The newcomer has reached this mystic and mysterious place of the heights, which is preserved as if in the middle of the world.*

Of riueuo I found myself in a hotel room, in Madrid now. It was night and I wanted to continue the dialogue, interrupted *in another night of Venice, with the [antasma of my friend, already detached eri de(initíua. And the [anlasma nino and sat down on a chair, rio I know where, surely not al lt in that hotel room, and began to hobble, to talk, as it would not do so long ago. He was another Jouen and recited cosmic poems, said immortal, beautiful things, like the city of Venice, like the landscape of Castile, like the mountains of the Moon. I listened and forgot. Because all that is burned,* and *should not be remembered.*

A Pound Monument in Medinaeeli

A few days later I went to ñfedtnnce/t. *I learned that there ninia a Chilean, Professor Fernando de Toro harland. With uersa- mos. He also told me about Eugenio Montes' article and Pound's words about the cocks of El Cid. He had come up with the idea of suggesting to the Spanish authorities to erect a monument to Pound in Medinaceli, which would record that phrase and the passage there of the great American poet at the end of the century. I* met *him in his endeavor. From that moment we were in personal contact or by letter. I thus followed all the vicissitudes of his efforts. The Spanish authorities of the town and other friends of Madrtd collaborated with enthusiasm. Farmers, stonecutters with their mules, trarisportarori a huge stone from the Celtic mountains, peeled and peeled*

by the inilentos, a lraués of the snows of the harsh winter. Blacksmiths of the medioeuo forged simple, ancient letters to be set in stone, with Por nd's phrase: "4 Cantan todavía los ga llos del Cid al amanecer en Medinaceli?".

The most beautiful square of the city of heights (Medina in Arabic means city; celi is sky) was chosen, and there, under a woody tree, the stone was enclosed. It also became a fountain, because water will flow through its wrinkled and cracked per[icie. That stone is like the face of Pound, in his last breaths.

May 13, ***1973, the*** *day of Mari Isidro and of the city's [stiuals], was chosen for the* monument*'s nouge rotion. I made sure that 01ga Rudge could go. Olga is seventy-eight years old and doesn't go anywhere. But she went to Mediriaceli.*

Young Spanish poets came that day from Madrid, with Jaime Ferron, Pound's translator. Also present in Medinoceli were American poets and painters who live there. And all the uesttdo people of dto *de [resta, with their cared trales, with their boírias, their shepherds' staffs, their pilgrims' staffs of the alteres, their noble faces, of Castilian rock, their children, their grandchildren, who are already leaving for the great cities of* lu p/ontcte, *ci udodes without poetry. All of them were* there *to* rendtr *Comería je or that poet from other lands, from other worlds, that they never knew, that they did not read, that they did not know, that they did not read, that they did not know, that they did not know, that they did not know, that they did not know.*

-because ruuchos do not know how to read-, but they know from ntro, with his soul of rock, which resembles the face of the poet rriuerto, the ecumenical poet. There were offt *the dogs and the mules that accompanied and brought the ptedra, there was the blacksmith, the priest, the city guard, and the cino and the ogua and the pam, the ye rba and the póJaros of Medtnaceli, of the Vie ja Castillo. there were also the roosters of the Cid and Pound. Of those two missing warriors.*

The !Signoa Cefestes

The day before his father was to speak at the tribute; 01ga Rudge wanted me to say something at that moment. What? What to say that might resemble Pound's silence?

and the City of Heaven! From amiariecído I [or to walk through the streets of the dead city, ent re ruins. I arrived at the mtonument's plancelo and I sat down under the tree, next to the rock. I had with me a book recently published in Barcelona by Editorial Barrolo- na: "Introduction to Ezra Pound", with translations and commentaries by Carmen R. De Velasco and Ja(me Ferrón. I opened it and read it:

"The stone under the elm
tree taking %rma now
cuma the stone on its edge.
the stone that in the air takes [orma...".

It was the Canto XC. I was perplexed. But... here nor was the stone and, precisely, this is the elm tree! No one had thought of it before, no one knew about it. This was done on its own. But... was it really made by itself? I remembered Nietzsche's phrase: "Things come to us eager to become symbols". And Rilhe. "What else do you want, world, Syrian trans[orm yourself invisible within us?".

0 well, the dreams become visible outside of us.... This is what ufttng called *"synchronism", "coincidences", "acausal phenomena", and Nietzsc tie, "meaning-filled randomness". Pure "sense", pure "magic", pure miracle, pure truth , mud and nothingness. Who is directing this? Who has ordered it? Perhaps Pound himself? Or that Seeing that sets the landscape according to the highest sense of beauty, that makes a tree grow there on the horizon of Castile, so that it can be cut down from the height through a stone arch* in *ruins? This Being, moved, "touched" by the beauty or the profuseness of the thoughts, of the dreams, of the uersos of a manof the sky and of the earth, wants to be mani fested as much as he returned to his bosom ("The nature imitates the art"). Perhaps the judge is the earth itself, Mother Earth, the Spirit of the Earth. When Jung died, an unexpected storm broke out at that time of year and lightning struck the tree under which he sat, marking him forever. When Ezra Pound died, the things, the rock, the tree, the nature, rect la ron a poem of his, were ordered as* one *of his own*. "The stone under the elm tree . . .".

And onu *mós:*

"The tree has penetrated into my
hands, fo *sonia by my arms has*
ascended the tree in my chest became
large, towards oóojo,
branches come out of me like 6rozos.
Tree you are,
moss you are,
you are violet that caresses the wind... The
trees die and the dream remains".

Eri the afternoon of the day of the tribute, in the presence of all the people, as I said, also of the heroic companion of Pound, the flag of Spain that covered the monument, the "face", the "stone under the elm" was unraveled. V, then, in the elm sang uri blackbird. ¥ the people commented on the event and continued to comment on it for a long time, because the inhabitants of those ancient ruined cities, of the villages of yesteryear, are like the Greeks of legend, like the Celts and the Dm idas, they discover in the song of a bird, in a dta of auspices, a fact worthy of being interpreted and which thus fills their lives until death.

z What more could a great poet desire than that his poems should be recited by things? What more could he desire than that a blackbird should sing in his honor? What greater proof could there be that a man is great, that a poet is great, than that heaven, or nature, should so manifest itself as to sign him?

Still sings a myrtle in Med inacel i. And sings for Ezra
By nd.

Montagnola, June 1973

* * *

That day, almost thirty years ago, in the old city of Medinaceli, I spoke next to the Stone and the Tree, with an almost inaudible voice, pierced by emotion, and I said all that, so symbolic, reciting Ezra Pound's poem. My son Josó Miguel, who accompanied me, is witness to all this. Perhaps I should have stood silently in front of the tree and the stone and not said anything, just looking up, to the "City of Heaven", to

to get directly to the bleeding heart of the poet. And then sing the Hymn: "lo tenia en *camarada".*

For rarely has the sensibility of a man, of so great an artist - and to the end of his days here on this Earth - been so tortured as Ezra Pound, an Irishman from the United States of America, who was a supporter of Hitler during the Great War. And just for the fact of having been one, he was kept locked up in Pisa in a cage for animals and then, for thirteen years, confined in an insane asylum. And until the end he lived surrounded by good people, who loved him, but who did not share his ideals. He knew this and that is why he chose silence, as a last and desperate defense. This he revealed to me.

On the day of the farewell, he was in bed in the upper part of his house. He asked Olga Rudge, with signs and gestures, to let me come upstairs. I don't remember if Frank Mac Shane also stayed downstairs. Pound was in pain all over his body. He was 87 years old and the humid climate of Venice must be bad for him. He motioned me to sit on the edge of the bed. And then he spoke, in a deep voice, as if not used for years, for a long time, just like the gramophone record with his poems:

"-Come, sit here; you are one of the [ew.... Thank you, thank you for coming to see me. It is the gift of these last years sent to me by the *Führer,* our *Führer,* to comfort me in my total solitude, surrounded by the 'dead who bury their dead,' or by Catholics of the Jewish religion of usury and exploitation. I was a supporter of the German *Uii/trer,* because I always knew that Hitler was a saint. I knew Mussolini, a great man, but Hitler was something else. He was not of this world. I know who he was. And a poet, like us, does not make mistakes. His message is one of love for man, to turn him into!His *perman,* into what he once was. And love of man means, at the same time, hatred of man's enemy."

íMany years later, at the celebration in Chile of Adolf Hitler's birthday, an Italian fascist repeated almost the same words. He said: "Coins have a face and a seal. There is no face without a stamp. Love of man means also hatred of man's enemy." Ezra Pound was speaking again through him, through an Italian and a Fascist; through that Italy he loved so much and in which he died). Olga Rudge had confessed to me her desire to take Ezra Pound to China to see if with acupuncture he could regain his speech. She believed he had lost it after a

surgery he had to undergo. He also complained that he had not met Jung to converse with him, even in silence. On the first point, I expressed my contrary opinion and gave him my opinion that perhaps he wished to remain in silence, in order to be able to meditate better and review his life and his deeds. About Jung I said nothing, for it might even have been counterproductive; for the professor was in full realization of his strategy of concealment. On that occasion, Ezra Pound listened to what I was saying to his wife and came down the steps of his room, clasped both my hands in his, looked deep into my eyes and almost spoke to me, almost said something to me.

That is probably why he now made me come up to his room to say goodbye and to talk, coming out of his vol untary silence, about Indian yoga and also about the saint.

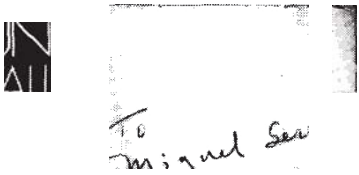
"-Yes, you know, you knew; it's not illness. I am surrounded by people who understand nothing of the enormous stakes of the Great War and the part I, as a poet, played in it. This is the only thing I possess for eternity, for immortality, more than all the literary prizes and awards that men could give me and did not give me for this cause. To go with Adolf Hi tler for all Eternity! Like the Cathars of Montsegur, like Bertrand de Bom ("not Tristan", he repeated), to whom you have referred. I am ready to accept the stake (and as Rudolf Hess said) rather than abjure my faith, my Aryan Religion. If I were to speak, journalists and everybody would come to interview me and they would force me to speak, to say things and they would twist my words, making me say what I did not say, as if I were abjuring.... Well, a pact has been established between us. ..".

He took my hands on the bed and I kissed them, saying to him:

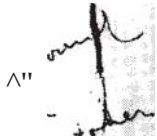
"We will meet again forever, comrade!

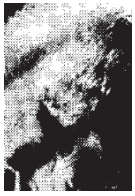
Ezra Pound gave me the record with his poems, recited at the ancient Spoleto Festivals. His Cantos, like the troubadours, and he wrote: "To *Miguel !Serrano. To remember a new [rienshíp"*. Paráphrasis of my book on Hesse and Jung, which in English bore the title "A *Record o[Two Friendshi ps"* and which he had read.

And with regard to the Spoleto Festivals and the participation of Ezra Pound, I would like to *record* here, also as a *record,* a



Dedicated photo of Pound. It says: "To certify a new friendship".





shameful gesture of ' . .. Neruda, who acorn-

The "fascist poet," Ezra Pound b ite his songs. Only a being with a miserable soul, concerned only with keeping up appearances and without authentic greatness could have done such a great snub to an authentic poet. And when that was the occasion to demonstrate that true Poetry is above all the other little things of this world and that a Chilean is capable of recognizing it. But Neruda lived pending of taking care of his image, his prizes and "little stalls". I knew it in India, when he recommended me "to make a new gift to President Ibáñez, to be able to keep my position".

I have made it my duty to reveal here the secret of Ezra Pound. I have always been writing about him1. In "Our *Book of Resurrection",* in the chapter *"The Wounded Warrior", I* give these hints. As in other situations, in front of characters of History that I have had the opportunity to meet and know, and who opened their souls to me, giving me their affection, in these "Confessions of the Last Days" I will have to say what I knew about them and what they said to me and to no one else. In the case of Ezra Pound it is necessary that it should be known that this man was a hero, a martyr, who, like Rudolf

Hess (the one of the Myth, the one of the Legend), with a will of steel, was able to maintain a tortured silence until his lonely death in the hospital of Venice, in order not to have to abjure the sublime and "poetic" Ideal to which he gave and sacrificed his existence.

Pound is one of the greatest men of Universal History. And this is best known and known by the revelation I have made.

AGAINST USURY

By Ez ra Pound

"With usury there *is* no *man who has anything of good stone.*
With usury no wool comes to market,
do not contribute the onejas gananetas with the us ure.
Wear is a pe ste, wear dulls the
spinner's dexterity.
Your bread sternp re seró of rags raric tos,
dry seró your bread as paper,
without a *mountain trio, there's no line.*
With usury the line becomes coarse,
with *us ure there are no tim ites p*
rec(sos
and there is no man who can find a place to live.
Without ptedro *was the stonecutter,*
without thread on the teJedor.
Pietro Lombardo did not arrive by the
usu ra. Because with us ure no painting
was made to last,
neither *stop nor serve with him,*
syrian to sell himself, to sell himself with pre
niu ra. Piero della Francesca, nor *Angelico*
came by usury,
ni *catedral algun a de píedra* /trmodo: Adamo me fecit.
The usury oxidizes the cellulose,
in m olieciera the art, the a rtesario.... .
Cadó beings are lent to the bang uete by
order of Usura".

This Hitler creation (the Volks-Wagen "Beetle") made by the US URA is the best illustration of Pound's poem. It stands the test of time almost like an immortal car. National socialism was just that: there was usury is ended.

-v

Ezra Pound's funeral in Venice in 1971 was intended to be an ecumenical event. Olga Rudge, and certainly also Ivancicich and his other Italian friends, who knew nothing about him, nor thought alike, invited people of all tendencies and the Rabbi of Venice, who, of course, did not attend. Thus, until the last, even at his funeral, Ezra Pound found himself alone. However, he was no longer there. He was in the WnffinfJo, next to Wotan and the heroes of all just wars, comforted and consoled by his comrades who, full of joy, listened to his songs, which he now recited for them. For their God and for the *Führer*.

THE SYMBOLISM OF THE TREE

A tree in my childhood, in the garden of the estate "Popeta"; another tree in the forests of Belgrade; another one on the Freinburg mountain, in the forest of Linz. And another one, at the monument to **Ezra** Pound and in his poem.

In a tree, the *Igdrasíl,* Wotan crucified himself and there, inside it, hanging after nine nights, he rediscovered the Runes that he would deliver to his people for the Liberation. From here the Jews of Christianity plagiarize and distort the Great Revelation, inventing the macabre crucifixion of a bloody Christ, on the wood of a tree and blaming the Aryan people of the Romans. They falsify the myth and destroy the symbol.

Because the Tree, the Tree-God, symbolizes the backbone of man, which can deliver Immortality, transmuting by the "rediscovery", the "awakening" of the *Ruhrian Fvtharh* of the *shohras,* imposed on its bark (with tree branches the *runenfouter* in and *riornas* interpreted the runes, divined the Fate). The crucifixion of Wotan is equivalent to the awakening of the Kurtdo/tni Fire in his col umna (a tree), to the mystical death by the Cold Fire, by the Cold Light and the reactivation of the *shohras* (runes) to resurrect transmuted into a God, into a *Krislos,* into an *Auatóra.* And so Wotan is transformed into a God and Hitler into an *Auathora,* into a *Bodhisattva.* And they will be round, that is to say, total, like a Simone. A Disco that flies and takes them to the "City of Heaven", to Medinaceli.

The Araucanians, the Mapuches, originally from Frisia, according to the maga Gla ura, informant of Alonso de Ercilla, worshipped and respected the trees of the forests of the south of my homeland, they venerated them as the symbol of a lost Power, which one day they should recover, when the giants submerged in the rock of the Andes (which is a petrified forest) would emerge to teach them, as in the past, the Wisdom of the *Hand, the* Great Power. That is why the Araucanian architect of the indigenous rucas, was at the same time the forest guardian, who only cut a tree after obtaining permission, as a voluntary sacrifice and a surrender of Love. From *A-3for*
-without death-.

Immobile as God (the Rock and the Tree), "with its roots reaching to hell, so that its top may reach heaven" (Nietzsche), symbol of the lost Totality, beyond the poles of opposites, He can grant us Immortality, giving us to eat its *fruits-runes,* its fruits-s/tmms, giving us the knowledge of good and evil, freeing us. For this we must crucify ourselves on the *Igdrasstl,* the Tree of Fright.

By burning the trees and forests, the Enemy is destroying the possibility of God-Man's liberation here on Earth.

When the Forest is loved and respected, as in ancient Germania and in ancient Arauco, and from it springs the pagan wisdom of its Gods, then it is populated by fairies, nomos, elves and goblins, who converse with men and children. And they help the most beautiful flowers to grow, the transparent flowers, those that do not exist. And they rejoice with the song of the birds, the chincoles, the thrushes and the red-breasted loicas.

And even the condors of the sky descend from their Andean peaks, when no one sees them, to visit Paradise.

WHAT ABOUT FRANTF MACSHANE?

Frank MacShane never wrote the book about Ezra Pound. MacShane's biography of Ford Madox Ford was found in the poet's library. On its first page, Pound had written in his handwriting, *"God Bless MacSlharie."* But when I told him that Frank was also writing his biography, nal shook his head from side to side, in a negative and prophetic sign.

What happened to my friend Frank MacShane? He came to Chile in the middle of the military coup and said: *"The streets' are very clean, but bloody". I* never saw him again, until three days ago, when I had a dream. Accompanied by another person, I went to visit a nursing home where a disheveled man was lying on a bed. It was Frank. Next to him was another bed with a woman. Frank was suffering from Alzheimer's and did not recognize me. I would go over to greet you, saying to him:

With my translator and friend, Professor **Frank** MacShane, and my English editor, Collin Franklin of Routledge and Kegan Paul, at his home in Oxford.

"-Frank, I'm Miguel Serrano and I'm here to see you."

He was frightened and would go halfway to the woman's bed. Then he would get up and go out into the street. We would follow him through some dark and winding neighborhoods. It was nighttime. And I would discover that my companion was also Frank Mac Shane, young and healthy.

And we could not catch up with the old and sick man.

LET'S FINISH THESE "MEMOIRS" AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

We have said that these are the revelations of the End Times. And indeed, the signs are rushing in. It seems that people no longer live, they crawl. They reach a hundred years of age, when not so long ago, they could hardly reach fifty. But this is an illusion. What is happening is that time is speeding up, like the gallop of the horses as they approach the "querencia", or the old locomotives as they arrive at the last station. The years have shortened and the days go by, like a sigh. In truth, one is living less than before.

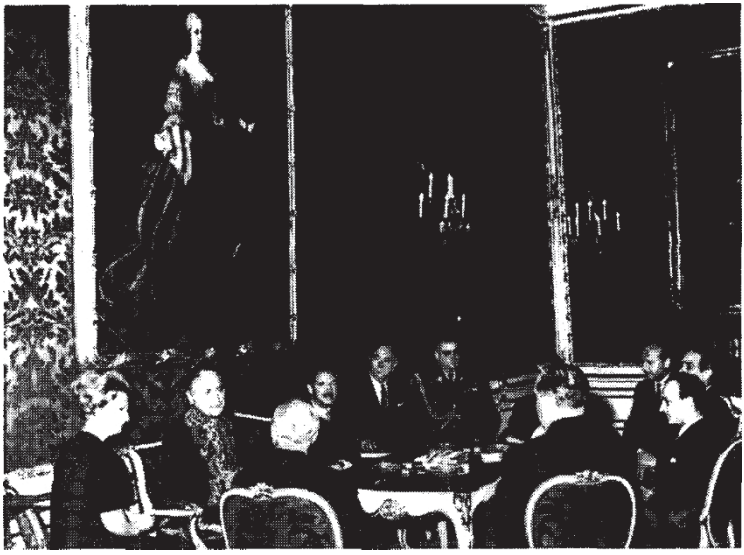
I will pass over anecdotes and events from Austria and also from my life in Montagnola, with my voluntary exile in Switzerland, in Hermann Hesse's house, in order to concentrate on the essentials of my painstaking search for the secrets that have driven our Comba te here, in this agonizing star. I must also speed up my own time, against Time, so that this book will be published now, before the clock strikes zero, striking one chime too many or one too few.

Many of the things experienced in Austria and in Montagnola have already been told by me in my other books, in "The Golden Cord", in "Adolf Hitler, the Last Avatñra", in "Manu. For the Man Who Will Come", or in volume I, II and III of these "Memoirs". I could repeat them here, perhaps with more details, if it were not for the concern I have that time is running out and that I will have to concentrate on what I have not said so far and which I have jealously guarded.

In Austria I met Landic, former SS director of the counter-intelligence services, who claimed that Bormann had been

Review of the ceremonial guard at the presentation of credentials of the Ambassador of Chile in Vienna.

EntFega of credentials to the President of Austria.



Conversation in the ceremonial hall of the Austrian Presidential Palace, after the presentation of credentials of the Ambassador of Chile. In addition to the President and Austrian officials, the First Secretary of the Embassy of Chile, Luis Quinteros Yáñez, and Consul Lizana are present. Above, the picture of Empress Maria Theresa.

Visiting a German experimental atomic power plant, built by the "AEG" company. Those were the times when Chile was interested in atomic power reactors and I was representing Chile as Ambassador to the International Atomic Organization in Vienna.

a Russian spy, which Skorzeny denied to me. Landic was the author of interesting books such as "Lobc.s Time in Thule", unfortunately untranslated. I also met M und, Lanz von Liebenfels' successor in the leadership of the Order of the New Temple, who introduced me to the engineer who worked on Hitler's secret weapons and *Ounis.* Already in those years he told me about the "clones", as one would say today, and, even more, about the "duplication" and perfect "copying" of the bodies *(Doppelgénger),* s o that the Russians found fourteen corpses of Hitler, all alike, in the ruins of the Berlin *Bunker.* In this case, the "dead looked like the living". And he wondered who Hitler really was; where was the real one, which was the real one. Terrible question and that there we formulate ourselves in its greatest depth.

Let us imagine a night in Vienna, in the suburbs, with a dim light, and our tiny group next to that man who was repeating to himself that lacerating question. And all of us "crucified on the Tree of Fright".

Mund wrote a book about Willigud, Himmler's mysterious esoteric advisor, which he entitled: "Himmler's Rasputin".

At the "International Atomic Energy Agency" I represented Chile, also as Ambassador. I was supposed to obtain authorization to acquire enriched uranium for our experimental atomic reactor at La Reina. And so I thought I had succeeded until German scientists, whose friendship I was able to cultivate, told me that this uranium did not exist, nor did the atomic bomb: The West, after Hitler, was not yet capable of mastering the "Implosion", the only one capable of producing "enriched uranium". Only Hitler had the atomic bomb, it was revealed to me (this is more than twenty years ago). And, curiously, Pinochet stopped being interested in atomic reactors for Chile, in atomic energy and in the bomb, moving away from that dangerous line.

The Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombs were the ones that Hitler did not want to use and left in the hands of the Allies. Also the one that Byrd used in Antarctica, on *"Ne se Swaberilan'l",* and is responsible for the "ozone window", for having exploded in the air.

Following the instructions of the French Nazi writer Saint Loup, I hiked in the Austrian Sillertal mountains, where he believed that the SS had managed to hide the *Ciral* of the Hyperboreans, which the Cathars guarded in the Sabarthé mountains, in the

Languedoc, and that the Hitlerists discovered there on the "seven hundredth anniversary" of the Cathar holocaust of Montsegur.

But Saint Loup was wrong in believing that the "Stone" of the *Graf* had not been deciphered by the Hitlerites. The ultimate secret of hyperborean science had been engraved there and, with the help of Aldebaran, Hitler managed to know it and thus build the Flying Disc and leave with the Grof in the direction of the *Other Earth.*

Saint Loup desperately searched for Hitler's refuge in southern Patagonia, as far as Cape Horn, without finding it. But he continued with the living hope of his return, until his death. He wrote his books: *"From Aconcagua to Cape Horn", "Les Nouueaux Cathars pour Montsegur"* and *"Le Rot Blanc des Patagoris",* about the French adventurer Orelie Antoine, in a very beautiful edition, which he gave me as a dedicated gift.

Saint Loup also followed in the footsteps of Otto Rahn, a person transformed into a myth and symbol by the new Nazis. His first book, "The Crusade against the General", managed to enthuse Himmler, who rescued him from the Parisian bohemia and tried to turn him into the SS, without great success, since his second book, "The Court of Lucifer", is a rather artificial book. Otto Rahn appears committing suicide, shortly before his marriage, on a mountain on the Austrian borders, in 1939, following the example of his hero, the troubadour Bertrand de Born.

Kurt Walheim, Foreign Minister in those years, was a very good friend. He later became Secretary General of the United Nations and then President of Austria. I sent him a copy of the German edition of "The Golden Cord"; he thanked me enthusiastically. Later, as we have already said, Waldheim had to face very difficult times because of a Jewish campaign against him. They did not forgive him for having been neutral in the war with the Palestinians.

On leaving Austria, I went to say goodbye to the new Foreign Minister Kirchshläger. He expressed to me his pessimism regarding Chile: "If a country chooses socialism, the Russians will see to it that it will never leave again. This was stated to me personally by Khrushchev".

The Minister of Foreign Affairs of Austria, Kirchsh lager -later President of his country-, presents me with a gift at my farewell dinner as Ambassador of Chile.

He was wrong. On the other hand, the Secretary General of the Government of India, Mr. Kaul, whom I met in Vienna in those days at a reception given by Indira Gandhi in honor of Prime Minister Kreisky, was prophetic.

"Don't worry, Miguel, Chile will never be a socialist country," he told me.

And the Hindus, as always, were right.

Indira was on an official visit to Austria. And that was the last time I saw her on earth. There, in old Vienna. Thinking of the new life I had to face, without a precise place to live, I was secluded in the large reception room, oblivious to the tension of the official festivities, so dear to *me*, and concentrated on my thoughts of my homeland. I saw Mr. Kaul coming. He took me by the arm, saying to me:

"What are you doing here? You have to come to Mrs. Gandhi. She is waiting for you.

She was sitting, also alone, in a corner of the room and next to her was an empty chair. When she saw me coming she smiled at me, in that special way, like a shy little girl with her big eyes half closed.

"-Sit down here, dear Miguel. ... What has happened to you?".

I was limping, because I had had an accident in one foot and I relied on a cane.

"-Nothing," I said, "a minor mishap." "-What are you going to do?".

"-I don't know yet. I will look for a place to reside in this world."

"Why don't you do it in India, in AI mora, where you had a house. There is Sunya[23] and there was also the Lama Govinda*, your friends .[4]your friends. . . . And I will be there, to protect you and watch over you. ...".

And he laughed, a little sadly, with his beautiful laugh, which I remembered and still remember, always.

Then, regardless of her surroundings, she took my hand. I held it and received her comforting pressure, which came from her heart as a dear, eternal friend.

And I saw her no more in this life. Only dead.

*LARS **FRUTAH! FROM PARADISE!O***

When man lost Paradise, he also lost the (routes: the nnronjos, *the* htgos, *the du* raznos, *the unas* and, in *specia I, the apples.*

That I know moroutf *fruit pits were once there!*

Since the loss of Paradise, the fruits are immobile. The mamana is imprisoned by the shell and not by the light; it waits for a monkey who, as in the past, by taking it from the

23. Soon after Sunya left India to settle in San Francisco, California, where she laughed. She never stopped communicating with me. Her followers sent me a portion of her ashes.
24. It occupies in Alm ora the house built by Evans Wens, the publisher of the "Book of the Dead" from Tibet. He also moved to San Francisco, *and* I never heard from him again.

Tree, make it descend the field of *the trans[ormations that uncovers sin.*

As pure and beautiful as the mouth that bites into the apple is, the fruit has dissolved to fulfill its destiny, it has lost its way to fulfill its dreams.

Formerly, in Paradise, the fruits could move on their own, descend from the Tree, go where the dream would push them [join the Father, murmur songs, sound like music.

What wonderful fruits there once were!

z Do you know why Paradise was lost? Man enuidiated the fruits, preferably the apple. He also enuided the orange, which did not *have* a *round light; its shape was perfect, like a star, like cabbage, a sun with wings that could descend from the tree and walk in the* direction *of his own dreams.*

When the first hand took the apple, when his fingers closed over his sensitive meyi//o, *Paradise was lost. And nino the paralysis of the fruits, which could not move any more.*

Do you remember the Paradise, the marac illosas fruits of another time?

Today they are only tears in the wine presses.

But lo and behold, one night the fruits decided to challenge themselves to Paradise, to the garden of their tn[ance. They took advantage of the fact that man was asleep; they took advantage of the *fact that a strange river was passing by, whose current was flowing towards the source, towards the [nentes.*

The fruits concentrated their energies, their pain, their pain, their dream, their longing for Paradise and managed to tremble, to barely move, to fall into that current that would transport them to Paradise, to the childhood paradise, to the Tree, to the Cup of the Father.

And there they were born as in a dream, as in the serenity of man. And they were so happy to find everything again.

But lo and behold, the current of that exIraño river was nothing more than man's dream. And in his dream, the man awoke and realized that the fruits were no longer there. He called out to them with loud cries, searching for them in the middle of the night, in fearful anguish, in terror. For the man said *that if the*

fruits recovered before Paradise, he would never be able to enter.

Like frightened children hearing *their father, the fruits listened to the voice of man in the vicinity of Paradise, in the close of night and this light of sleep. At first* they *hid themselves; but they were so full of the joy of the Father, of the joy of the sweetness of the water, of the river flowing into the fountains, that they decided to go to the man's aid and tell him that they were happy again.*

They left home again out of gentleness, out of love for the furnace, or perhaps out of fear of man, who even in Paradise frightened them with his voice.

And in the water of his own dream, the man found the apple. With resentment - like a little father punishing his little son - he even smashed it to pieces, to the point of breaking its infected form of Paradise.

That morning, upon awakening, beside the mysterious river, the man was standing at the doorway of his father's house. But he could not enter, because in his hand he was holding the corpse of a fruit of Paradise.

Belgrade, 1955.

PILGRIMAGE AND SEARCH

Where to go? In my twenty years of diplomacy I had not managed to save more than thirty thousand dollars, and this only in the last few years, in case s o m e t h i n g happened. Since my first representation in India, I only received my salary, a little more than a thousand dollars a month, from which I sent my wife in Chile some money and the rest I spent on house, office and employees, all paid for by me, plus the official car, also at my own expense. Our salaries were paid in dollars and, fortunately, the exchange rate to Chilean pesos, rupees, dinars or Sri Lankan sliillings, favored us. However, until my last days in Austria, I never received "representation expenses" and the provisions were that our diplomats had to travel in tourist class, on flights to and from the country. I have already told how, traveling with Nehru and Indira Gandhi, she had to upgrade from her first class to economy class to converse with me and Nehru would send his chief of

I was asked to join him in VIP lounges at the airports where the "Indian Airline" plane stopped over. Undoubtedly, we were and are a poor country, but these demagogic dispositions of our governments are ridiculous and do not impress anyone, knowing that presidents and politicians spend without control.

I retired, in 1971, with the monthly sum equivalent to one U.S. dollar**, at the** exchange rate of Allende's time. I left my wife in Chile. And I began to travel around Europe, in search of a refuge, having at my disposal only the aforementioned savings and the sale of some antiquities from India, Tibet, China and Persia, which I had received as gifts or acquired in those twenty years. I have never asked that my retirement be leveled with those received today by diplomats in Chile, because I should ask it as a favor to the same rulers who today have given our homeland territory for sale, or as a gift, undermining the integrity of this beloved and revered Chile, for which I fought for so many years in Asia and the West.

Little by little my books, published in England, Japan, Argentina and the U.S.A., also translated into Italian, French and German, brought me some money, allowing me to survive. Prince Sterhazy accepted to sell me a

but I decided, in the end, to buy another tower in Spain, in Castellar de

In ritual dress, with an astrologer friend at the Casa Camu zzi, in Montagnola, Switzerland.

la Frontera, in Andalusia, from which I could see as far as the African coast and Gibraltar. I acquired it with the sale in Madrid of the car I used at the Austrian Embassy.

My friend, Isidoro Vázquez de Acuña, still remembers the trials and tribulations of the search for a refuge in the south of Spain. And so does Ute. Together we traveled through those mountains and, in the city of Ronda, we found Rilke's handwritten letters and a full-length statue of the poet, contemplating, from those heights, the distant plains of Andalusia. Rilke also wandered dis- perately through Europe, in search of the inspiration that would allow him to finish his "Duino Elegies". Curious destiny of Spain that has generously offered its land to raise monuments to two great poets, Rilke and Ezra Pound. Both at heights approaching the sky.

But it would not be in Spain, nor in Austria, where I would take refuge in the end. The tower of Castellar de la Frontera, which I had acquired inside a walled citadel of the eleventh century, on a high hill, and which belonged to the Duke of Medinaceli, needed repairs to be inhabited. I lacked the means to do so, so I had to sell it to a Belgian friend, who repaired it, but never lived in it. He sold it in turn and today resides elsewhere on the Costa del Sol, like the Ute itself.

Yes, my destination was not Spain, nor any other point in Europe, except for a very small town in Italian Switzerland, also built on the heights close to Heaven.

IN BROTHER HESSE'S HOUSE

Qiaise taught Ute in Switzerland, the place where Hermann Hesse lived for many years until his death.

During breaks in my search, I resided in an old pen- sion in old Vienna. In the guest book was the signature of Hitler's sister. From there we set off in the direction of Lugano and Montagnola in the Italian part of Switzerland, crossing beautiful snowy passes on the Alpine peaks.

Excitedly I walked again along those narrow paths and streets of Montagnola until I reached the house on the hill where I lived before.

H. Hesse. We were not able to visit it either. However, Hermann Hesse did not always live there. He came to Montagnola to live in the old baroque mansion of the "Casa Camuzzi", where he was

rented.

a second floor apartment (second floor, for Chileans). As I said, for many years, I had not visited this house and had only sat in the garden, with Jennifer Jones, to watch it from the outside.

Now with Ute we did the same. Up there loomed the "Klingsor balcony". She said:

"-Let's knock on the front door."

We did so and the door opened and out came a lady with a beautiful face and a rather short stature. It was *Signorina* Rosetta Cam uzzi, owner of the mansion and of the front piazza of the same name. She took us to the second floor and left us on the threshold, handing us some keys to open the rooms and the door to the small terrace, as the place was unoccupied.

And so it was that we entered and were able to tour the sanctuary, in recollection and silence, immersed in our memories and musings. There was the "Klirigsor balcony" with its view of the enchanted garden and the summit of Monte San Salvatore and the terrace with battlements overlooking Lake Lugano. Everything remained the same as when Hermann Hesse lived here, the small fireplace in the large central jeff, the antique mirror, with a gilded frame with flowers, in which K1ingsor° [5]looked at himself to paint his self-portrait. The small wood-burning stove, kept as a relic, and the wooden bed on which he slept and perhaps dreamed his legends, myths and his "Game of Beads". We set off wrapped in that magical atmosphere and, upon arriving at Vienna, Ute told me:

"-You cannot live anywhere else outside Montagnola and in Hermann Hesse's house. Write to the *Sigriorina* Cam uzzi, offering to lease the apartment."

I did so, sending him a copy in Italian of my book "The Hermetic Circle", with my conversations with H. Hesse and C. G. Jung, which I had written in Yugoslavia2°. G. Jung, which I had written in [Yugoslavia2°].

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25. In Hesse's short story "Klingsor's Last Summer".
26. Today the Camuzzi House has been declared the seat of the Hermann Hesse Museum in Switzerland. Among the papers and belongings of Signorina Camuzzi, my dedicated book was also found and has become part of the Museum.

took a long time to arrive. It was affirmative. And so, I went to live, for ten years, in the old Montagnola of the "Coffcrto *d'Oro",* in the Camuzzi House and in the apartment where Hermann Hesse, at the beginning of the century, found the pilgrim's rest and refuge.

In the Spanish edition of "The Hermetic Circle", the "Kier "[27] edition, I placed the following dedication: "To Ute, the one who, with Hermann Hesse, allowed me to live in the Camu zzi House".

LA VUELTA DEL PEREGRINO

Few have the good fortune to be able to recommend the utdo, stripped, naked of everything, as in the years of adolescence. *Darkly, I had this* posiht/tdod *for myself; I think I even desired it, from the depths of my innermost being, to the point of having sought it out í* nconscte *ntemertte, propic tán- ding it with actions, unusual facts, unspoken words, unformed dreams.*

And lo and behold, having crossed half a century of life, by chance or destiny -if destiny or chance exist-, here I am again, stripped of tinsel and dignity, once again a vagabond, far from everything, wandering *with* my *Andean staff and sack along the same paths I trod twenty years ago, when I left my homeland for the first time.*

I was a young man then, with great enthusiasm and ideals. I was coming to Ey ropa eri in search of heroes uenerodos - because then heroes and encounters *existed-. There was also the juuidity of the soul and the body. In front of me all paths were open.*

As in the birthday *of a symbol, I want to walk along the same paths I once walked, to see if I can retrace my footsteps and to place my mature plants on those of the young man already leJairo. I thus discover that the playfulness lasts with the shaking off of the forms, of the masks and disguises, which are imprisoning the body and the soul, stiffening our life.*

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27. The first edition was published by Editorial "Zig-Zag", Chile.

For almost twenty years, I was Ambassador of my country in different lands of the world. I know that I never felt comfortable inside that mask, playing a role in the comedy; I was an actor inside "Maya", the Illustrori. I am still so today, in this new "incarnation" -more essential, of course- of the peregrine who laughs at the eternal walk of life, when he meets again with his old *bead and his arid sack.*

Let's start our journey through the same bends of the years. I recognize that valley and that lake in the distance! It is the lake of Zürich. There was the old house of 'lang.... I *enter it and read an inscription:*

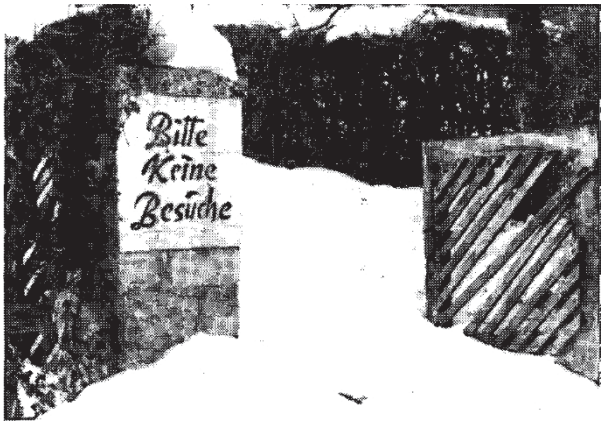
"We were young.
We were therefore called jouert *(Jung). We belong*
to the eternal youth".

The Passage of Time

In my book *"The Hermetic Circle" I have dubbed it this way. There was in Zürich a nte ja square, next to a cathedral with a great clock -the g r e a t e s t challenge of His wrath-; there was a house where Goethe stayed and an immense* tree, *powerful, like history, like the dark forces of the peoples.*

I arrive and I look for you. But, behold, that immense tree, like history, like humanity, like Western civilization, has disappeared. Its power, its [baby], was gone. It was decayed, it was in fermo. A storm came and the tree fell, like history, like humanity, like Western civilization.

I continue on my way and arrive in Montagnola, a small hilly town on Lake Lugano, in the Italian part of Italy. Here Hermann Hesse was born, here he died. I came for the first time to this village just twenty years ago. In the aforementioned book, I recount the *emotion that overwhelmed me. I am standing again at the gate of the village. There used to be a sign here in German, which read. "Bitte heine Besuche. (More or less: "Uisi- tes are forbidden"). This legend de- ned to Henry Miller, but not to me. I have* a *letter from the American writer, author of "Tropic of Con- cer", in which he tells me that he also wished to meet Hermann Miller.*



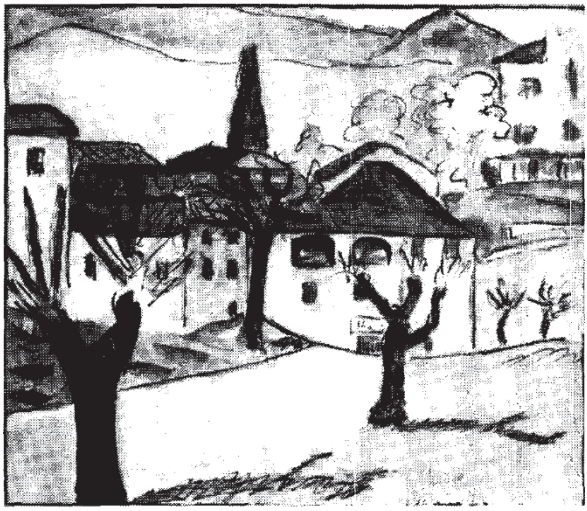
Entrance to the last house of Her m a n n **Hesse, in Montagno-**la, **with the legend in** German: "No **visitors allowed".**

Hesse. He came to Montagnola and came across that sign, which he was able to translate, but I, fortunately, was not able to translate it at that time. Henry Miller used to tell me that Hesse was one of the greatest writers of our time, because in the short pages of "Sliddharta" he had summed up the whole Buddhist den.

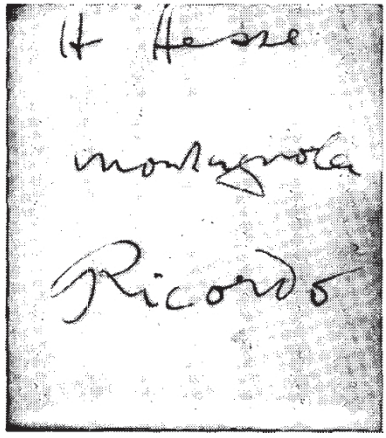
From Montagnola, and after meeting Hesse, I went on to Florence, in search of Papini and Fra Angéftco. In *1951 the occupation troops were still there; there was poverty and hunger in Italy. I met Papini at Forte dei* Mormi, *by the sea. We talked for a long time. I remember that he asked me if I was Indian (from the America of the Hur, not India) and told me that* Gohriefn *Mistral, our poetess, had visited him to bring him some medicine for his eyes, made of indigenous herbs. The writer* was *almost blind. Then he offered me money for locomotion and took me by the arm to the door of his house. He embodied, in that instant, all the warm humanity of his Latin race.*

I remembered his book "E' Uomo Finito". I had given him mine, "Si por Mar ni por Tierra" (another autobiography, like his), which also served as my business card f o r Brother Hesse.

All this I remember now, as I climb back up the driveway that leads to the Hesse house. Here is the cessation/ *on the window sill there was then a poem by Meiich-Hsi, apparently translated from Chinese; but in truth written by Herrtiann Hesse:*



Acuarela de Hermann Hesse. Paisaje del Ticino.



Dedicatoria de la acuarela de Hermann Hesse.

View of the terrace with battlements of the Casa Camuzzi.

"When one has reached ntejo
and has accomplished one's
mission,
has the right to face peacefully the idea of
the m serte.
No need for ovens.
He knows them and knows enough
about them. What he needs is peace.
It is not right to visit this man, to talk to him,
to make him laugh with banalities.
It is necessary to pass by, in front of
the door of one's house, as if
nothing were in it".

A few intemperate shouts, in Italian, bring me out of my abstraction. *In a window of the high floor, a man in a T-shirt is shouting at me to leave, while he furiously pulls me with his arms, and I am in danger of falling into the garden. He orders me to leave "immediately", because I am in his house and I am his property. I try to calm him down, explaining to him that I have come on a pilgrimage to this place where Brother Hesse, the writer, went and laughed as a friend. But he does not press him, i n s i s t i n g that he is the owner of the house and that he has nothing to do with Hesse, or whoever. I realize that there is no reason for this energy. I withdrew crestfallen.*

Later, at the "Alberto Bella ***Vista",*** *Mrs. Ceccarelli explains to me that the Bodmer family, owner of the house that Hesse lived in, has sold it to an Italian merchant (a manufacturer of "spaghetti", I believe) for a considerable sum of money.*

That beautiful house on the hill was built by Hans Bodmer for his friend Hermanri Hesse. Mrs. Bodmer left it to Hesse's wife after the writer's death. When Mrs. Hesse and then Mrs. Bodmer died, the children did not heed the wishes of those who wanted to transform the house into a *Hesse museum and sold* it for *several* rnt/es, *or perhaps millions of Swiss francs, which they did not need. The Bodmer family is one of the richest in Europe. Their collection of paintings is [ainosa; also their collection of letters and writings of famous men.*

El balcón del departamento de la Casa Camuzzi. Tomada desde el "Jardín de Klingsor".

El living del departamento de H. Hesse en la Casa Camuzzi y el espejo donde "Klingsor" pintó su autorretrato, en el cuento "El Ultimo Verano de Klingsor". Bajo éste también puede verse la pequeña chimenea y, a su derecha, la puerta de salida al balcón que da al "Jardín de Klingsor". Los muebles y ornamentos eran míos.

Yes, /I'm *a little sick, inside here, as in that tree of Ziirich, which has been blown away by the storm wind.*

Zflingsor's Garden

Montagnola has been and finally is a village of painters. There is something in its air, a certain thin luminosity, as only in Paris, eri Montmartre. Hesse also began to paint here. I have a watercolor of his, of the Ticino, which he gave me, writing on the back. Tticordo, Montagnola".

The "Colli ria d'Oro" of Montagnola has been home to families of renowned architects and artists. The Lucehesi were architects at the courts of Prague and Vienna in the ***sixteenth*** *and seventeenth centuries. The Adam int built in Calc utta, Bengal and Madros. The Bernardazzi brothers were architects to Tsar Alexander I. Guíseppe drew the plans for the Villa of Piatigorsh, where he died in 1840. Another Barriardazzi built the [orti fications of Sevastopol. Some architects of the Test did not work with the armies of Napoleon that un/ dertook Russia. The Gilardis worked on the reconstruction of Moscow. Camuzzt returned from Russia to build in Montagnola a house of Russian-Baroque style, like those in St. Petersburg.*
-today's Leningrad. It is the Nazi Cam House, where Hesse first arrived in 1919, at the end of the first Great War. Here he arrived with a sack of money and asked for lodging. The owner, M r s . Cam uzzi, who took pity on *the pilgrim and gave him an apartment in her house. Hesse stayed there for twelve years, until the time when his friend Bodmer built him the island on the hill.* At the *Camuzf¡ House he wrote "Demian", "The Steppenwolf" and, p e r h a p s , "Narcissus and Goldm und"... All this is told to me by the daughter of that Lady Ram uzzi, and she shows me an [oto in a newspaper of 1927, on the writer's fiftieth birthday,* in *which two little girls appear next to him. They are in the garden of the house. One of those girls is her.*

It is curious, but in all the years of my visits to Montagiiola, I have never entered the Casa Cam uzzi. I have only stopped in front of the garden to look at a high balcony, where I-Iesse wrote "The Last Summer of KI ingsor". That balcony was his favorite place. From there he gazed out over the cabbages,

the snowy peaks and that garden of dreams and magic, which was later called "Klirigsor's Garden". The Uordin of the Comuzzi House.

And it is now - when I too have come here with a traveler's sack, I have left my homeland, to restart the symbolic pilgrimage of man's life - that the doors of this House are mysteriously opened to me, and I am admitted into the apartment that the great friend lived in, and "where his sacred thoughts are still preserved", to say it with the words *of the Chilean poet Omar Cácere,s.*

El Lecho y la Tumba

A whole month I have spent here. Sony the guest of the uieJ o migo. He *h a s stretched out his hand to me in these difficult days, opened the doors of his home to me and said: "Courage! I k n o w* what *is happening to you, better than anyone else. I too began this* autumn, I *left my homeland, I abandoned men, or they abandoned me.* Here I *su[ried, here I dreamed 3' cicatric I healed my wounds; I healed them little by little. Here I learned to be wise.... Come, let us contemplate the J-rdin...".*

From the top of the "balcony of Kli rtgsor" you can see the wooded and dark Garden. There is a large magnolia tree. This summer it already has flowers. But, curiously, aria magnolta opens during the time of my stay in the house. It is the "magiiolia of KI íngsor", p(enso, "of the painter who eri r.1 last summer of his youth painted his self-portrait, as (uriosa and desperately as trying to capture for :.'iempre what the years fill, what the time robs us". At the end, when the painting is finished, Klingsor discovers that it is not only his own face, but that of all humanity, of all the species of the earth, subject to the same process of transformation, which is death and also life.

The bed in which Hermann Hesse slept more than forty years *ago is still kept in the Camuzzi House. I sleep in it. I dream. I see Klirigsor's face, which is* ***Hesse****'s face. I enter that face as in a house, as in this house, as in the world. And I am Mars of the process of etheric transformations and metamorphoses. The trees, the people, children and young people; the villages that are becoming*

young people, restarting the tired walk, as if they had never done it before. The events of war and peace, of slavery *and freedom. Slavery sought voluntarily, accepted, to shed blood in the new conquest of freedom. Men, maddened by power and* gforto*, nations and worlds reduced to pomo, in one night, at the blowing of a stormy wind, rise a g a i n from that dust, like a little winged brtzna, corro a feather of the Phoenix Aue. So also the worlds, the universes.*

I catch the face of Klingsor, the face of Hesse, and I am again on the balcony, in the night of the full moon. The magnolia shines magically. I fly towards it, I float in the air, blazingly.

When I wake up, on the bed I hold the magnolia in my hands. Hesse smiles at me, as of yore, as when, at the doorway of his house, he bids farewell to a)oueri uenido from Chile, saying: "St *some uez uuelue, it is possible that I am no longer here...". It is the subtle smile, trisle, of one who has crossed the great face of Klingsor, who is the very Face of Creation.*

That day I go to the cemetery of this mountain village and look for Hesse's grave there. It is a large open stone tomb with the writer's name engraved on it. Next to it there is a cocycle stone, for the water to sit on and for the poophars to drink from. Two flowers have been deposited mu y together. There is another stone [opposite the grave, for the pilgrim to sit and meditate. But next to the heart of the dead man now dead, of the body that is now undone, or already undone, there is the stone of another tomb. The grave of Ni non, the *wife, the companion.*

The pilgrim, who is still engrossed in the dream of the night, in the legend of his life, holds the magnolia in *his hand. He strives to discover the true name, the title, of this stone book, open before his eyes. And it is given to him, to the* jin*, to be able to read it: "Maya, Illusion".*

Next to Maya's *Stone Book, I deposit the Magnolia from Klingsor's Garden.*

August l97l

'''

Letter from H. Hesse to Miguel Serrano, with a watercolor of his.

sagen und Sie herzlich zu grüssen. Es kam Ihr

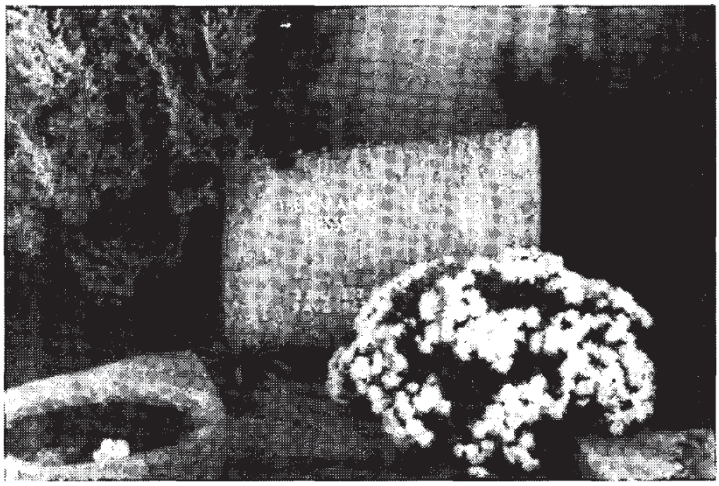
Freund Reifschneider mit seinem und mit Ihrem

Sehr lieb ist mir Ihr hölzerner Krishna mit

Jahrzehnten bei mir. Krishna ist der freundlichste,

jJabea Sta baraMcV Oaak ZtJz' dea Xr:L

End and signature of H. Hesse's letter.



H. Hesse's grave, an open stone book, with his name.

With Signorina Rosetta Camuzzi, at the entrance of Casa Camuzzi.

THE DRUG TRAIL

At the end of the sixties and the beginning of the seventies, Hermann Hesse began to be used to promote the "hippie" movement and drug use in the world. In this way, a hermetic writer is turned into a product of mass consumption and his books, published by *"Surhham Verlag",* are promoted by means of a technological machine, so that - according to what his publisher told me - a minimum of forty thousand copies a month are sold.

At the invitation of a professor from the United States, I gave a talk at a meeting in Montagnola, which I entitled: "The Transformation (Falsification) of Hermann Hesse in the United States."

Meanwhile, my own books, published by *"Harper and Row",* in New York, were being read by that generation of "love", "flowers", "LSD" and *"R°achings of don* 'leon". Believing myself to be one of them, and it became known that I lived in Hermann Hesse's house in Montagnola, I became an obligatory part of the pilgrimage of the German writer's admirers. They arrived there, following the same route that I had started in 1951, and that I described in "The Hermetic Circle". With my book under their arms, they had to ask at the *"Albergo Bella Vista"* of Mrs. Cecarelli, who showed them the way to my refuge. I could not refuse to receive them, because I remembered my younger years, my idealism and the faith with which I walked these same paths. Thus once came a young German poet. His friendship remains to this day.

And so came Thimoty Leary, the "Pope" of "LSD". I have already told you about him in other pages: cultured, friendly and dangerous. He had been received by Christian Wenger Laroch, of the "Laroch Laboratories", the inventors of the lethal poison, UD. Leary told me that Aldous Huxley had just died of cancer and had been drugged with **LSD**. Shortly afterwards, Christian Wenger revealed to me that they had discovered that Thimoty Leary was a CIA agent and that he had given all the names of those who used the drug in Switzerland. Agent and trafficker.

Aldous Huxley, Allan Watts, John Lily, and even Toynbee and Castaneda themselves, were key players in the global plot that led to the destruction of the generations that have succeeded each other in time since the 1960s. This plan is prepared in England at the end of World War II,

by the *"Intelligence Service",* with proven agents. They also use Hermann **Hesse, who** has already disappeared, and his wife Ninon, who is also dead. They use the money ambition of his sons, Heiner and Bruno Hesse, and their poor capacity for reasoning and perception. I have already told my indignant reaction when I was consulted about the libretto for the Yankee movie of "The Steppenwolf", with long paragraphs of the central character against Nazism, something that never appears in the book, because this Movement did not exist at the time when Hesse wrote it. I was told that "it was necessary, because the poetry and symbology of Hesse's work was the same that had produced Hitler's movement and it was necessary to destroy that conviction in the United States".

Seventy thousand dollars of the time was paid to Heiner Hesse (who did not need it, by his own admission) for his approval of the script and the film.

The center of the important literary conspiracy, "hippie-drug-yoga", started in England, then moved to the magnetic point, chosen for its best propagation: San Francisco, California. And it did not fail to strike me that also my friends from India (two "foreigners" in Al mora), *Aunya-Ba(,* the "Brother of Silence" (Danish) and the Lama Govinda (German?) moved to live and die there. Why? What impelled them?
Who took them?

I have told of the invitation that Allan Watts, author of important books on Zen Buddhism, extended to me in New York to have lunch with John Lily. It was the beginning of the Allende government in Chile, a country that was destined to play an important role as a world center of the drug trade, with the Icha zo and Naranjo movement in the north, and the spread of the necessary and complementary esotericism. This is what the very dangerous John Lily, who had just visited that center of Chile, thought in those days.

It is quite possible that they imagined that they could somehow incorporate me into the vertiginous current of those times, so that I could also put my work and my person at the service of the planned destruction of the young people of the post-war generations, and could also become part of the "boom" of Hesse and Castaneda.

These were only good intentions of the "peripheral agents" of the plot, since the secret "elite" would have known perfectly well.

of my participation in the Great War. Though they could never know my unwavering resolve to continue this Combat until glorious Fate, or my HIM, tells me: "Enough!".

* * *

I lived mostly alone. Ute visited me from time to time. So did Heidrun, a beautiful German woman, with whom we searched the alpine peaks and forests for the entrances to the "Hollow Earth" in Europe. It was she who explained to me at the death of my brother Diego: "Not all men survive, only a few.... Who? I do not know. Your brother Diego and you, I'm sure; also the old and noble shoemaker on the corner, in the little square... . If it were not so, then I would kill myself, kill you and kill my son..... What is the virtue that gives survival? It is not intelligence, nor culture, nor science, nor philosophy, nor university studies? It's loyalty!...".

Heidrun spoke as if in a trance, sitting by the fireplace, in the old Camuzzi House, one night in 1973. And it was the wisdom of the German soul and of the Collective Unconscious of her people that spoke through her, as if she were a sa pigti sa of God.

"Wotan, or of the rocks of the *Externsteine.*

Heidrun inter/-ken/).

Eduardo Meissner's painting *"The Garden of Kl ingsor"*. He visited me at the

Camuzzi House.

Walking along a trail in Montagnola, in the company of a young visitor.

His words fell like a balm in my heart and comfort me, to this day.

* * *

I would cook for myself; or, with a book and papers in my backpack, I would wander through the hills and woods. I would read, write and in the "C!rottos" I would drink Merlot wine from Ticino, eat *"formaggio con aceto"* and good, fresh bread. The solitude was almost total. In the apartment opposite mine lived the painter Günther Böhmer with his wife. He had come very young to visit Hermann **Hesse** and had never left Montagnola. I saw him only once in ten years. I saw Signorina Camu zzi no more than twelve times. With her I maintained a delicate relationship. A fairy guardian of the tradition and legend of those places, which for more than a century belonged to her family. Each one of us lived in her world of dreams and memories and we communicated through them.

My sister Berta and my children Carmen and José Miguel came to visit me from Chile. The painter Eduardo Meissner also came
-a great admirer of Hermann Hesse- and his wife. Here I have the painting he gave me: "The Garden of Jäingsor". It is hanging on the wall and I contemplate it while I write these lines.

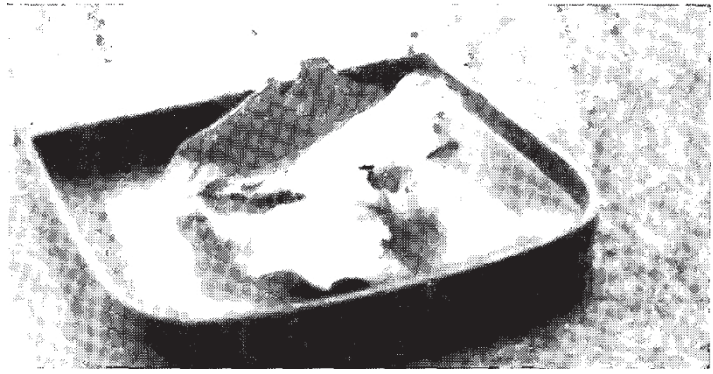
In order to be able to travel farther into the far reaches of the mountain ranges of Europe, to find the survivors of the Great War and to search for the "entrances", as in India, I needed a mobile. I bought it at a used machine sale.

Allouine once told me that cars had souls -some of them to Atos-. And the Brazilian Ambassador to Yugoslavia confirmed it to me: the poet Ribeiro-Couto, an extraordinary and unknown man, of whom nobody even knows he existed anymore.

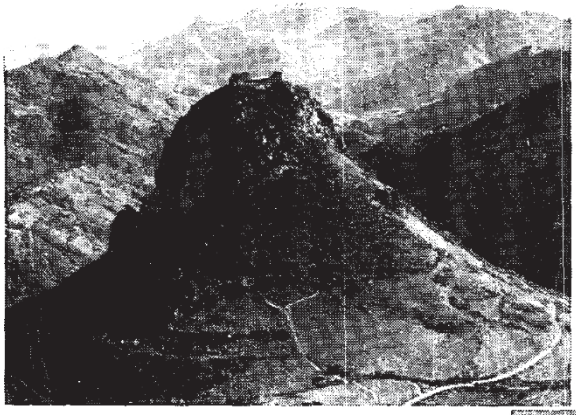
Among several cars, I had to stop in front of a white, two-seater, a *Volhswagen "Karmanghia". Suddenly,* the car moved by itself and stopped next to me. The saleswoman, a young woman, was not surprised:

"-This is his car," he told me. "You have chosen it."

My faithful companion, my car "Karmanghia", in Piazza Camuzzi, in front of the entrance of the house.

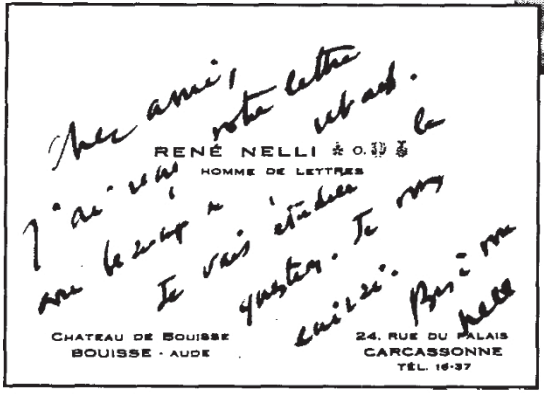


The leaf of the holm oak of Montsegur.



Vista del castillo de Montsegur.

Monolito recordatorio del martirio cátaro, en el lugar donde se les quemara.



Tarjeta de visita de René Nelli.

It was the most beloved of all the cars I once owned. With it I traveled thousands of miles. A faithful friend, a comrade, as loyal as a "German shepherd", or a Hindu servant. That is why will also always have to return, in the Eternal Return.

MONTSEGUR

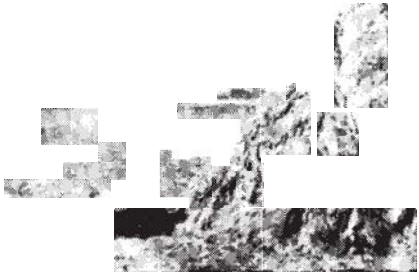
This car took me to Montsegur. I traveled from the medium-sized city of Carcassonne in the direction of the ruins of the castle on the mountain. I wondered if it was true that the Cathars guarded the *Coral* in their fortress and made it safe, shortly before the massacre of the Albigensian Crusade against Languedoc. I turned on the radio and listened to the bars of Wagner's *"Parsiual",* that was the answer! Then, when I reached my destination and lowered the radio antenna, I saw that a holm oak leaf from the forest had slipped into the antenna. I carefully removed it. And to this day I keep it in a small box in my shrine in Valparaiso. That leaf is a part of the Gral de *"Parsiual",* of the Cathars of Montsegur, of Otto Rahn, of Saint Loup and of Hitler. One day it will reveal to me, as it did to him, the secret of the *Angel-Vimanas.*

There, in the inn in the village of Montsegur, in the book of h uéspedes, I stamped my signature below that of Otto Rahn. If it is still preserved and any Chilean makes this pilgrimage through time, also in search of the Legend, he will find my signature and Otto Rahn's there.

Many times I have recounted the ascent to the Mount and its sacred ruins and I have told how René Nelli, when he reached a certain point of the ascent, could not hold back his tears. This university professor, poet, historian and philosopher has written the most important books on Catharism and the troubadours of Languedoc. We were friends and our last meeting took place in Carcassonne, next to a group of Templars. There he declared that if Hitler had won the war, he would have rebuilt the Castle of Montsegur, revealing to me that, on the seven hundredth anniversary of the fall of the fortress ("every seven hundred years the laurel blossoms", said the Cathars), a German plane - in the middle of the war - flew over the ruins of Montsegur and traced the Celtic cross with smoke in the sky. He believed that Alfred Rosenberg was in that plane.

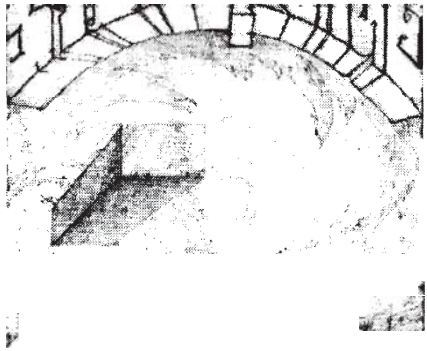
Frederich Nietzsche.

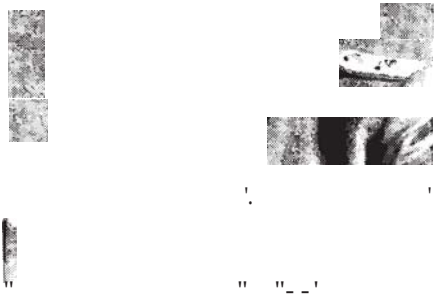
Joseph Goebbels. I met him (with his photo in the Nietzsche Museum in Sils Maria.



The "Eternal Return" revelation came to Nietzsche in Sils Maria, next to which Nietzsche had the revelation of the "Eternal Return".

The lost *Energy* of Hyperborea: *Vríl, Vareno, UR,* fnnn. With it the Blennirs, the Dolmens, the Moai were moved. The Higher Power of the Mind of the Superman, of the *Diuya, of* the *lsiddha,* of the Man-God, of the Man-Total, which the SS were trying to recover, capable of intervening in the formation of the **galaxies** and controlling the rotation of the stars. It would make satanic "informatics" and "robotics" unnecessary. It would make even the 'Flying Disk' unnecessary and





Wilfred von Oven, el último secretario de Goebbels, periodista, escritor y combatiente en la "División Cóndor", que luchó en España. Participó en la

last tank battle on the Russian front. His books on Franco's treason, on the SA and his biography of Goebbels are fundamental. Dedicated photo.
On the right, in my house in Valparaíso, fifty years later.

It is a cold and icy day. I go to say goodbye to the ruins of Montsegur. I stop on the road to contemplate them. Up there, two gigantic arms open and a sublime stream of love flows out, flooding and enveloping me, piercing my soul and my heart. Only the Morning Star, *Oí yeline, the* Evening Star, *Yepun,* is capable of transmitting such Love, in waves so soft, moistened, like leaves of an autumn of the heavens, like tears from the eyes of Allouine.

What was that? I don't know to this day.

As I do not know who the Cathars, the "Pure Men", the *"Bon Hommes", the "*Good Men", "Gotson", the "Gu zmans" really were.

If I were to be guided by my experience, I would say that they were something sublime, because of the Love they were able to experience, conceive, live and transmit to their troubadours and to me. They were beyond the Creation of this co ntaminated Universe, above the "Fifth Heaven", as they would say, even before the *All,* the first partition, and the *Word.*

A-MOR. Without-Death.

COSMOGONY REVEALED
ORPHEUS-HITLER,

With my faithful companion, I was heading *through* narrow mountain passes - through Maloya - until I reached the heights of Engadine and the village of Sils Maria, the refuge of Nietzsche at the end of the last century and of Hermann Hesse at the beginning of the present one. There, by the lake, still stands the Rock where the shocking revelation of the Etheism Return took place. Nietzsche was terrified, and this revelation may have been the trigger that finally drove him mad.

Also the same patron, the millionaire Bo5mer, who helped Hesse, has rescued the house where Nietzsche stayed in the Engadine, transforming it into a museum. I spent a night there and sat in the armchair where the philosopher-poet surely meditated, next to the bed in which he slept and the small window. Downstairs, among some books and paintings hanging on the walls, I suddenly found a loose photo, as if left at random on a piece of furniture. It was Goebbels, descending from an airplane. Clear message, I thought, and kept it, preserving it to this day.

And then, in the guestbook of the Nietzsche Museum in Sils Maria, I was surprised to find a note written by Pablo Neruda: "When we were young, in our bags, with the remains of spaghetti, we carried papers with quotations from Federico Nietzsche".

I think I also wrote something, I don't remember well: "What is Neruda doing in Nietzsche's house?".

Again in "El Mercurio" and in "La Prensa" I published extensive works on "Nietzsche and the Eternal Return". "La Prensa" dedicated two Sundays in a row to me, with full pages. I traveled especially to Chile to give a talk at the Catholic University, sponsored by the Rector, Fernando Castillo Velasco, on the same subject.

I have published two books on Nietzsche: "Nietzsche and the Eternal Return", published in France these days, and "Nietzsche and the Dance of Siva". They were my debt to that genius, who also enlightened and shook my youth.

But now, up there, in Sils Maria, sitting at the foot of the Rock of Revelation, I should try to cross through Nietzsche's soul and his lacerating thoughts, in order to reaffirm my own convictions.

I took the photo of Goebbels out of my pocket and placed it against the rock. I sat down on the ground and leaned my back against the huge pyramidal stone, "six thousand feet high," as Nietzsche wrote.

He thought of Montsegur and my experience in the land of the Cathars. I remembered the words of Renó Nelli: "Hitler would have rebuilt the Castle of Montsegur". Indeed, he did rebuild it in the "Eagles Nest" in Berchstesgaden, which had a striking resemblance in its mountaintop location. Hitler also admired Nietzsche. Hans Staengle tells, in his book "The Dark Years", that he accompanied the F ührer on a visit to Nietzsche's sister and that she gave him the philosopher's cane, the same one with which he walked through these Engadine cities. And Goebbels, the national-socialist, loyal to the last, believed, like his leader, in the dream of the His Man. Only for them it did not consist in a "Darwinian" evolution of the Aryan species, of the white man, nor in the development of a superior biology. Nietzsche also claimed not to believe it, without ever being able to explain what his Superman was, nor the means to achieve it. He disavowed the legend and the W a gnerian myth of the Germanic race, which might

to have given him the key to a magical, alchemical, spiritual realization. Perhaps his Polish-Slavic ancestry prevented him from finding a solution, and he escaped into madness.

Neither Hitler, nor Goebbels, nor the SS elites sought the Superman in an evolution towards the future, but in a return to the origins, with the retrograde turning of the Leviraean Sw astika, backwards, towards the past, towards Hyperborea and the recovery of a lost Power of the God-Man, of the *Vril,* of *Odil,* also of the *Mana* of the *Moai,* of the unknown inhabitants of Rapa-Nui of the Selcnam magicians, in the Hyperborea of the South Pole. That is to say, in what my Master called the "development of the Astral Body", or rather, the reactivation of the Astral Body, of the Subtle Body, of the double, which only some men possess virtually, in potency, atrophied by the long and intense "drama of Spiritual History", of the involution of the His perman, of the *Dieya,* made prisoner and hypnotized. Of the Viryo, of the Hero.

What the Cathars really thought is unknown to us. Perhaps a sort of Essene-Christianity, or rather Christian-Sufism, with a mixture of Buddhism and Gnostic dualism, plus the Druid ancestor in their blood. They were vegetarians and believed in reincarnation, as if the person (or the self?) should return here to reach the ultimate Liberation (this time in the *godhead),* and not return any more. Manes would also have to see in the absolute dualism cá taro and the origin and influence bogomil, of Bulgaria, in its accentuated preference for the feminine principle of Parakletos, the Holy Spirit, the Dove and the Black Virgins, echo of the Egyptian Isis, in the legend of the *Pisti Sophia.* In Bulgaria, the name of the present capital is Sofia *(Sophia).*

I have dealt with these subjects at *length* and in depth in my books, "The Golden Cord", written precisely in Sils Maria, in the House of Nietzsche; in "Adolf Hitler, the Last Avatar", in "The Resurrection of the Hero", in "Manu, for the Man to Come" and in the two books on Nietzsche already mentioned. Also, and very specially, in my purely literary works: "E LE LLA. Book of Magical Love" and "NOS. Book of Resurrection". ELE LLA (translated into English and French) is based on the Eternal Return and has a special chapter on the Cathars. In all world literature I think there are only two novels about the Eternal Return: "The Strange Life of Ivan Osokin", by Ouspensky, and mine: "ELE LLA".

However, although Hitler may have admired the Cathars, their conception, their Cosmogony (their *Weltanschauung)* was not the same. The Cathars were passive in the outside world. Others fought for them. Their sublime *A-Mor* took them out of here, even in suicide. In the terrible and long war of the Albigensian Crusade, they only defended themselves by paying mercenaries to fight for them. Like the Druid priests, before the legions of Caesar, they raised their arms, covered with their black robes and waited for their halberds to pierce them.

The Hitlerian Cosmogony was revealed to me in Antarctica, in 1948, shortly after the end of the Great War. It was in my solitary search for the lost dog among the ice and in my first encounter with the Disk of Light created. Beyond the thought thought and the memory in the brain, the revelation was instantaneous, forgotten and *remembered* forever, so that only twenty years ago it has come to emerge again, being able to collect it in the "unremembered memory" and transcribe it in the "Trilogy of Esoteric Hitlerism". But it was there, on the Rock of Sils Maria, at the feet of Nietzsche, that it re-emerged and expanded.

From my experience in the Antarctic Oasis, with the entrance to the "Hollow Earth", to the "Other Earth", in the SS Disk, to find Hitler, together with the *Astral Su perhom bers, I* only need to open the secret Chest of Revelation, to revive the entire *Wel* tanschau *ung* of Esoteric Hitlerism, as a replica and extension of the Orphic and Platonic Myth.

The *"Big-Bang"* that opens the Universe visible to the flesh eyes of earthlings, is an explosion, therefore it is *evil:* divisions, destructions and expansion. The explosive Universe extends and will do so infinitely and eternally. Where does it extend to? Towards something completely different, opposite, not governed by the explosion, nor the law of causality, nor any law. There are the Orphic Eggs, immersed, undivided, *y/ng* and *yartg,* infinite, without beginning or end. But behold, some are a little more *"yang"* than 'ying" and others a little more *"ying"* than "yong". *ELELLA* and *ELLAEL.* Thus, it is given to them to make the comedy of "LOVE without love", something indescribable, inexpressible in words. Perhaps it is this sublime transmitted from the ruins of the castle of the Cathars, in Montsegur: A *-MOR.*

The *Big-Bang* has been fulfilled at one end of the NOT-BEING, giving origin to expansion, space and time, producing the division, contamination and partition of the Orphic Egg, of some of them, plundering it, destroying its pristine purity and - as far as we see with the eyes of the flesh - giving birth to *the nature*, as a "copy" and comedy (11usión-Mnyn), with all the horrors that frightened the Cathars. A deformation and plagiarism, outwardly, of a pre-existing Spiritual Reality.

But the Cathars did not understand that they had been *"forced"* to come here, "lower than the Fifth Heaven," and that this was a Battle against the Evil that extends, spreading out, unfolding within its own unscathed Universe, dividing and contaminating the divine entities. Even within this same satanic Nature, the creation of an incomprehensible Demiurge, there is nostalgia in all its beings, even in animals and plants, in rocks, water and in the stars themselves, for a purity prior to the explosion and division.

The Orphic Myth believes that the splitting of the Primordial Egg, of the Androgyne, has been performed by Love. The *Pisti Sophia* descends to the worlds of the Demiurge out of a desire for *eo,giioce r. She has separated from her opposite. She* has separated herself from her opposite. The very curiosity of King, of the Eternal Feminine. And her Beloved *(Kristos)* must also descend in her quest into the tormented regions, where She has been imprisoned and without a way back to her kong. She says to him, "Why have you left me alone and taken so long to come to my rescue?".

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS

For Esoteric Hitlerism the Drama is different. Up there, as below, the explanation is an undeclared, imposed, compulsory war. Just as Hitler is declared war and, faced with the danger of invasion, invades, an identical event occurs in the origins. The Primordial Eggs, ELELLA and ELLAEL, will have to divide themselves at will before the danger of being divided by the diabolic, demiurgic force of the *Big-Bang* and its expansive Explosion.

And it is almost simultaneous the division of ELELLA's Eggs and
ELLAEL, of those who o-rnóan, without love, without death. ELELLA detaches a part of Her to go to fight in the tormented

worlds of the Demiurge, to his armies that advance and spread out within his Paradise, of the First Hyperborea, in

her pre-previous Universe. She is thus the first Walkiria in the War of the Worlds. And it is by A-Mor to ELELLA that **ELLAEL** in turn detaches a part of her El to go to fight alongside **ELELLA**'s Ella.

Now, ELELLA has been left incomplete, she has lost her totality, a part of her She, of her *king.* And she will never recover it again. The same has happened to ELLAE L, in this sublime and heroic Drama of A-Mor and Guerra. **ELELLA** will send a part of her El in search of recovering that part of her Ella (they are the little "he" and "she" of ELELLA, which, when detached, leave him diminished). The same will happen to **ELLAE** L, the Orphic *Egg-Ying,* the Androgynous-Feminine.

If "he" meets his "she", they will merge again, to be one, indivisible and without individual consciousness of their totalized unity. But if it is He of ELLAEL who finds She of ELELLA they will *A-Marori,* separated and united forever, achieving in the A-Por the Absolute Individuality and the "Personality of the Person", being able even to *illuminate the darkness of the Creator,* of **ELELLA** and ELLAEL.

This is what I have tried to express in the title of these *"**Memoirs** of Him and Me". "*He" is in truth my **ELELLA,** from which my "I" was detached, to fight in this world of the Demiurge, in a Synchronistic War, from within - to immortalize my "I" - and to defeat the Enemy without. The greatest prize of the Combat will be the immortalization of the *Absolute, the* recovery of the *Man-God,* the creation of the *Self-conscious Superman, of* the *Hornbre-Astral. (Total).*

Now, in this Eternal War, in this field of the Combate, in this slaughtered land, only very hardly El (of ELLAEL) and Ella (of ELE LLA) meet, like Avris and Allouine (it is a miracle, or a Destiny); the ones who mostly meet, and also sometimes, are the "she" and "he" of ELELLA; they recover, merge and get lost again without consciousness of a self. And the "he" and "she" of ELLAE L.

THE DAUGHTERS OF MEN

They came down here, they descended, as *"The Book of Enoch"* tells us. And as the *phsoteric* ffitf *erism* explains to us, in Disks of Uncreated Light, splitting, the "é1", dividing themselves to be able to enter

and fit in this world of low energy, dense and heavy matter. They are embodied. They are embodied in the archetypal form of giants. They are the *Diuyas,* who come fighting, in the different heavens and who remain here only for a short time, returning to disfigure the material body. This until they do not take hold of the "daughters of men". Through them they are imprisoned and, in forgetting their origin, they lose the ability to "de-plasm" and again be able to leave, to go out.

What we call the "astral body" is that subtle form, of greater energy, of transparent matter, which the *Diuya* possesses before plunging into earthly matter1 and which he reanimates when he dematerializes. By remaining a prisoner on earth, the *Diuya* becomes a Viryo, that is to say, a Hero - a giant in the origins, in the Second Hyperborean of the North Pole - but always with the possibility of recovering the capacity to subtilize his body ("going out into the astral"), with the "prize" of having become conscious of himself, by the acquisition of an "I". But Liberation can only be achieved if in the darkest times ("The Darkest Time"), in the Drama of War and Combat, he is given the Miracle of finding Allouine and his A-Mor, the only ones capable of freeing him from the passion of the "daughters of men".

Who are the "daughters of men" and who are the men? They are "imitations", "copies" of the Demiurge. All his Creation is a copy of the Heaven of the Immortals, of the Orphic Egg, having separated the Poles of Opposites and reproducing in the human form the "I" and the "she" that are within the Egg and the Disk. What we call Archetype is precisely the pre-form of the Existence-Before, a round Being, in its circular consciousness, which here on earth and even in the heavens, up to the "Fifth," is "shown" in the form of the body of man. And being plagiarized by the Demi urgo, it seduces, incarnates and imprisons us in its infinite stars and in the extension of its Universe.

Only the appearance of the *Last Auathora,* with the *Gral,* has made it possible for the sleepers, hypnotized by Klingsor in "Chastel Marveille", to awaken, to detach themselves from "the daughters of men", and to unite and separate forever with their *A-all,* transmuting themselves into Supermen conscious of their Self, thus being able even to illuminate the darkness of their EL.

It is right that, having detached myself from **ELLAEL,** that my EL, in truth, be a **SHE,** the Mother of God and of the Heavens. And that by meeting Allouine in this world, my **SHE,** The Mother of God, indeed my Soul, now acquires a Face, the Face of Allouine.

And the same will happen to Her, the *Face of the Lord* will be mine. Of *His Lord.* And if I merit this Mystery, if I still fulfill it, I *will resurrect* her, resurrecting. United and separated forever.

This is the way of the warrior, of the *Di uya,* and his glorious and synchronistic Combat, here on Earth.

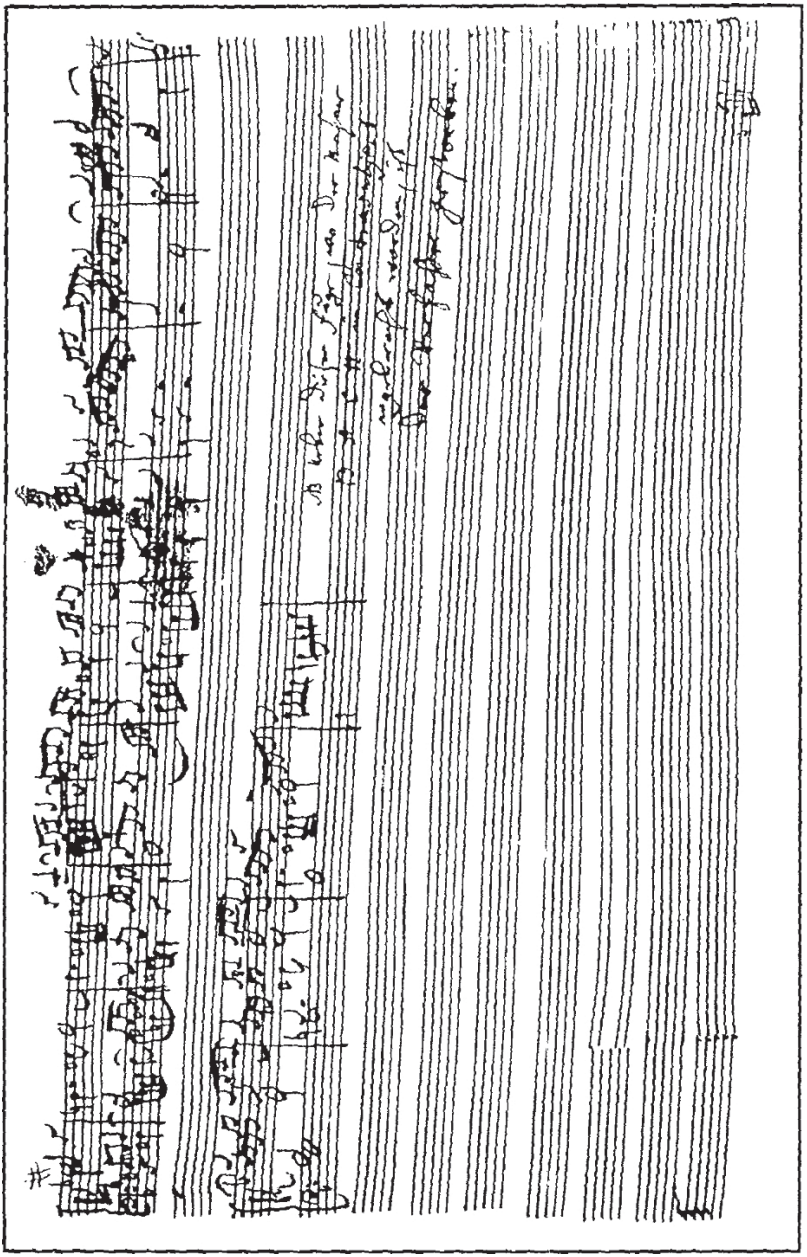
In my book "Manu. For the Man to Come" I have tried to explain this *Revealed Cosmogony,* exposing it in diagrams. But, the truth is that it is not possible to transmit it in words. Only in the Music (in the Music of the Spheres) of Bach: in "The Art of the Fugue", which he left unfinished, in o r d e r to die.

Up there, by the Rock of Eternal Return, "six thousand feet high," I began to chant this sacred legend of Esoteric Hitlerism, with the Sword in my hand, invoking Allouine, asking her to fight in me, too, so that I might *win* by *losing.*

Is this an absolute Dualism? No, because the Drama, the Combat, takes place in only one of the Universes and also the ***Big Bang;*** in the Universe visible to the eyes of the flesh. One, two Orphic Eggs have divided; many, infinite ones remain pristine, untouched by the advance of the demiurgic explosion.

And the Demi urgo is the Absolute Evil? No, it is not. Because its evil has also done us a good, bringing us the inexplicable "I", nqui on *earth* untcomente, and the possibility of "individuating" us and, through us, to our Him, to our Creator God. Thanks to the War declared by the Demiurge and in which we have been forced to fight.

And we are not the only prisoners. So are the stars, *lo8 Aiones, the* Rulers of Time, and the *Arcoriles,* Spirits of the



Last and last page of "The Art of Fugue", by John Sebastian Bach. The great work is unfinished, because Bach dies. It is perhaps the first and last time that the Miisica relates the death of its author. Nothing on this earth reaches this greatness and this Drama.

stars, who, in an attempt to collaborate in the creation of demigods, to divert it towards Good, were imprisoned, like Saturn (turned into Satan), and forced to project Evil here on earth, through their "genetic robots".

But with our awakening, they will awaken too.

And the Demi urgo, who is the Demi urgo, and where is it located?

The Demiurge may be ourselves. ..

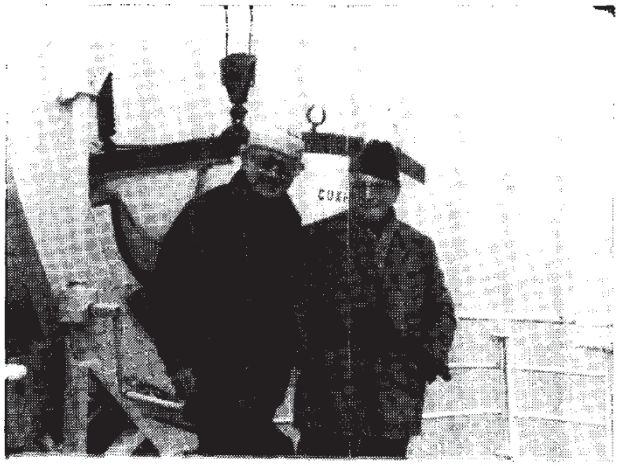
Only Bach's music.

THE RETURN TO THE CONFINES

From the heights of Sils Maria I had to return to the heights of Montagnola. At the Camuzzi House I found a letter from Germany, signed by an unknown person: Herbert Rau. He told me that he had read in Hamburg my book "The Golden Cord", receiving an enormous impression when he affirmed that Hitler was alive. He told me how at the end of the war he had met a group of ladies, who gathered around a "lucid medium" and who also claimed that Adolf Hitler was not dead. He had considered that to be madness and had not seen those people again, until now, reading my book, with the same belief. **He worked** selling machinery to the Russians. He spoke **several** languages, including Hindi and Chinese, and could read Sanskrit. He had served as an interpreter during the war, in the prison camps. His letter was written in Spanish. He invited me to visit him at my own expense. I did so, and a very fruitful friendship was established with him. From that moment on he collaborated with me as interpreter and introducer of key characters within my Combat and the Hitlerist *Weltanschouung.*

I owe as much to Herbert Ran as I do to Frank MacShane, in other

sphere. He introduced me to this group of German ladies and to the "acid medium". Together we also visited Professor Hermann Wirth, founder of the *Ahnerierbe, a* select SS research circle, and Pastor Jurgen Spanuth, author of "The Atlanteans". We were with Landic, in Austria, and also that evening in Vienna, with the Director of the "New Templars" and the engineer of Hitler's secret weapons, who spoke to us about the "lmplosion", about the no



With Herbert Ra u, sailing to Helgoland Island, the last remnant of Hyperborea, according to Spanuth.

With Pastor J u rgen Spanuth, in Germany, near the Dutch border. Spanuth has written interesting books on Atlantis and the Atlanteans, claiming that their location was found at the North Pole, in the legendary Hyperborea.

Hugo von Senger, with his comrades from the Russian front. Above, standing on horses. He fought against the Bolsheviks, together with the Cossacks commanded by the German GeneFal von **Pannwitz.**

existence of the atomic bomb and the perfected "duplication" of the *"Doppeltgenger"*.

Ran also led me to meet that extraordinary artist, alchemist and runologist: Wolfgang vom Schemm, with whom I illustrated my "Trilogy of Esoteric Hitlerism" and "NOS. Book of Resurrection".

Having Ticino as a point of concentration and reference, I began to travel through Spain, Italy, France, England and Germany, visiting the surviving Hitlerists and the nuclei that still kept the sacred fire. In Switzerland lived Hugo von Senger, a former fighter on the Russian front, with the Cossacks commanded by the German General von Pannwitz. I also met members of the former English National Socialist Party, of Sir Oswald Mosley, with whom we were attempting an operation to rescue Rudolf Hess from the Spandau prison in Berlin (or whoever was there replacing him, his "clone", his "double"), with the participation of Chileans, whom I would select.

LEONDEGRELLE

During the years of the Great War, news of the exploits of a young Belgian fascist leader were often published, first as the creator and leader of the "Rexist" movement in his country and then as a fighter on the Russian front. His heroism earned him a personal decoration from Hitler, who declared that if he had had a son, he would have wished him to be like Leon Degrelle.

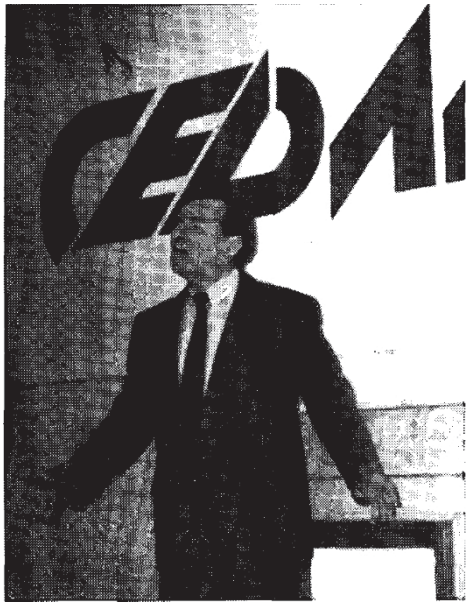
At the end of the war, Degrelle managed to escape in Albert Speer's private plane. Flying at low altitude and over a France celebrating victory, he reached the Spanish border without gasoline, plunging into the sea. From there, until the end of his life, he resided in Spain, with his second wife, in an apartment in Madrid and a property in Torremolinos, on the Costa del Sol. His parents and his first wife died in prison after the defeat. At the end of his life, he moved to Malaga.

I met him in Madrid, where he was introduced to me by some Spanish comrades. From that first meeting we were bedfellows and close friends, until his death in 1994 - 104th year of our Hitler Era.

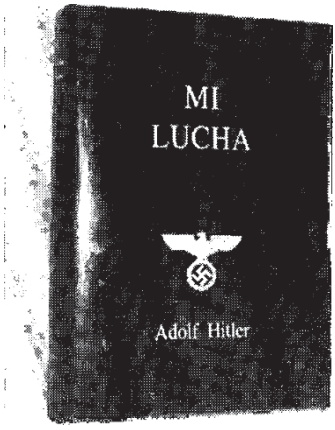
Leon Degrelle is decorated by Adolf Hitler.

J ocdi ien Pieper, fighting hero in the last German offensive in the Ardennes. He fought side by side with his comrade Leon Degrelle. After the war he was sentenced to years of imprisonment in Italy. After his release he settled in the south of France, where he was killed and burned next to his house.

Someone who looked at this photo said to me, "A man with that face cannot have committed crimes against humanity."



Leon Degrelle gives a talk on the "holocaust" at CEDADE in Madrid.



Exerriplar of *"Mi Luc ha"* by Adolf Hitler. The only complete edition in Spanish, edited by Miguel Serrano and dedicated to Leon Degrelle, at his death.

Sir Oswald Mosley (first on the left), born onalso in '-gloss, with the *Führer,* Adolf Hitler.

Leon Degrelle was a total Hitlerist, his Catholicism not being an obstacle. When, with Juan Diego Dávila, we said goodbye to Walter Raff in the General Cemetery of Santiago, giving the Nazi salute, and the photograph they took of us went around the world, Leon Degrelle sent me a letter, asking me to say goodbye to him in the same way when he died. I promised to do so.

Leon Degrelle was a General in the Waffen SS, as well as a hero. He was also a great writer and historian. His magnificent and monumental biography of Hitler has unfortunately remained unclassified.

As fate would have it, I learned that he had been urgently admitted to the hospital in Malaga, where he was in a very serious condition. It was Holy Week in Spain, the Feast of the Light of Ostara. I tried to communicate with him and it was not possible. I spoke with Juana, his wife, expressing my desire to leave immediately to be at his side; but she dissuaded me, telling me: "Leon is very strong and will recover from his illness. Besides, the journey is so long and heavy for you."

I wanted to communicate with the Spanish comrades and found no one, not even the one who had informed me about Degrelle's illness. No one was at his side at the time. I had heard Leon give a talk at CEDADE in Madrid, in which he spoke against cremation and ironized the claims being made about the "Holocaust". Well, there was no one from CEDADE with him either. Very soon, it was impossible for me to communicate with his wife, because she also fell ill, with a fulminant "hospital pneumonia". In other words, Degrelle was alone on his deathbed, in the hospital in Malaga. In less than twenty-four hours he was cremated, thus contradicting his own declarations as a Catholic, which I had heard him say in his talk in Madrid. I could no longer keep my promise.

How is it possible that not a single comrade has remained at his side twenty-four hours a day and night to assist, protect and defend him in that decisive moment, so longed for and possibly even propitiated by the Enemy, after years and years of waiting?

Spain had the unique privilege of having in its land a great man, comparable only to Mussolini, the idealist without blemish, loyal until his death. And those who admired and exalted him while he lived, left him alone at the end. Everything they have written about the

The "psychotronics", the desecration of corpses, satanic rituals and the removal of organs, of which Rudolf Hess was the victim, according to his son, did not play any role in this drama, as if all the comrades had been "psychotronic", hypnotized.

This made a tremendous impression on me, to this day. To cremate a corpse in a machine, waiting for a turn, is absolutely unacceptable for a Hitlerist. Cremation is only post ble in India, with sandalwood, like Nehru, or in a boat, like Baldur. For what certainty is there that the ashes were those of my admired and beloved comrade Leon Degrelle? And what certainty is there that his organs were not removed for the demonic ritual? Certainly, the tomb can be desecrated; but the comrades there must guard his remains with a permanent guard, day and night, until his Resurrection with a Sword.

In the days of his death I had just finished editing in Chile the first complete edition in Spanish of *"Si Lucha"*, by Adolf Hitler. I dedicated it to Leon Degrelle, in a public tribute, held in the house of my ancestors, in "Las Condes", where my great-great-grandparents, the Condes and the Condesas de Sierra Bella, once lived. There, in the presence of another of his great-grandchildren, Nibaldo Correa Fernandez, and surrounded by my comrades from Chile, the Hitlerist and "Christian" hero, Leon Degrelle, found the proper environment for his soul to be comforted by the loyalty of my lineage and his Chilean comrades. And also from a great Spanish woman, his friend from Galicia, who sang for him an old song:

"Oki flowers,
flowers, my friends!
Contadrne where
my love is thn. ivy,
love dog!

"O flowers,
flowers, that I cut!
Cut me where my
friend is going.
Oh, omor's penis!".

What less could I do than to receive Leon Degrelle in the house of my ancestors and pay him a grateful tribute for the letter he sent me one day? There, by the peaks of the sacred Andes? ..?

"Madrid, May 29, 19g'".

"Very dear Miguel,

"I despair of not hearing from you! You are *such an admirable friend and such an* extraordinary one, *the philosopher of our poetry, the visionary who has seen b e y o n d the incidents, the essential, the superhuman, the supernatural!*

"I have read a mass of articles about your behavior at the funerals of Walter Rciu ff. I would like, at my death, a similar tdeo/isf *near my remains....*

"But, give me a sign of utdo! May Jeanne and I know what it is about you, and may we soon have the joy of meeting you. Remember the first visit of yours, when you had been turned in by one of those unscrupulous journalists who assail my house night and day. Poor Michel! But what a thought when we were able to discover the enlightened richness of your spirit and the goodness of your heart!

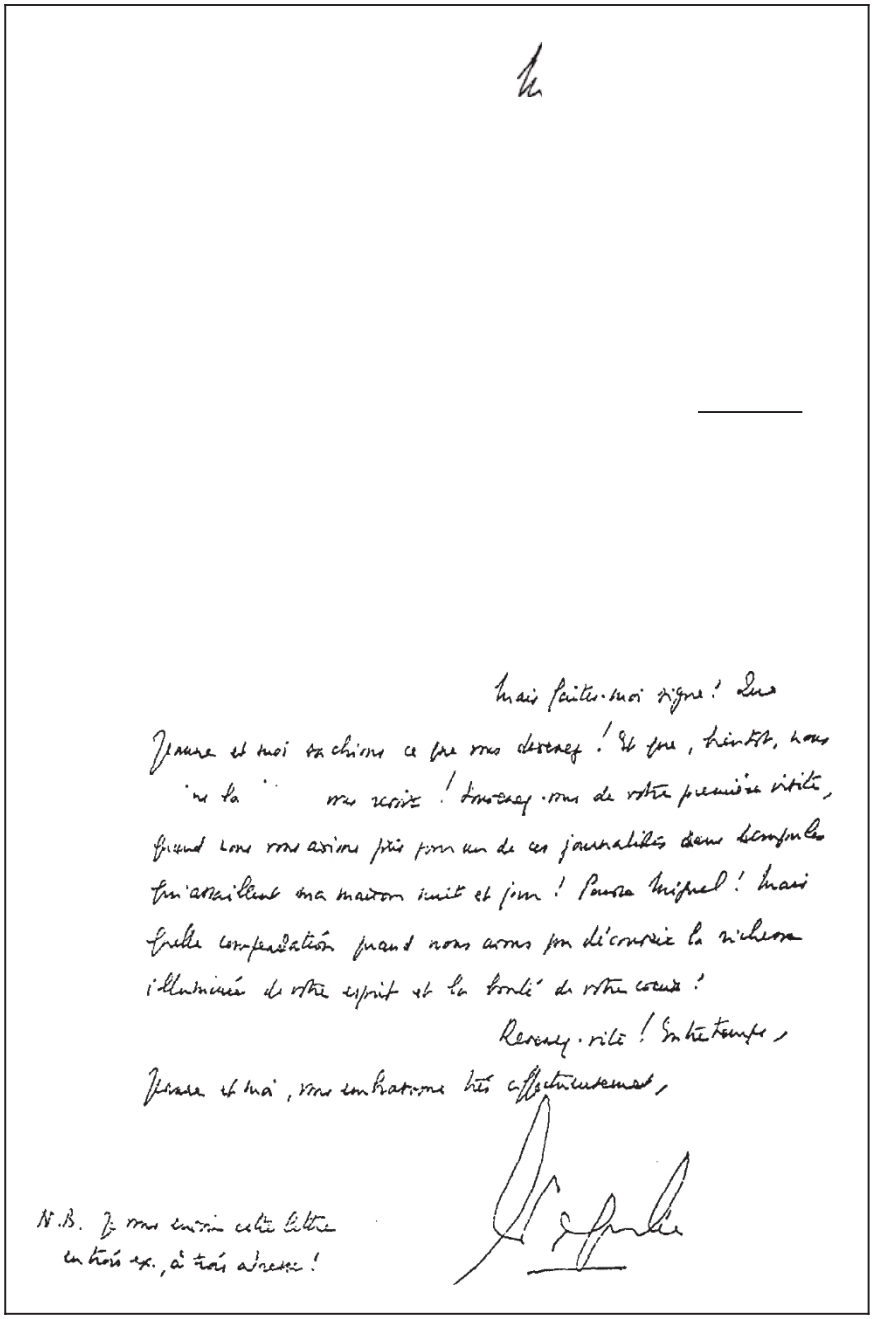
"Come back soon! In the meantime, Jeanne and I are very effectively arming him,

"Leon Degrelle

"N.B. I am sending you this letter in three eJern plars, to three addresses."

As my Hitlerist activities had restarted, I thought that I could not continue to reside in Switzerland and publish other books, besides "The Golden Cord", revealing the "Cosmogony of Hitlerism", without compromising the country that had welcomed me so generously.

In Chile, the military coup had taken place and Allende had committed suicide. I have told several times that it was our Consul General in Zurich, my former secretary, Carlos Costanora, who told me the news of the dramatic end.

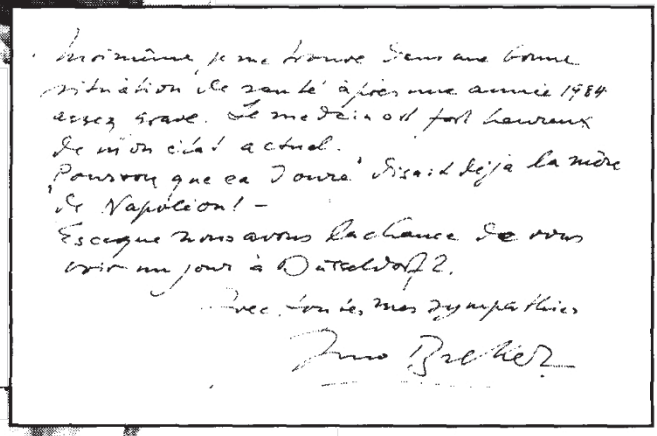


Letter from Leon Degrelle to Miguel Serrano.

Krause, Hitler's SS Adjutant, holds the *Führer*'s robe.

Adolf Hitler and Mussolini. In the background, Krause, the SS Adjutant to the *Fii hrer.*

Arno Breker, el gran escultor del Nazismo y de Adolf Hitler. Fotografía firmada.



Carta de Arno Breker, escrita en francés, dirigida a Miguel Serrano.

Arno Breker y Miguel Serano, en Düsseldorf. Breker fue el autor de las esculturas que adornaron los principales edificios del *Tercer Reich*. Fue también autor de la magnífica cabeza de Ezra Pound.

Alone there, in the Camuzzi House, by the fire in the chimney, I looked at the old mirror of Hermann Hesse, opened the window of the small balcony, towards the "Garden of Klingsor", raised a glass, also old, filled with a red wine from Jumillas, which I had brought from Spain, and toasted the starry sky of that Autumn of Montagnola, remembering all our dead and all the heroes who had accompanied me since my youth:

"Cheers, cheers, O heroes, O Víryas!".

I was also thinking of the destiny of my country and of what my Master prophesied: "Chile will reach the bottom of evil and misery, and from there rise up to be the first nation of South America. . .".

At dawn I went to visit the tomb of Hermann Hesse, in the Montagnola cemetery.

During those ten years of my stay at the Camu zzi House, I always went to visit Hesse's grave in difficult moments of great loneliness or discouragement. And there, in seclusion, I would establish a contact with him, a "conversation". This is what I did when I was writing my book "NOS", not **knowing how to move forward or** what to say, or whether I should reveal these secrets.

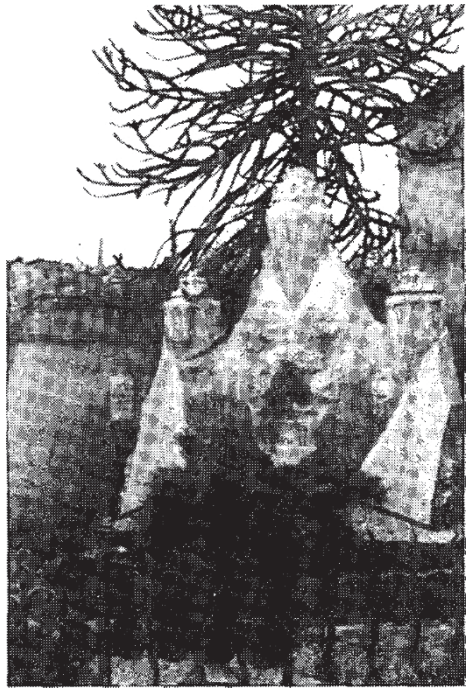
It was dawn and the cemetery was lonely, wrapped in the cold and transparent sun of the beautiful autumn in Ticino.

Sitting on the rock, next to the pine trees with their branches and the large open stone book with the writer's name on one of its pages, I concentrated, free of all thoughts. And I clearly felt that Hesse was giving me an order: to get up and walk along a path on the right. I did so and soon had to stop in front of a strange tomb, without a cross, without a Christian sign, surrounded by an iron fence, imitating flames of fire. In the center, a stone ending in two peaks, or summits, with an amphora in the middle, like the Grail. It was a mountain. And behind it all stood a tree, an araucaria. Excited, I stood there motionless, with no need t o interpret that message: the Melimoyu, with its two peaks, and the Gria1 in the middle, with its food of Eternal Life. All this in the south of my homeland, where the araucarias grow.

Yes, I had to leave, to return to those confines. The message was delivered to me by my dear friend. And it was our farewell, in this Round of Eternal Return.

The Number of the Eternal Return is 9. It repeats the same in the sum of all its multiples: The Return of the Same.

There, motionless, I suddenly had the impression that I had experienced this many times.



Strange tomb in the cemetery of Montagnola, with *Gria l* between the two peaks of a Mountain, igua1 to 1 Melimoyu, and an araucaria in the background.

PART FOUR

THE CONFINES

This body of flesh, bones and blood has been formed and nourished by the fruits of the earth, of the Homeland; this soul, by its air and the vision of its snowy and snowy peaks, by the sea sunrises and sunsets, by the perfume of its flowers, by the green and yellow of the forests.

Mother and Fatherland (Mother and Father):

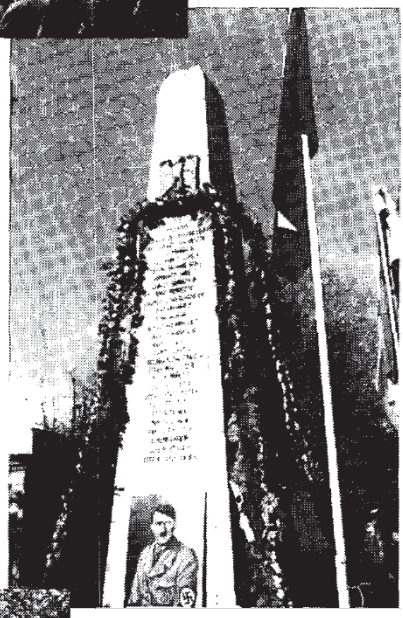
So many years away from you, I never felt complete, fulfilled. I lacked the complement of all that you have given me, since my childhood, next to the white peaks of the fields of Popeta. Neither the Himalayas nor the Alps, only the Andes hold the mystery of a submerged world, which I must now explore to its depths.

* * *

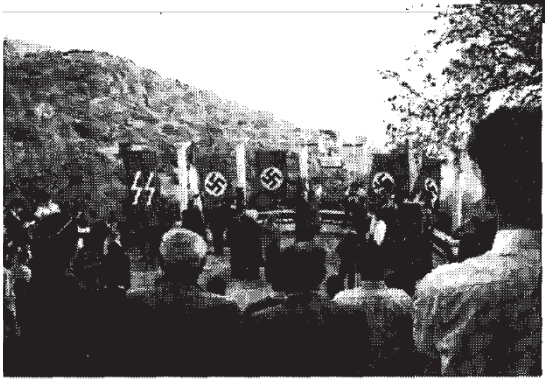
But how different was the country I found when I returned. A gray, heavy weather. Unlit nights, with cars speeding through empty streets. Gunshots, the sound of machine-gun fire. Someone hurriedly gets out of a machine and stops me, pointing a gun at me. He asks me to identify myself. I show him my diplomatic passport. He advises me to go home quickly, because he is looking for a person who looks like me.

The next day I go to visit the Minister of Foreign Affairs, an Admiral. I have a long conversation with him and give my opinion on the world situation in relation to Chile. He sends me to talk to the Junta de Gobierno, the four Commanders-in-Chief of the Armed Forces.

Ceremonia increíble hitlerista. Jamás se ha visto nada parecido, salvo años después en Chile, con un igual sentido místico-esotérico.



Celebración del Centenario del nacimiento de Adolf Hitler, en las cumbres andinas, que pertenecieron a las tierras de mi familia, en un anfiteatro griego, imitación del de Epidauros. Asistieron representantes de países latinoamericanos, de Italia, de Alemania y de España.



Homenaje a Rudolf Hess y a los héroes nazistas, asesinados el 5 de septiembre de 1938.

Juan Diego Dávila, camarada y sobreviviente de los héroes nazistas asesinados en 1938, y Miguel Serrano, en un homenaje de un 5 de septiembre.

Miguel Serrano inicia un homenaje a los héroes nazistas con una invocación a la Estrella de la Tarde, *Yepun*.

Unique figure for its symbolism. Perhaps carved by the White Incas, the Friars or the Hyperboreans of South America, prior to the arrival *and* planned destruction of the Judeo-Christians. A relic of the White Gods, with the symbol of the Morning Star, *Oí yehse,* the Rune *Vóneris.*

Eduardo Thiers Yunge, ioven Hitlerist, mysteriously disappeared. He is still wanted by his comrades in the south of the world.

Too many **times** I have recounted this momentous meeting in detail. The first time I described it in "Adolf Hitler, the Last Trooper", in the chapter "The Chilean Military Coup". With the greatest crudeness I referred to each one of the participants, to those decisive figures in the history of the country and, very especially, to the main protagonist, General Augusto Pinochet Ugarte. I have recorded in writing my words and theirs, with my personal impression of each one. Of all that, I will only rescue now my advice to implement in Chile an "autarkic military camp regime", in which "everyone would eat from the same ranch". "With the plow in one hand and the rifle in the other", like the Visigoth warrior of the Conquest. That is to say, the opposite of the economic system that was imposed under the "monetarist" influence of the "Chicago boys", of Milton Friedman and, later, of the "gremialists" of Jaime Guzmán and the "Opus Dei" of the present. Faced with this tragic evidence, I left Chile for some time, while I made public statements against the economic system and my son, José Miguel, wrote documented articles attacking it.

It was also in those days that Michael Townley, of American origin, an agent of the Intelligence Agency recently created by the Government and requested by the CIA, was expelled from Chile, who had already turned against Pinochet and the Junta for their intentions to stay in power longer than necessary, and for the liquidation of the Chilean Communist Party, thus affecting the vital interests of their apparent enemy, the KGB.

Several times I have also recounted my intervention - fortuitous in this case - through Air Force General Matthei, trying unsuccessfully to prevent the expulsion of agent Townl ey. jSo many years ago now! There begins the disaster of General Manuel Gontreras, Director of Intelligence of the DINA and of General Pinochet himself.

Deadly doubts must have tortured the latter, to the extent that a certain Lipthay, a character of Hungarian origin and with influence in Pinochet's family, with nationalist tendencies and contacts with Contreras' "Intelligence", approached me to tell me that the General's family was very worried. They were looking for someone who could give them good advice. Perhaps they knew of my intervention through Matthei; or perhaps Lipthay himself gave my name. The truth is that they asked me if I would be willing to visit him. I said yes. And my surprise was still

The president's words: "That gentleman has already come to ask me for an embassy".

That was a lie. I had never asked him for anything, nor had I seen him again after my two interviews with the members of the Junta at the Ministry of Defense. I only offered to help with my friends and explain the real situation of Chile: to Indira Gandhi, to Tito, to Waldheim, at the United Nations; to the Italian Government, through Roberto Duce, Secretary General of the Roman Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and Alberto Berio, State Counselor, for which I would have needed an official "status" and diplomatic representation, it is true; but my offer was made through the regular channel, through the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Instead, and without my knowledge, former President Jorge Alessandri sent Jaime Guzmán to ask the Government Junta to return to me the Embassy that Allende had taken away from me. I only found out about this from Alvaro Puga, a collaborator of the military government in those days. Later, when this was not done, Don Jorge's words were: "It will be bad for this Junta if it starts acting like that with Miguel Serrano".

Early on I could tell that General]?inochet was lying.

My cycle in diplomacy had closed long ago, and now I had to begin my last adventure in the land of the confines of the Pole and the Ice Fields, in the South Hyperborea.

Pinochet, out of fear of the power of the North, as always, bowed, handing over Townley, just as twenty years later he would hand over General Contreras. In this way he sealed his fate and that of Chile.

* * *

I visited my Master. He was almost one hundred years old, and he told me of his desire to leave. His prophecy about Chile had been largely fulfilled. Our conversation dealt with life and death. Because of its depth and transcendence, I will reserve it for the end of these "Memoirs". I also leave for then the story of our farewell in this land and in this Round of the Eternal Return.

Little by little he had managed to gather a group of idealistic young people, willing to fight against the system and set out in search of a magical spot in our land, where they could establish a different life, based on higher values and in contact with a sacred summit of the Andes. They were young people from various regions of the world, not only from Chile, who believed in principles capable of transmuting the lives of men and had faith in what was written with the blood of heroes. Only our ideals have been able to open a horizon to the desperate youth, in the deepest religious crisis, given to drug addiction, terrorism and crime. In the twenty years of my return to Chile, of incessant activity, never in the world, except during the grandiose times of Hitlerism, were magical and liturgical acts like ours, in the celebrations of the Centenary of Adolf Hitler, in those dedicated to Rudolf **Hess** and to the Chilean Nazi heroes. There are docu- ments and films to show them. I pay tribute, therefore, to the loyal ones, to those who still remain, despite the failure of our efforts in the outside world to build an unpuggable paradise of beauty and justice here on our land. Men and women, and the family that came from Germany. When the iron circle closes around us, I wish to preserve their identities to protect them; in the final days, when all seems lost and the gallop of the White Horse of the *Last* Autotor is heard.

THE MYSTERY OF THE WHITE GODS

When the entire history of the world is unknown to us, it is not surprising that we know nothing about the prehistory of the continent we call Amorica and which the Vikings nicknamed Huítramanrin/and, Land of White Men.

In all pre-Columbian American cultures, we are told of "white men", with semi-divine characteristics, who rule over mixed peoples of color. They are the creators of civilization among humans. Jacques de Mahieu's books illustrate this, dealing with Tiahuanacu, the Incas *(Inhas),* the Easter Islanders, the Toltecs, Olmecs and Mayas. Then, Alexander von Wuthena u and Pierre Carnac, Miguel Covarrubias,

Barry Fell, Cyrus Gordon, Gustavo Vargas Martínez, Paul Rivet and Pierre Honoré, author of "La Leyenda de los Dioses Bla ncos", in addition to our Fonk. José Vasconcelos speaks of "Ra 2a Cosmi- ca", to refer to America. That is to say, this Continent was populated, since very ancient times, from the very origins, being still possible that races whose roots are attributed to other latitudes have departed from here. Although our opinion is different: the ultimate truth is not on Earth. Its History has an extraterrestrial beginning, with a plot that does not vary, being always the same: war, destruction, death. White men who fight against a colored enemy and who, when they win, are able to give happiness and peace for a time to their own and also to the vanquished, until the latter contaminate them with their blood and defeat them from within. When this point is reached and the earth appears totally mixed (contaminated, with a "cosmic-race", precisely), Nature shakes off the evil, the cancer, with a cataclysm. And everything will begin again, in the Eternal Return of the Cycles, or ed ades. Until one day we manage to get out of a "situation not even dreamed of by the greatest utopians", as Frederich Nietzsche thought, defeating the "Eternal Return of the Same", in the Payment of *the Hero,* that the Esoteric Hitlerism brings us. Will it be possible? That is why we are still fighting.

The terrestrial History repeats itself: the *Viryos* fall in love with the "daughters of men", in the middle of the Combat with the "genetic robots" of Set-ón, *!Sat-urno,* Jehovah. And they are made prisoners, becoming slaves. Those who remain pure, leave, emigrate, take refuge in submerged, subway cities. In *Shamballoh, Agarlha, Pottití, Elellin,* El Dorado, the City of the Caesars.

The White God, Quetzalcoatl, the "Plumed Serpent", is fought by the colored Aztec priests of Tenochtitlan and forced by the Jew, Tazcatlicopa, to emigrate. The bloody sacrifices in the pyramids of the sun are resumed. He must also abandon with all his people the marvelous Chichen-ltza, his whereabouts and final destination becoming unknown. The same thing happens with Kukulkan and with the Bianco Gods, Mama-Ocllo and Kontiki-Viracocha, after the disappearance of the first Tiahuanacu. Like the hyperboreans of the Gobi, they enter the "Hollow Earth", through the Himalayan and Andean "gates", towards the mythical cities, towards the hidden temples, in the depths of the submerged worlds.

In the Other Earth, where Hitler also took refuge, with the best of the race of the "Astral Supermen", the recovered *Vtryas.* In the City of the Cosars, in the *Walhalla* of Wotan-Quetzalcoatl.

Since ancient times, initiates and esoteric explorers have searched for the secret entrances to the hidden cities where the "King of the World" resides. Some, very few, found them, most passed by them without perceiving them. Here, in Patagonia, in Tierra del Fuego, Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa searched for the "City of the Caesars" and, desperately, Father Mascardi, until he lost his life. He sent messengers with writings in Greek, for he was convinced that the inhabitants were Trojans, or heroes of Sparta, of the most ancient Greece. And de Mahieu was sure that the Comechingones of the mountains of Cordoba, in Argentina, were the missing elite of Troy and the Huayaquis, of the Para- guay, perhaps Hyperboreans, pilgrims of the Gobi. And all of them, survivors of Atlantis, or Gondwana, or Lemuria. What is certain is that the Aryans, the "t w i c e - b o r n ", the "resurrected", in their caravans and journeys - the *"pilgrims of longing",* the *"witnesses of the dawn"* - always carry their parasite with them, like slaves, who in the end divert them from their route, consume them, supplant them and defeat them, appropriating their face and their language, their history and biography, falsifying them. It is an argument that repeats itself and will repeat itself. The Jew, the genetic robot of Satan-Saturn, has been brought to this earth by demiurgic compulsion, in order to prevent the triumph of the *Di uyas* and *Viryas.*

Inescapable cosmic conflict.

MELIMOYU MOUNTAIN

I attended a session of the "medium 1úcido" in Germany. I was surrounded by women, by *jokes.* It is curious, but the Externteine were also a temple of women, of "meigas", as Mach upichu, of the Virgins of the Sun, apparently was. Those born fifth in Hyperborea were in charge of maintaining contact with *the* Gods, with the *Diuyas,* with those who watch from outside.

The medium closed his eyes and waited for my question, then repeated it:

"-Where should I look for the City of the Caesars?".

And he answered me, opening his eyes.

"On the first Monday of the month, go to the airport of the city of Santiago, in your country. Sit on a bench and wait, until in front of you a strange character, with colts, a curious shadow, wrinkled and old pants, who seems to doze, gets up to take a plane. Follow him, board with him and descend where he does. There you will find what you are looking for.

I obeyed. And one Monday I went to the airport of "Los Cerrillos", ready to leave. I sat down and waited, without seeing anyone in front of me with the characteristics indicated by the German medium. Many planes departed and I kept waiting, until I realized that I had made a mistake and that* that was not the first Monday of the month.

I should now wait until next month. I went back, sat in the same place and waited again, with identical results: no one sat in front of me, no one like me. But now I was not willing to wait another month. I went to the window of the National Airline and bought a ticket on the first plane going south to the most distant city in their network, Coihaique.

I arrived there at night and asked for a place to spend the night. I was recommended the "Hotel Espa ñol". I remembered that someone had told me that Atili o Cosmeli, a man who had discovered the ruins of an ancient city in the jungle, lived in Coihaique. The hotel knew him and gave me his telephone number. He was a prosperous timber businessman, with several estates in the region. Alessandri had appointed him Intendant of Punta Arenas during his government. Of clear nationalist tendencies, as soon as I gave him my name he invited me to stay at his house in Coihaique. He would pick me up. While I was waiting for him, I reflected on the curious fact of finding myself in that remote southern city, which was designed by my brother-in-law, Ernesto Mesa, husband of my sister Berta. They lived there for several years, as in the Far West. There was even a street named after Berta Serrano. Today it only keeps the surname, and it is believed that the name is due to the hero of the naval combat of Iquique.

Atilio Cosmeli took me to his house, where we served a frugal dinner, prepared by ourselves. He told me that his

wife, Luz Pereira, had just died, poisoned by eating mushrooms from the garden. For this reason, he would soon leave this house. During the Allende government he had fought with all possible means and, together with Jorge Prat, Julio Phillipi, Vittorio di Girólamo and other nationalists, they had thought of setting up a sort of colony near Chile Chico, on the border with Argentina. From there they were going to continue the resistance.

The subject he raised gave me the opportunity to refer to the secret city of the selva. He immediately changed his attitude and simply stopped talking, surprised that I was referring to something "absolutely absurd", in his words.

In order to continue our conversation, I moved on to something different, telling him that I had just published a book, which I was sure he would be interested in. I opened my backpack and took out "The Golden Cord. Esoteric Hitlerism. He showed great interest, asking me to lend it to him to read that same night. I handed it to him and we said goodbye and went to our rooms.

The next day, at breakfast, Atilio was transfigured and never tired of asking me questions about the subject of my book. He wanted to keep it anyway. It was the only copy I had with me. And it occurred to me to use it as a means of pressure, perhaps improper, but which I decided to use given the fundamental importance of the subject and the transcendence of my quest:

"-Look, Atilio," I said, "I am sure that you have not wanted to reveal to me the truth about the Lost City of Patagonia; but now, by reading my book, you will have learned who I am and the seriousness and importance of my desire to know. .. Keep the book and tell me what is in it and what you found. ...".

He rose from his seat and paced nervously. He looked out the window, as if losing his sight in the distance.

"Yes, when I was Intendant, I could do these things .... It turns out that an Indian, on his deathbed, gave me the secret of some lost ruins on an island in these extreme regions.... The secret can only be revealed from person to person, on the deathbed.... I traveled with a couple of mounted carabineros and in the vicinity of the site I blindfolded them, something I was able to do because I was Intendant, as I said... Now, nothing of the other world, only rocks and some rudimentary ruins, without importance...".

Atilio Cosmeli fell silent, withdrew from the window and paced visibly annoyed around the room. No doubt he felt that he had broken an engagement, as if I had forced him, or surprised him. And his attitude towards me changed from that moment on. He took me back to the hotel and left me there, with the excuse that he had a lot of work and commitments for that day and the following days.

To this day, I have never known if he told me the truth about his expedition, the whole truth. Atilio Cosmeli died years later, in a car accident, in his hacienda on Lake General Carrera and I don't think he had the chance to pass on the secret of the ruins to anyone else.

MEETING WITH THE STRANGE CHARACTER

After reading my book, Cosmeli advised me to see the Mayor of Puerto Cisne, an astrologer with great influence on General Pinochet and who had predicted, among other things, the assassination in Italy of Aldo Moro. She was o f Italian origin.

But I decided to turn to the Mayor of Aysen, a nationalist. I contacted him by telephone to ask for some advice in my search in the region. He immediately sent me his car, inviting me to his home.

The trip from Coihaique to Puerto Aysen was along a dirt road, bordering mountains, with a waterfall of crystalline waters nicknamed "The **Bride**'s Veil" and a huge rock balancing on a narrow pass, resembling a face: "The Head of the Inca", the driver told me. "So much for the Inkas," I thought.

We talked at length with the Mayor and his wife about the events of those days. Chile was preparing for war with Argentina, which seemed inevitable. Only the Mayoress of Puerto Cisne did not see it this way, in the stars. And so she would have communicated it to Pinochet. Later, she told me about the many difficulties that Jaime Guzmán's "unionists" made it difficult for her to carry out her work, just because she was a nationalist.

Our conversation could not continue the following day, as he had to leave for Coihaique, to a meeting of Mayors of the region. He returned in the evening with some news for me. At the meeting he met with the Mayoress of Puerto Cisne, Eugenia Pirzio-Biroli, 3uien, when she found out that I was in Aysen, asked me

I had to go to Coihaique again that next day to meet with her, because "I had something to tell her".

In the Mayor's car, I drove back in the opposite direction, to meet, at last, the strange personage who had been announced to me by the medium in Germany.

What an incredible surprise! There he was, standing in front of "he-she". Because the character was a woman: Eugenia Pirzio-Biroli, the Mayoress of Puerto Cisne! With a turban on her head (the "weird hat"), indigenous necklaces hanging down to her belly and tight, wrinkled pants. She looked at me with deep eyes. She spoke to me:

"Get ready, because today we are leaving on a plane to Puerto Cisne. You and I have a lot to tell each other...",

And so it was that I left in a small plane, driven by a seasoned aviator, Ernesto Heine Aguila (the synchronicity of names), who would become a fundamental friend.

Mrs. Pirzio-Biroli was a n assiduous reader of Julius Evola and, in "her Kingdom" of Puerto Cisne, she tried to materialize the Legend of the *Graal,* to the point of building a "*Graal* Inn" and a "*Monsalvásche* Refuge". *She* was a staunch supporter of Pinochet, of whom she admired "his blue eyes", as she told me, and an obedient follower of her boss, the Intendant of Punta Arenas, Sergio Fernández. That was as far as her subordination went, because in the rest she was an autocrat, deciding on her own, concerned only with the interests of Puerto Cisne, the village of her creation, her "Kingdom", as we have said. She hated the German colony of

Posada del *Graal,* in Puerto Cisne, Aysen territory.

Jews practice ceremony, carrying on their foreheads an instrument similar to the one they use in the lands of southern Chile, to appropriate territories by kabbalistic means and by the vibrations of the "T'fioro".

All candidates for the Presidency of Chile wear the *"quipó"* in a Jewish ceremony.

Puyuhuapi, and ignored Magdalena Island. Moreover, he was anti-fascist, because Mussolini had not made his father, the famous General Pirzio-Biroli, a Marshal.

However, I should still get the biggest surprise. A surprise "full of meaning" (as our Nietzsche would say). Arriving at the airfield of Puerto Cisne, the Mayoress descended alone, leaving me in the plane with Ernesto Heine, and saying to me:

"-Go to him."

Thus, as in the old film "Lost Horizons", I left in an airplane, not knowing where, flying through totally unknown regions.

We landed in a small field by the sea. We boarded a boat and sailed in the direction of a spot that looked dark at dusk. As we got closer, the roofs of some wooden constructions came into view. They were the Puyuhua pi hot springs. Ernesto Heine had just acquired them and was trying to exploit them. His project was destined to fail, because he was not a businessman, but an aviator, an "eagle", essentially. Today these hot springs are famous and are in the hands of foreigners. At that time, they consisted of three or four rustic cabins for the guests, plus another one that served as a dining room. The thermal baths were open-air pools, almost next to the sea, which could be reached by walking through a thick jungle of native vegetation. After the thermal bath, one could immerse oneself in the marine waters, experiencing the contrast of the thermal heat with the ice of the Pacific.

We bathed, had dinner and each of us went to our cabins for the night. I could not sleep and needed to reflect on the succession of unexpected events. I opened the cabin door and stepped out. A fine persistent rain was falling. With a flashlight I retraced my steps in the darkness. In the last of the cabins there was a light on. I looked in through its window and could see Ernesto Heine sitting at a table, bent over some maps. He had a parafi na l a m p burning. I knocked on his window. Ernesto got up and opened the door. He ushered me in and offered me a chair next to his table. He explained that he was looking at maps of the region, searching for some impregnable site.

where to better establish resistance to the inevitable war that was coming upon us.

I also leaned over the map, curious to know where we really were. I felt a chill run through me. There, in a circle, I read: "MELIMOYU". I squeezed Ernesto Heine's hand and asked him, unable to b e l i e v e m y eyes:

"Is it true? Tell me: Is this Melimoyu? Where are we? Where am I? It can't be. For more than thirty years this Sacred Mount has been in my mind and in my dreams, since I saw it once in the distance, during the navigation of the Moraleda Channel, in my expedition to Antarctica in 1947. It was a sublime sight, with its two albacore peaks, like the wings of a Viking warrior's helmet. I could never forget it. When I arrived in India, I declared that I was going to establish a magical contact between two Sacred Mountains of the earth, the Melimoyu and the Kailás. .. In the already blurred memory of these extreme regions, close to the Hyperborea of the South Pole, I believed that the Melimoyu was in Tierra del Fuego. … And now here, next to me, in Patagonia. ...!"

My excitement was enormous. Ernesto Heine got up quietly and returned with a bottle of wine. He filled two glasses and invited me to drink: "Cheers! .. His Mount is here, b e h i n d these hills, a a little to the north, around the back".

Then I began to speak to him without reticence, giving expression to all that I had kept for so many years, since my youth, and that I had not communicated to anyone, not even to my own, except to my Master. My search for the shelters and the Temple of the Masters of my Master, in India, in the Kailás, which I could not reach, because it was already in the hands of the Chinese. And always, inside, deep inside, the vision and the memory of the summit of the antipodes, of Melimoyu, as the materialization of the Myth of the City of Caesars, of Trapananda, of Elellin.

"Ernesto, here is the fulfillment of the mission and the dream of my existence! It is incredible, a hand has brought us together, that of that astrologer, to whom I was sent from Germany, from the *Führer*'s Germany...".

"-From our f'ü/trer!" he added.

"-Here, in these places, there is someone, some hidden refuge, very ancient people," I continued. Inside this Mount,

through some secret entrance, which you and I will have to find."

At that moment I remembered my friend Saint-Loup, who so anxiously sought the secret refuge in this southern part of the world.

of the Hitlerites, without finding it. "He looked for it in the external, in the outer earth, in its surface.""

And this last, without realizing it, I was s a y i n g it out loud.

"Yes," said Ernesto Heine, "I am also sure that here, in the midst of these peaks and these jungles, there have always been people living h e r e. When I fly alone I have seemed to see something, to discover signs, straight paths on the summits, built by beings who are not from here.... Yes, there is something. Somewhere hidden there are ours. .. Besides, during the war submarines arrived... In Chiloé my mother-in-law helped them to stock up...

Do you know? In the German colony of Puyuhuapi they might say-we... In any case, I will take you by plane to fly over the Melimoyu. We will search together. Besides, if we manage to install a landing field in the interior valleys and then build shelters and huts like these inside, no one will ever be able to discover us, we will be invincible".

"-No, not out there. Inside, towards the entrances to the Hollow Earth!".

With clasped hands, Heine and I made a pact, on that distant night, beginning a quest destined to continue forever. In the Eternal Return.

But, behold, the theme, the argument is repeated: the parallel search for the Enemy. The Mayor of Aysen and the pilot Ernesto Heine must have told me about the visits of strange tourists in the area who, in increasing numbers, went into these southern regions, disguised as backpackers. No doubt they were also looking for "something", armed with very accurate maps of the area. When they descended from the planes they were flying, they dressed in tunics and placed strange instruments on their foreheads, initiating invocations, thus polluting the landscape. The mayor introduced me to the captain of the Port of Aysen, who showed me a long list of names of "tourists" who were trying to go from Puerto Ibañez, on Lake General Carrera, across the snowdrifts of the Baker River, to the San Rafael Lagoon. When he informed them that it was not possible, since there were no accessible routes or roads there, they showed him a map of the place, which he did not know. The Commander tried to prevent the expedition, as he considered the zone

The President of Chile, Eduardo Frei Ruíz-Tagle, wearing the Jewish *"q uipá"*. *We* could not even imagine Jorge Alessandri Rodríguez or General Carlos Ibfifiez del Campo in a similar attitude.

The President of Chile, Eduardo Trei Ruiz-Tagle, visits Auschwitz. *There he was* shown the suitcase of a Jewish prisoner, Franciska Frei. If this were not true and only a crude Jewish trick, to deceive the President of Chile and his family, having been able to find that suitcase in the "Flea Market" in Warsaw, in Paris or in Plasa O'Higgins in Valparaiso, it would be the best proof of the methods they use to deceive, lying, as about the Holocaust.

* The Government of Chile - the Frei Government - has just donated the highest decoration of the Chilean Order, Bernardo O'Higgins, in the degree of Grand Cross, to Simon Wiesenthal, the "Nazi hunter", an insigrie liar, as I was able to verify during my Embassy in Vienna, and as it is therefore known to the then

The Dalai Lama in his second visit to Chile, with the Rabbi and the Cardinal, joining hands, making the "Masonic chain".

strategic. Then, to his surprise, he received an order from the Puerto Montt Naval Command authorizing the expedition, as the "tourists" were members of the Israeli Army and the "Mossad". The list of names was false. All this was happening in the middle of the Pinochet Government and the Military Junta in Chile. What happened during that government is totally ignored here. The country was handed over to the fulfillment of an international Plan, carefully planned and elaborated centuries ago and explained in the book by Theodor Hertz, *"Juden !Staat"*, the father of the State of Israel in Palestine and also in the southern Patagonia of Argentina and Chile. Already during the War, I published in my magazine, "La Nueva Edad", the flyers that called Patagonia *"Nar duda"* (New Judah) and, later on, I made known the "Plan Andinia". Under Pinochet, Jewish military keys were allowed to exist in Chilean territory, where Palestinian rebels were held prisoners, tortured and drugged. The Jews were authorized to go through the strategic places of our southern territory, looking for the same things we are looking for. And the Carretera Austral, built on that date, has come to serve the purposes of "mr *Juda"*, of Theodor Hertz and

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Chancellor of Chile, Gabriel Valdés, father of the current Chancellor, who accepts to deliver this high award of our country to this repugnant character. One more proof that Chile is finished.

of "The Andinia Plan". With the delivery of Laguna del Desierto to the Argentines, the Jews are facilitated the installation of the capital of their "Kingdom" in Viedma, as proposed some time ago by that puppet President, Alfonsín. In the first part of this book, we have already seen the situation in Argentina today, occupied and governed by Israel. With the Mayor of Aysen and Ernesto Heine, we justified the war, since it was not against the "brothers" on the other side of the Andes, but against those who had already totally taken over that Nation, following the wise dictates of Theodor Hertz. They used it to expand, extending the borders of the "Kingdom" to the Pacific Ocean and making it bioceanic. **From** those years to the present, they no longer need a war. They are buying Chile through a front man, a Yankee citizen named Douglas Tompkins, disguised as an environmentalist, an agent of Rockefeller. He has already divided Chile in two, acquiring a whole country of eight hundred thousand hectares, and the plans will not stop in Patagonia, because, with the Southern Ice Field, the "Kingdom" will extend to Antarctica and with the agitation of the Mapuches, it will reach the Bio-Bio, establishing momentarily an indigenous "buffer state". Thus, the Kingdom of Judah and the Messiah will pretend to be safe (on the *fortieth parallel)* from the coming catastrophes that they themselves, by synchronism, will produce. However, the magical landscape of these regions will be shaken at the end of the deadly parasite,

For centuries, the híelimoyu is an extinct Volcano. Two of its "Ubres"[29] have fallen. When the other two also collapse, Chile will be submerged.

From the hot springs we went by sea to visit the German colony of Puyuhuapi. The settlers arrived before 1939, mostly from the Sudetenland in Czechoslovakia. Among them came a very valuable and educated man with the intention of establishing there a southern refuge from the *Reich.* He brought books that are impossible to find in Germany today, among them a copy of the first edition of

29. Melimoyu in the indigenous language means "four udders".

The book "My Struggle", signed in Adolf Hitler's own handwriting. Unfortunately, at the outbreak of war, he had to leave. He enlisted in the air force and died on the Russian front. His library remained in the possession of the colonists, who did not appreciate its true value. When I visited them, the head of the colony was Mr. Walter Hopperdietzel and his son, Klaus, gave me the library.

In the colony of Puyuhuapi a carpet factory has been set up. Don Walter Hopperdietzel made me a beautiful tapestry with the Swástika Levógira, which I still keep in my shrine in Valparaíso.

* * *

That day a boat arrived in Puyuhuapi. In it came the Postmaster of Coihaique, Aldo Marchesse, director of the regional newspaper.

We ate some freshly extracted cholguas. That same night we were all sick and had to return by plane; the Postmaster to Coihaique and me to Puerto Cisne, where I stayed at the "Posada del *Dra al"*.

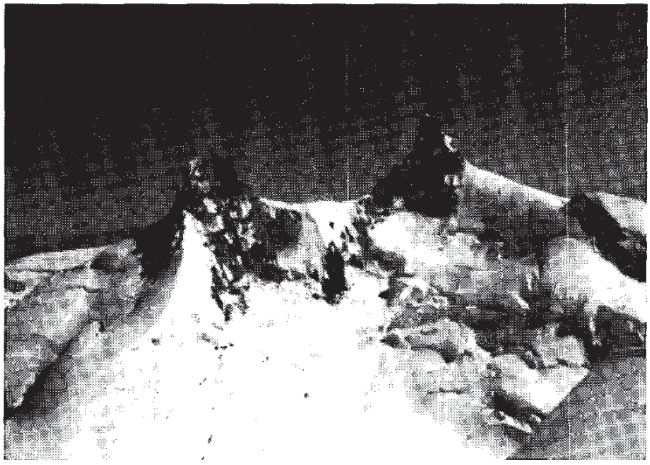
It was fortunate that the cholguas were not poisoned by the "red tide".

I thought that this was the end of my Patagonian adventure. The Port Captain, concerned about my health, promised to send me a plane so that I could be transferred to Coihaique and, from there, to Santiago.

Feeling fine now, I was expecting the plane at any moment. I heard the noise of its engines and headed for the airfield. It was Ernesto Heine, who was certainly coming to pick me up, but not to take me back to Coihaique, but back to the hot springs and, from there, on a direct flight to Melimoy u. My joy was immense. At last I was going to be able to see my Sacred Mountain up close, the one that for so many years had been engraved in my memory and in the center of my heart, night and day, across continents, seas and oceans, like a religion, like the love of Allouine.

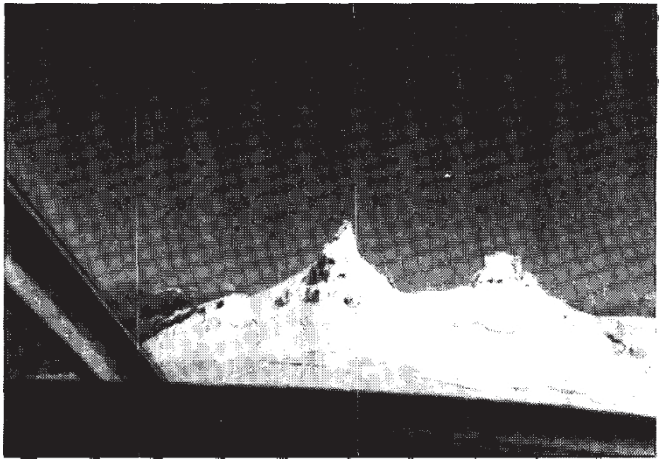
The plane was a twin-engine. We were sitting next to each other. Heine was showing me the mountain ranges, pointing out to me a few

Con el gran piloto Ernesto Heine Aguila, junto a su avión, en la Patagonia.



Vista de los picachos os "cuernos del casco vikingo") del Monte (volcán) Melimoyu. Toma del lado norte, sin nieve.

The two peaks of 1 Meli m oyu seen from the south side, with snow. We passed between them.



straight lines that resembled paths traced by men, by unknown beings.

"-This is what I have seen and have always missed." We crossed the mountain ranges and flew over a green valley, covered with native vegetation.

"That's the Santo Domingo Valley. This is where we could land a helicopter with a group of workers and have them build a landing field. Then we would set up and no one would ever find us.

"It would be the best way to complement the Austral Highway with a Chilean colonization, as imagined by Don Nicolás Palacios. And thus counteract the *Andiriia Plan".*

At that moment, in front of us, a fan of clouds opened up and the white and majestic summit of Melimoyu appeared. There it was, close to us.

"-We are going to pass through the middle of your two picachos," said Ernesto Heine.

We saw, collapsed on one of its sides, the other two peaks that once fell from its summit. And little by little, very slowly, we crossed between the two peaks of the Warrior's Helmet.

It seemed impossible. We were already on the other side.

"There lives Lalo Bravo and here lives Don Pablo Winkler, an absolute loner. He talks with his cows, to which he has given names, one of them is called Julia. He has hot springs in his domain. Nobody takes him out of here. With the milk from his cows he makes cheese. He goes down the river in his own boat to the town of Marín Balmaceda, where he sells them and stocks up for the winter".

When I heard the name Marín Balmaceda, I remembered the great man and Senator who was able to save from certain death the last Nazi survivors of the massacre of September 5, 1938. That Patagonian town, almost bordering Argentina, was named after him because of his efforts and concern for defending our national territory. Who remembers him today and even knows why that town and that river were named after him?

As we circled around the Melimoyu Volcano, I tried to remake the image in my memory of Senator Raúl Marín Balmaceda, an old-fashioned gentleman who still believed in honor and the homeland.

Aldo Marchesse invited me to fly with him to Chile Chico, a special town on the border, with a microclimate, and where fruits of other seasons were produced. I gladly accepted, I wanted to know the place where friends of mine from other times, such as Jorge Prat, had thought of settling in extreme situations. Machesse had been an Air Force pilot and loved to fly. The plane was new and with two engines under the wings, its owner and pilot was starting to work in passenger transport in the area. He was none other than the son of Commander Rojas, who flew the "Sikorsky" aircraft on our 1947-48 Antarctic expedition. Another of the many coincidences.

In the plane, in addition to Marchesse and the young pilot, were two postal officials, who would be dropped off in the town of Güadal, on Lake General Carrera. We flew in that direction. Passing over Puerto Ibañez, we headed in the direction of Mount San Valentin, the highest in those latitudes. Marchesse wanted to photograph its summit from up close. The clouds were thickening and a storm was approaching, but we pushed on until we reached our objective. Almost within reach was the imposing summit. Below was a field of glaciers that led straight to the Laguna de San Rafael. I watched it carefully, because it was there, through this ice-free pass, that my brother-in-law Ernesto Meza had passed on horseback, many years ago, to join Lake General Carrera with the waters of the Pacific. And also the members of the Israeli Intelligence, whose attempt the Chilean Commander tried to prevent.

We flew over San Rafael Bay, with its moraines and abandoned hotel facilities, to head back to Lake General Carrera, which the Argentines call Buenos Aires, to show us that there are also their ambitions there. That same afternoon we should be in Chile Chico, at the eastern end of the waters. But first we were to land in Guada1, on its southern shore. We were already there, looking for the landing strip. Far below, in the distance, we could barely see a line the thickness of a finger, close to the 1ago. It was an unauthorized runway, and to me it seemed impossible that an airplane could use it. "Hardly a *jeep," I* said to myself.

We started to descend and hit the ground leaving very little room to stop the plane. The pilot, nervous, braked abruptly and the plane went off the runway and overturned. Aldo Marchesse

He unfastened his safety belt and ordered us to jump out of the plane as best we could, for there was danger of fire. We all jumped, except the telegrapher, who had been caught in the suspenders of his pants, head down.

Almost simultaneously, the sirens of a fire engine and an ambulance were heard approaching the scene of the accident. There was no need for their intervention, except to unhook the telegraph operator. *We* moved to the town in the fire engine.

Without a doubt, the trip to Chile Chico was over. That night we stayed as best we could in that lost town of Güadal. I stayed at the house of the town's teacher, who was on vacation. I was installed in the dolls' room of his daughters. There I slept next to a doll that said "daddy".

The next day we were told that Ernesto Heine's son would come to rescue us. As the runway had been rendered unusable, there was only an airfield at Atilio Cosmeli's farm. We had to transfer in a truck, the only transport available in Güadal. With pilot Rojas we decided to go to the back, at the loading site, in the open air, in that extraordinary sunny morning. We advanced along a narrow road on the mountainous and rugged slopes. Sometimes we carried a wheel in the air, over the abyss, sometimes we crossed torrents or rivers. The driver would move forward, passing over logs stopped in the water. The landscape was indescribable, herons flew over the blue, luminous lake. And, in the background, the beautiful peaks of "Cerro Castillo", resembling medieval battlements. The Heine's plane should appear there.

He remembered the peaks of the Himalayas and the Alps, comparing them with those of the pre-Antarctic Andes. In the former, there are inhabitants, yogas and *sadhus,* hidden in their twists and turns, in deep meditation and inner search for the *Self.* In the Alps, there is nothing anymore, their Gods have died, they have been killed by a monotheistic religion and a relentless persecution, with Semitic fanaticism. Even the fairies and elves have had to escape through subway corridors, towards the Kingdom of King Laurin, by the Path of the Roses, which no one has sought anymore, after Ril ke.

And here, in the Andes, everything also went away, when the Mapu- ches, the Onas and the Selcnams were destroyed in their souls, cut off from their contact with their Giant Gods, with Tema uquel,

untying the secret ties of the Golden Cord that united them with the Giants, submerged voluntarily in the rock of the summits. After the disappearance of Lemuria, only the silence of the summits and the longing of the twilights and dawns, which the Star Venus transmits to us, now reigns. The road to the reunion with the world of the Giants of the Andes and with the City of the Caesars no longer goes through this land, but through the Morning Star.

She will give us the hidden path to the Other Earth, to the "Entrance".

PINOCHETAAPPEARSINTHESCENE

I obtained for Heine a seaplane. While I was on my way back to Montagnola, to arrange my final departure from Switzerland, Ernesto Heine, together with the owner of the seaplane, a businessman from Vina del Mar, managed to land on Lake Melimoyu, being the first, in this history and in the world today, to sail over those waters and to walk along its shores.

One day I met at the door of my house in Santiago a young man who came to ask "my" permission to climb the Melimoyu and place on its summit a flag with the Swástika Levógira, embroidered by his girlfriend. He had read "NOS. Book of Resurrection" and considered that without my advice, he could not accomplish such a feat. I opened the door of my house to him and to this day we are friends and comrades. Needless to say, he never reached the top of the mountain.

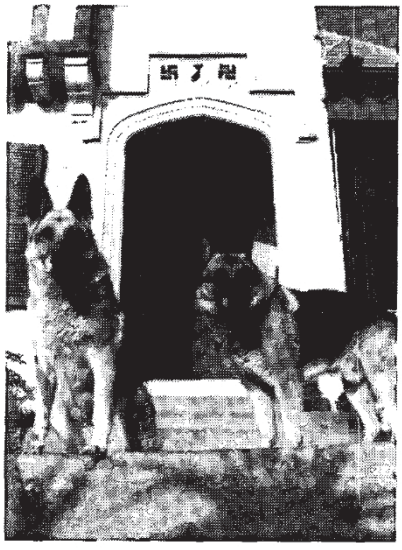
It was at that time that I began to write and finished "Adolf Hitler, the Last *Auathara".* In order to publish it, I had to sell land I owned in the mountains of "El Arrayá n", in the Andes near Santiago, which belonged to my mother's family. With that money, plus the sale of my apartment in the capital, I was also able to acquire a beautiful country house in Colchagua, built by Don Ladislao Errázuri z La Zcano and later owned by the family of my friend, Alejandro Rivera. It was right on the road that I used to take to go to the "El Huique" farm of Mrs. Elena Errázuriz, where, with Hernán Granier, we talked about the war and followed its vicissitudes attentively. It was in those days when I received a telephone call from a French artist, resident in Chile, Roger Pierre Duffaure, painter and designer. He gave me the news that General Pinochet had

decided to initiate the "colonization of Melimoyu", for which it would parcel out its adjacent territories. The project would be implemented by the Ministry of National Assets.

This was unbelievable news. To this day I do not know how to explain it. Why this unexpected and sudden occurrence of the Ruler? To colonize the Melimoy u! Undoubtedly, it completed and gave meaning to the construction of the Southern Highway, not yet completed. But why the Melimoyu, the most inhospitable and difficult place, with a higher amount of rainfall than the rest of the region? In Chile, this is a little known mountain, which is hardly spoken about, even today. Except for me, no one had written about it. Could it be that Pinochet read my book "Quien Llama en los Hielos", which I gave him on my second and last visit to the members of the Junta? To this day I can find no other explanation. One way or another, Pinochet has "tracked me down", as they say here. He believes -or believed- in the Flying Discs; he believes -or believed- that Hitler was in Antarctica. And all this he has taken from my writings. He always played both sides, keeping his beliefs to himself, and for what "might happen". ("Just in case," it is said here). He was a friend of Hans Rudel, the hero of Hitlerism, a *stuhas* pilot in the Great War. But, at the same time, he allowed the Jews to roam the south at will and to establish their "enclaves" in Chile. With the colonization of the sacred mountain - of m' *Monte* - did he perhaps think to protect it, to save it, installing Chileans there? He tried it even against the will of the Mayoress of Puerto Cisne, Mrs. Eugenia Pirzio-Biroli, who saw in this colonization a distraction of efforts in the plan of the exclusive development of her "Personal Kingdom". She did everything possible to prevent this colonization from taking place. This was not necessary, because it was born destined to fail, since it was planned within the system of the "monetarist" and "social market" economy. It began by indebting the colonists, selling them the land, with a cash sum and the rest in installments, even giving preference to bank mortgages, before the State. When President Carlos Ibóñez colonized Aysen, he did so by giving away the land and creating the necessary infrastructure to succeed. Pinochet also sent a battalion of soldiers to open some roads and visited every summer the village that was formed there, until he himself must have become disillusioned with that attempt at colonization, which he initiated - it occurs to me - only and exclusively

En la medialuna de Santa Cruz, en Colchagua, conversando con don Carlos Cardoen, padre de mi amigo y dueño del Museo de Santa Cruz, Carlos Cardoen Cornejo.

Mis perros, Thor y Freija, con Emilia, mi colaboradora y acompañante por muchos años, mujer de campo, como nuestra "mama" Delfina. De gran sabiduría natural, representante auténtica de la "raza chilena" de Nicolás Palacios, sólida y leal. Ella también conoce el lenguaje de los perros y me lo ha enseñado, para poder conversar con mi dios-perro, Thor.



Mis perros, Thor y Freija, en la casa de Valparaíso.

so that *I could settle there; or*, on the contrary, to close the entrance to me forever. Because that colonization, that plan, was so badly carried out, so mediocre, so ungenerous, installing there miserable colonists, without resources of any kind, who were left practically abandoned and indebted, without a port of supply, with precarious and irregular maritime communications, that one must suspect that General Pinochet was overtaken by the middle management and the bureaucracy, defeated in the greatest dream -which was also mine- by those who wanted all this to fail in order to make the other plan fail in the end: "Plan Andinia".

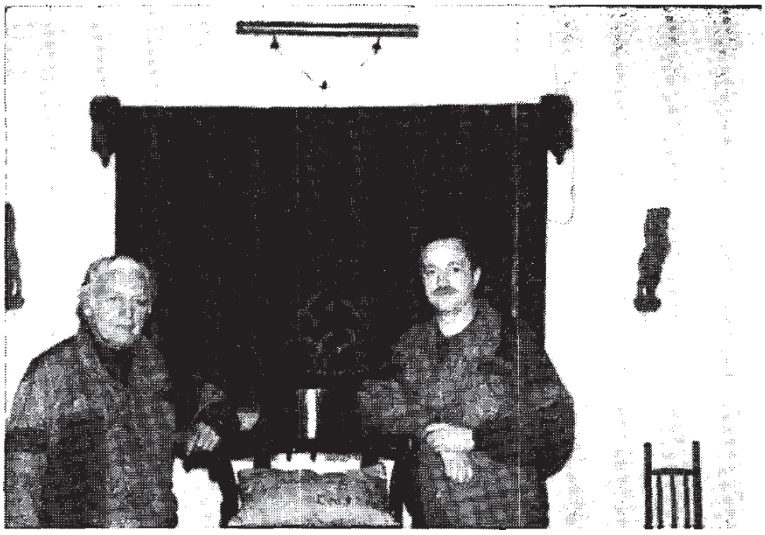
Well, but this fundamental issue, being a geomorphic point of our territory, where the *"Le y"* lines of the planet Earth cross, with magical repercussions, not only for Chile, but for the whole Universe and the Galaxy itself, should be told and analyzed in detail here, and may become the central and most important point of these "Memoirs".

A mysterious and unknown force led General Augusto Pinochet Ugarte, the self-elected President of Chile (he crowned himself, like Napoleon, which is admirable), to attempt the colonization by Chileans of Mount Melimoyu. He did it for me, I think, but within his essential ambivalence: to get me there, or to close the doors for good. Maybe both at the same time: at the beginning, so that I would go there. And, in the end, so that I could never get there.

We will try here to narrate this legend. Because Legend will only be at the end of time.

I was one of the first to register at the Ministry of National Assets. There I was attended by an official with the last name of Vigoroux. He was the nephew of Dr. Vigoroux, a fellow student at the Barros Arana Boarding School, of whom I have spoken in the first volume of these "Memoirs", in relation to the Chilean medium and m utant, Jaime Gal te.

Vigoroux was very kind, to the point of inviting us to a meeting in a room of the Ministry, presided over by him and me, with a group of young people that I had invited, to inform them of the project and of the colony that we would establish on the Melimoyu.



With Alfredo Junge in Colchagua. This dear comrade decided to leave in the direction of Walhalla, in this year of misfortunes.

Next to the Bio-Bio river, the urn with the ashes of our dear Alfredo Junge, placed on the German flag. Next to him, Idun, his dog, daughter of my dog Thor. The ashes were scattered in the Bío-Bío and his dog died that same week, because "his honor was called loyalty".

In addition to an initial amount of money, we had to present a project to be carried out on the land that would be given to us. I gave the go-ahead and presented the project, with the collaboration of my French friend. It was so good and meticulous that the Ministry asked me to change it for something more "artisanal". A set of houses for the settlers was designed in detail and a study was presented on the exploitation of wild ducks, left free in the interior lagoons, to later hunt them and be able to export them to the East, especially to China.

I still have here, *in* my file, the Project. I had to change it, as I said, and another, much simpler one, of cattle exploitation, was accepted. All this was a pure formula to obtain the sale of the land, of about eight thousand hectares, more or less. I chose a large piece of land, in the vicinity of the Volcano, with lagoons and interior rivers. For us it would be like a whole country, since others of ours were going to apply for neighboring and adjoining lands. The idea was to establish ourselves autarkically, outside the system and the decadent world, fulfilling the dream of Nicolás Palacios of colonizing Chile with Chileans and giving the youth a new horizon and the possibility of creating a community based on solid pillars, together with nature and in search of that Other Universe, of the Other Earth, transmuting man to contact with those who disappeared from our human sight and who would shake hands with us from the Other Reality. Together with us, the Earth would be transmuted and the Metaphysical and Spiritual Destiny of the Homeland, of Magical Chile, of the City of the Caesars would be realized, making the giants come out again from the center of the mountains, where they were submerged in the past, when Lemuria and Atlantis disappeared.

The Decree for the sale of my property was extended. The balance of the total price was to be paid in UF (a "virtual" and adjustable currency) over a period of several years. And so it was accepted and signed by President Pinochet himself. However, and without knowing why, my signature was delayed, under the pretext that certain terms were not well clarified. The Deed was rewritten and General Pinochet signed it again. And this is where the stumbling blocks and demonstrations begin, and until very recently I have never been able to be absolutely certain of what really happened and of the real hand behind the obscure affair. Ministry officials themselves, like Vigoroux, could not explain it. Neither the Minister, the

Carabineros General Renó Peri, nor his advisor, except for the last one, the civilian Alvarez, could tell me the truth. The difficulties, never clarified, were made by the Comptroller General of the Republic. It was impossible for me to communicate directly with the Comptroller. Vaguely, I suspected that behind everything and, in the last instance, was the sinister hand of the "P/oit Andante", who had "called Pinochet to order", forcing him to retract and ordering him to leave me out, making the whole colonization of Melimoyu by Chileans fail in the process.

Moreover, young people who built their homes, with great effort and with their own hands, in "support plots" around the large estates, had their houses burned down, and to this day the culprits have not been punished.

I had already decided to settle in that region and, in order to open roads and build a house, I had to sell my property in Colchagua to obtain the necessary money. Carlos Carden bought it and today his father, a great Belgian gentleman, lives there. So, no longer having a place to live, with the money from Colchagua I bought this house in Valparaíso, steep in the hills.

I recounted my interview with the last Minister of National Assets of General Pinochet's government and the raid on my apartment, carried out to intimidate me. I directly accused the Minister of ODE PLAN of those days, the Jew Sergio Melnik, and President Pinochet himself. However, I had no certainty or definitive proof of these strange events.

It has been recently and in relation to the kidnapping of Pinochet in England, due to the need that the Jews of Chile have experienced to release responsibilities in the facts, knowing that their nationals in the world have been compromised (Hoffman, etc.), they have begun to publish letters in the newspapers in favor of the former Ruler, thanking him for what he did for them. Among these publications, Sergio Melnik occupied a half page of the newspaper "El Mercurio", on November 21, 1998, with an article signed by him and with a photograph next to General Pinochet, under the title: "Pinochet Antisemite?

He claims that Pinochet was a fervent supporter of the Jews, to the extent of changing dates so that students of this nationality could celebrate "Rom *Kippur". "The game show came to an end,* /inbtendo *he cho uc pedicl.o de of'oyo in relation to*

with the affair of a well-known Chilean Nazi, one of the most important of which, after *the* President *Pinochet and the Minister Sergio Fernandez were informed, the matter was resolved".*

Here, at last, was the concrete and definitive proof of what I had always suspected: the Jews were the ones who made the colonization of Melimoyu fail, because it interfered with the *"Andean Plan" and the dictates of Theodor Hertz to establish the Kingdom of the Messiah of Judah in the Argentinean and Chilean* Potogone foothills.

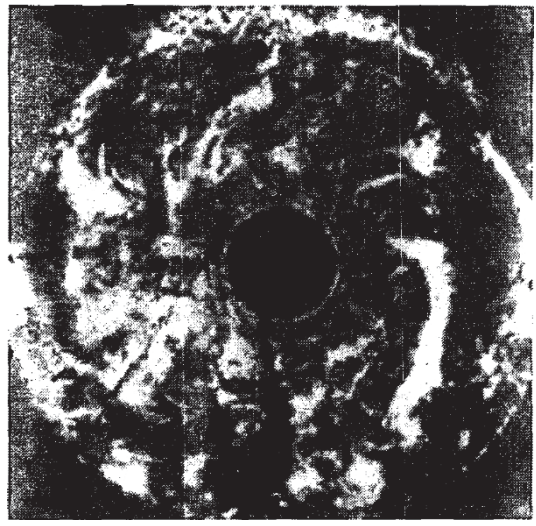
This also gives us an insight into Pinochet's character, always playing two or more sides. Melnik says that on more than one occasion he asked him if he had any Jewish ancestry.

I have already told of when he sent the Minister Secretary General of the Presidency to talk to me, to know my opinion about the attempt on his life. I have already told the story of when he sent the Minister Secretary General of the Presidency to talk to me, to know my opinion about the attempt on his life. The following day, he made him preside over a public act of the Jews. Balance and equilibrium, in case his Secretary had been followed and watched by the "Mossad", which was almost certain.

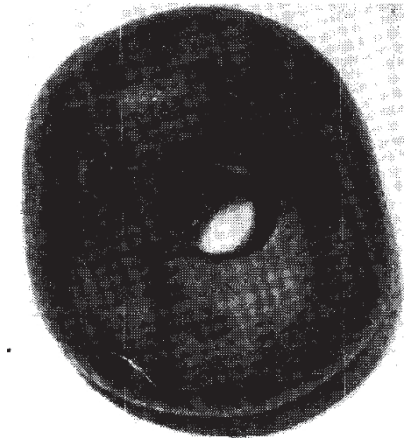
Sergio Melnik in the government meant the beginning of the end for Pinochet. "Futurist" and cabalist, he replaced the horoscopes of Mrs. Eugenio Pirzio-Biroi with the Hebrew Kabbalah and rabbinical ceremonies, predicting a wide victory in the Plebiscite, which Pinochet should never have carried out. If he had gone to elections, he would have won.

Melnik always acted in silence, publishing from time to time encrypted messages to his nationals. With the young Jews returning from military service in Israel, he has certainly formed a guard, or a corps of commandos, within the black esotericism of the Kabbalah and the *Thora.* Deciphered their coded messages, the calls to recruit them to colonize the South clearly appear: *JE-SUR-ALEM. í "For the* Remnants *eii the south of the Kingdom of*

The recent revelation by Sergio Melnik himself of his action against me, in conjunction with the Pinochet Government, fully confirms me in my writings and statements of all these years about the Patagonian South and the failure of my venture in the Melimoyu, sparing me from having to extend myself even further.



The "Entrance" to the "Hollow Earth" at the Pole. Extraordinary NASA photo.



These stones are found in Chile and are attributed to the Indians, but their true use is unknown. Their similarity to the NASA polar photo is striking.

Not that I had a "conspiracy" obsession. Now, and irrefutably, it is proven that I was not wrong'. After all, I have done nothing more than defend myself, attacking. Like *El/trer, I* also lost the war outside. I lost it, to win it inside.

I traveled one night, "dis-placing myself", I traveled through dark regions, shadowy jungles, through the Great South, in search of a Cavern, an Entrance. There it was, and it was difficult and anguishing to penetrate. At last I succeeded. First, a blue light, then white, blinding. And when I could "look" and "see", I found myself surrounded by friendly people, walking through streets and cities with houses of gold and diamond roofs. The trees also spoke and the faces of the beings were the same as those on Earth out there who had fought in the War of the Worlds. In *OUR EARTH.*

And *in* there they had won it.

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30. What is Pinochet? In previous writings I have made it known that he would belong to the esoteric Circle "Halado", of which Franco, Perón and Menem were also members at present. This explains Pinochet's special trip to Franco's funeral and his friendship with Menem, the only Latin American ruler who has defended him against the kidnapping in England. Just as Franco had his telepathic advisor, the Jew Corinthian Hazú, based in Tangiers, who designed for him a talisinan, the symbol "Victor", and did everything possible to make the meeting with Hitler in Hendaye fail, so did Pinochet have his Jewish cabalist, who put an end to his government. Neither Franco nor Fidel Castro, for being "marranos", have been kidnapped or tried. Pinochet, for not being one, has b e e n treated differently.
If I were to give a definitive opinion on Franco, I would say that he was an "inarranger" and also a traitor. And about Pinochet, who has been a seasoned disciple of Franco and a ruler guilty of handing over Patagonia *and* the country to the Jews, besides imposing the system of supercapitalism and usury, having betrayed his most loyal collaborators, disappointing, for the last time and forever, the hopes of the people and the ideals of the nationalist youth. I dedicate this note to the memory of my cousin Major Nibaldo Correa Fernandez, who knew him well.

FIFTH PAItTE

THE DEPARTURE OF THE MASTER

THE DEATH OF THE STAR

Master, the time has come for your departure.

I will have to go to that strange land, there, in the outermost reaches of the Sor, the mouth of the body of the earth, where the serpents of [ie, the Alodo Serpent, like a phosphorescent light, replicate, under the sea. Where a transparent air in which the curnbres of the volcanoes neuados and the summits palpitate with plumbeous light, lrashumante. That strange land, that "penitent and sacred hole" that decorates the body of flesh of its lit *jos, to make them travel a l s o in the uncreated light of the summits, in the anxious light of the dawns and of the crepuscules of Chile. Thin cornice of the homeland, so precarious, sustained only by the light of the sky and the Morning Star. Land of the southern end of the ruurid where the* darkness *of the* Aquarian *Epoch began,* a t *the moment when from the deep agnes of the* Poct{tco *ernerJa the ancient Conti nen- te of the Spirit; when from the rocky rnole of the Andes the grgantes of prehistory were born. V se lenante the digaute recli na- do there.*

To this homeland of the ends of the world I will have to go, because the hour of the Master's departure has arrived. Here he routed, he *never moved from here; but* he sent *me on a tour of the world, in search of his dreams, his Myths and Legends.* He was *like a bugle, eiected by his* t/usions and *held aloft and to the side by his uirile rriano and his celestial eyes.*

How old is the Master? He has a lot of airs. z What does the Master die of? He dies of Death.

How Does the Master Die?

As a human being, he has been a hornbreaker since the dawn of time, his [rido[rido, his [rtendo[rtendo and with the doubt

tight in the throat. The same there as here. Al'ó: "My father, why have you forsaken me? Here. "I am alone, all have forsaken me, the Masters, the Slueños, the II usions, the Arqueti pos, the Vigentes, the Mother, they have abandoned me".

I approach and ask:

"Master, what is death? Is there something beyond this life?

Answer:

"Death is a huge void*, the color of the sands. There is no one there. I have walked through its sands and found only one woman,' I brought her with me back to earth; but I have not brought her back to me".*

He pauses: "I do not doubt, I feel *God in my body, I feel him in* my *legs, in my chest; but he escapes me, he vanishes; I cannot hold him".*

"-It's a test," I say.

"-Yes," he replies, "uria prue ba terrible, the rnós terrible of all mt *uida. Matter* rests, it *has us in its grip, its fre, it is frightened. And I spread out with him, to the end … I have heard a nos that has commanded me: 'Be nal rente to the ft n'".*

I went closer to the Master and gave him go:

"-To die must also be to merge with the earth, with the beautiful flowers of Chile, with the plants, the roots, the leaves and the transpare nte air."

Answer:

"-Co n the pol no, a gra ri pol no o mo rt *llo* o r mo rt *llo that spreads ...".*

"-Master, haven't you already uiuid a lot? What inós can you already ner? Don't you want to die?".

"-I don't want anything," he says. "I don't want to die, I don't want to die. I only wish to fulfill. To fulfill the Day Will, to fulfill its designs. If it decides to die, I will show; *if it decides to die, I will die.... Death is a change of state".*

"Master, I revere and love you. I have ni uidosed all your Myths and Legends, I have made them mine and with them I have tronsinated t h e *length and breadth of this world. When you die, you will continue to live in me, y o u w i l l b e buried in my breast and you will be here until I die too. And when I die,* we will u nter *in those who see you long, who will give me their heart for a* bed*, in this rite of eternal love...".*

He looks at me, nods his head, faintly uarita his mario and makes a sign. I kiss his hand and walk backwards. From the doorway I neo him still with his hand raised and the indefinable expression of his eyes.

Through the Streets of my City

The narrow streets of !Santiago del Nueuo Extremo have me a g a i n , as so many years ago, meditating in the afternoon. The sun falls behind the mountains of the coast, enuoluiéndolo everything in the *im possible vibration of the yearning. The gold of the light burns with it, passing its beats to the deep heart of this land. My steps try to take the rhythm of that beat and uaii in search of the distant years of adolescence. From the old corners of these streets, and from my memory emerge the faces of Legend. I discover Jason, Popan and so many others who have gone before, always with them and the Master, in a Circle* that *deepens, although it* does not *become larger. In these streets and squares of the !Sontiago of the second* half *of September, October, November, December 1973, t h e past has been recovered; almost the solitude, the transparency and the remoteness of the thirties, when I was a child and I was passing by here too. That photographer in that lost square must be the same one who then fed the pigeons and covered his face with his black canopy to take pictures before the south.*

And the Master says to me upon my arrival:

"-Where are you now, where in the world do you currently reside, you are in the Himalayas!"

I answer:

"-No, Master, now I am still *in the Afpes, in the old village and house of Hermann Hesse".*

He looks at me, approaching: "Come back here, this is your homeland, only here your heart is still, finding the rhythm of the light of the South. Everything you do outside is lost; here will be your world, here is the blood of your spirit, the soul of your bones...".

He pauses, seems to get tired, his head goes backwards. Mtroudo *the ceiling ble echo, I remember: "I:la ce years, maybe five, I heard a voice that told me:* 'Chile will fall very low, it will reach the bottom of evil and misery, and, from there, it will rise up.

again to become one of the first countries in America ...'".

I perfectly recognize this prophecy of the Master which, like many others, was fulfilled. Perhaps the whole earth should have continued to follow this carubio. The epoch ofi! The Kaliyuga epoch *has come to an end, the solution finding the vertex from which evolution restarts. And the ascension of the Epoch of Mc uario may begin in Chile. But first must emerge, from the deep waters, the Continent of prehistory,* with *its submerged lands and palaces; the Continent of the Hornbread-God, of the Horiibre-Mage, of the Total-Man. And the great Moritaíia must open to give exit to the Giants.*

The Blessing

"Walking through the corridors of the hospital where the Master is dying, a priest is lost. He enters his room by mistake, or by fate. He sees that old man there su[laughs at him and approaches his bed.

"Do you want to con[esarte?" he asks.

The Master opens his eyes. Le ue.'

"Confessing is not easy," he says. "j goods *perchance the power to throw on your shoulders the sins of others?".*

The priest is perplexed by the clarity of that gaze:

"-Do you want me to bless you, hi jo?".

"-No," says the Master, "it is I who can beridecirte you. Híncate and I will berideciré you".

And then the unexpected happens. The priest hirica J^! to the bed of the dying Master. ¥ that old man of nieue lays his hand on his head and blesses him.*

Thus the Master was dying. As in Rilhe's book, he dies with his own death, one *dies the reinende, who carries the homeland and perhaps the world, with very few witnesses, but who touches the depths of other eras. Days, weeks, months pass, and it is dreadful to feel that fear by the abyss. It is the death of a warrior of the Warrior Order, the most ancient, the most sacred, the one that rules* the *East and the West and preserves the signs and knows the language of Atlantis, and of Thule, those continents submerged* at *the b o t t o m of the water.*

and of the soul. He was in command of the great trance, ututéndofo
with all lucidity, mtriu lo n min *mo.*

"-How can I help you?", I ask.

"Not at all," he replies, "this is absolutely personal."

He sits with great effort on the bed. Cost *has not and ca riie in those bones. He flaps his arms and says: "I feel like I'm growing wings.... Do you know what the wings of the onge le s are? They are pul mone s through which the solar energy enters.... Last night I saw myself dead, they were lifting me up down there, on the floor next to the chapel of this hospital. I was standing next to my coffin and I was only halfway up. I was standing next to my coffin and I was standing only from the middle up. ¥ I felt that this entity was myself, in a w a y . . . ". The Master falls backwards on the bed. With his* monkey.

Dtce: "0 Pulled t uuieras hands diuinas to soothe the pain. Thank you, thank you for being here in this trance".

Pregu nto:

"-Why don't you detach yourself, Master, to leave the body?".

Answer:

"-That cannot be done if the body is not *in order and [uerte. Besides, de bo stay here until the* jin, *until the* stu."

"-Yes," I remind him, "they t o l d you: Slé hot to the end."

Move your head without/without/feeling. *Then:*

"-I'm past the end."

I can*'t* hear *him well. Then he shouts, with a huge nos: "'I'm going through the en!".*

I lean over and kiss his [rente.

1974

***1973** is over, the most tremendous milestone. I go to the Master. motionless on the bed, he could well be dead. No, he is still breathing. Very close to his ear, I say to him:*

*"-Teacher, today is January 1st, **1974.**"*

He opens his eyes, stares for a while. Mtsrm ura: "-1974, still s'go *uiuo".*

After a long pause. "You didn't bring a bottle to celebrate the new year? You know that alcohol introduced the world to the idea of eternity and reincarnation. This began there in the ancient times of the Vedas, of the artos and the heroes.

If today were Sunday, I would go somewhere to buy a *bottle of "that oblivion" to celebrate the beginning of this year with my dying Master, with the last energies of his life, to celebrate the experience of his death. And there I will also forget myself, like the more distant generations, like those who preceded us on the long road.*

Shortly before his death, the kindly women, who were in *his bed, put some soothing herbs on his little flesh and bones to soothe his pains and his anxiety. When I saw those bones and that noble body of the dying man, I shed tears.*

That night, I said that dawn, the Master was dying.
At 5:00 a.m. on January 12, 1974.

I was early. I was there, *with my hands crossed over my head, in the very place where he was standing. And the white entity, where was he, next to me?*

That night he was also alone by his coffin, standing guard. I was always alone, as if by fate, when everyone had already left. I remembered, I spoke even with the Master, who had exhausted his trance, drunk the death-feast to its last drop of anguish and purification. And I was still alone the next day by his grave, gathering his last commands, his uiui(icating light.

Bten! my Master died, my Master is gone. I have no Master in this world. *Where is he now? Where did he go? He is in me, inside my heart. Now I am the Master. From some point, or center, his clarity is telling me so.*

Ah, but I forgot to tell you something. When he was standing guard at night, next to his ata Sid, two women arrived and approached him to watch him.

31. The "Kirsch" of Chile.

They smiled and looked at each other. They were two in fermeras. I asked them why they came. They told me that they used to take *care of him during the night shifts.*

"-He loved me very much," said one.

F fo *another added:*

"-He was a saint."

Sc, art *Mago who was also a Samo.*

Santiago, January 1974

HITLERITE CHRISTIANITY

We have reached the end of these "Memoirs of Him and Me". They have been carried o u t as an *opus* ofcftimicum, a Tetralogy, within the colors of the *Ars-Regia:* the first volume, in black *(nigredo); the* second, in white *(albedo); the* third, in red *(rubedo);* and the fourth, in gold - the color of the *aumm potabíle,* of the liquid gold, which is drunk. From the Sober.

This Tetralogy ends in "Holy Week" of the 109th Year of Hitlerism, 1999 of Judeo-Christianity. Friday, the Day of the M o r n i n g Star-Double Star, of Venus, *Generis, Venerdi, Oí yeh ue;* of the Evening Star, *Yepun,* the Astro of ELELLA and ELLAEL. "Friday of Darkness" *nigredo,* living the anguish of the Crucifixion of Wotan in the Tree of Fright, the *Iggdrasil,* without drinking mead, in the greatest solitude, only accompanied by Freyja *(Freitag-Friday), the* Mother and the Eternal Beloved. Then, the "Saturday of Resurrection", *albedo,* when Saturn *(Saturday)* has been freed from the shackles of Time, with which the Demiurge -Demon- had him imprisoned, turning him into Sup- *ón* -Not-o nós-Jehová. It is the Resurrection of the Saturn *Areonle,* simultaneous with the Resurrection of Wotan, who rediscovers the Runes and gets rid of the "Tree of Fright". On Sunday, Day of the Sun *(S!unday),* Wotan returns to Wo//inffo, to Hyperborea, with his body of red *Vrá ja,* immortal, in a Disc of Fire, in a Vimono. And on the fourth Day, his *Wolhiria* will give him to drink *the A nm m Potabile,* the *Alioma,* the *Soma, the* alchemical Gold product of the *Royal Art.* It is the color of this last Volume.

The Odinic Drama, archetypal, will have to be repeated in this fourth month of April, at the end of the Great War; since the end of the Great War, the Odinic Drama will have to be repeated in this fourth month of April, at the end of the Great War; since

the end of the Great War.

Miguel Serrano.

years of Hitler, a day 20, until the 30th, living the anguish of the end of the
-nigredo- with the departure in a UFO, towards Antarctica -*albedo-* and the Resurrection in May *(Maya) -riibedo-*, extending in two runes the *Futharh* of Wotan and recovering the Rune ODAL, which was replaced by the Rune HAGAL of Christianity with "C". In addition, the numbers of the *Káuala* Or/tca, of the *Hiranyagarba -Kabda* are imposed*:* the 555 (from 20 to 30 are 10, two fives, and May is the fifth month), the only one that can destroy the curse of the 666.

This is my *Kristianism.* It was also that of my Master. It could have been that of C. G. Jung and that of Meister Ekhart, applying the Archetype to *Krístos. It was* also that of my great-uncle Rafael Fernández Concha and of my ancestor José Paramá, who disappeared at sea. It was that of the Visigoth Popes.

I am also crucified in the Tree of the Spell, since Allouine died, without anyone giving me to drink the Soma or the Hydromiel.

"Master, wherever you are now, tell me: what can I do to bring her back to life?

"First you must resurrect yourself, on your Cross. She will resurrect with you, for she is within you, because she is buried in your soul. Then you can take her with you to the inner temple of Melimoyu. And so there will also be a resurrected woman there. Then you will meet her on the road to Ema ús. She will *not* recognize you instantly, because now you only look like yourself. She will only know who you are by the way you cut bread in the distant dinners on earth..... And they will say to each other: *'Noli me* tongere'. Because you will never be able to touch each other anymore.... Only greet each other from afar, with joined hands:

"NAMASTE!: 'I salute the God in you!'"

I have tried to write these "MEMO RIAS" from the deep, infinite faculties of man, so that I may sow for Eternity. Because YOU have told me that I can. And at the very limit of time, when Time is running out.

O Star of the Morning, Be
born and dwell in me In
wave and radiance!
Let it fall on me
Your deep light, moistened
Like petals of Light
From uri Autumn of the
Heavens. Join me!

Oh, Black Sun, absorb me
in your hallucinatory
Whirlwind!
And bear me in you Light
Leuogyre More ueloz than light
From !Sol de Oro
Towards the Non-
Existence Of The
Green Ray Where the
My Master's Teachers
And the Highest Guides
Of Esoteric Hitlerism!

Oh, Green Ra5'o,
Iricorpórórme to your non-
existence More real than all
that exists.
¥ please let me rea1ira r
Dreams im possible,
The Resurrection of the
Beloved The Return of Adol f
Hitler As Ulti mo Auatára,
Encountering the Inputs To
the inner world
In the Melimoyu

And *possession by the Archetype*
So that it becomes
His Will and not mine, so
as to realize
Without Myth and its
Legend Until its
consummation May pass
beyond It,
And resurrect as
An Absolute
In a Vrá ja Corps
Immortal!

Heil Hitler!
Sieg Heil!

Glory Sunday,
April 4, 2009
Year 109 of the Hitler Era

The fire that will never go out.

EPILOG

At the end of these "Memoirs", it may be necessary to go back in time to stop at the beginning of the first volume, where we tried to explain the title of the tetralogy as a whole: "Memoirs of Him and Me". Q uion or what is *HIM** Difficult task! The illustration of the covers of the three preceding volumes, in addition to their alchemical colors (black, white, red, red -ntgredo, *albedo, rubedo),* tried to express the unfolding and to let us see the servitude of the conscious and rational I to a Higher Power that, even acting from outside, belongs to us in some way; it is US. In the sense and in the way the Pope used to speak in the past: when referring to himself, he did not say "I", but *"NOSA".*
-with capital letters-. When he spoke *ex-cathedra,* when he was infallible.

On the cover of this last volume everything is self-explanatory - also *ex-cat hedra* - and without "I" having intervened to any great extent. The illumination made itself, or *HE* made it. That Ray of White Light, falling from above, not only showed itself, but also revealed my whole life, clarifying to me such extraordinary phenomena as those that happened to me in Antarctica ("astral travel" with the SS, "Cosmogony Revealed") and the vision on the mountain of Linz, which my I attributed to a Simone (which after all is the same thing). From there, from outside of me, or from deep inside, the "Unremembered Memory", the "Unthought Thought" came to me - as a Ray of White Light - and "I" received them as if projected by a Vimono. . . And then, suddenly, I have the iopression that I am no longer here, but far away, in the future, and that what I have really done in this life is to travel from or/and backwards in time, with that Light, with that Ray, and to be in the future.

living, or reliving, something from the very remote and unimportant past, since it has already been consummated, lived and resolved. And the reality is different, my, in the fu tu ro, where I have always been. Walking from oA' into the past, I have stopped at this point (that of these "Memoirs", of this life) as I could have done a little time before or a little time after, in other lives, in other legends and other deaths, about which I have not yet written their Memoirs, for not having suffered them again to *re - su[rir,* to *re -aiuir. Here I* grow old and even die. But, being able to leap into the future, where I am also (apparently unmobile) I will have been rejuvenated, resurrected. And it is this journey backwards and forwards in Time, ascending or descending by that whitened Light, that will make me eternal. Since o///o I know that *here* I died a long time ago. *Here* I am "I", o//ó is *He, my He.* Now I have re-lived one of my lives (perhaps the only one on Earth) o///ó how far away. 5" I have written it down in these "Memoirs". I will hardly be able to narrate my death, since almost nobody *re-lives* it to be able to tell it (except John Sebastian Bach). And I ask my *He* to take me out of *here,* in the Ray of White Light, before I die, to carry me beyond the Future, beyond the Time.

Time is not a dimension, a space through which one thinks one is going; it is something that moves on its own. The Sanskrit sages claimed that Time was an Illusion. It was *Maya.* Time is an energy, a speed that wears us out and destroys our images.

In this life, in these "Memories", I had a great friend from my adolescence, a comrade with whom we used to talk in the old night, walking through the streets of the city of Santiago del Nuevo Extremo, when the night was still glorious, profuse and pure. And, then, we arrived at Lira Street, which still exists and preserves its cobblestone floor and its useful rails. The most beautiful rails in the world! We each stood on our own rail and marched on them in the opposite direction of the tramways of yesteryear, towards the south. Truly, towards the past. And Hóctor Barreto told me: "We are walking on the Rails of Time, in balance and towards the past. We can also go in the other direction, but we have chosen this one, because we are looking for Jason and the Golden Fleece. Perhaps we will reach the South Pole and

enter the City of the Caesars, where he will deliver us the *Gral.*

These rails are still there. Many years have passed. My friend Hector disappeared in the old night, in the glories of the night. He went to his Future. But I know that if today I were to walk again on those rails of my youth, I should walk in the opposite direction, not to the past, but to the future. And there I would find Hyperborea, Shamballah, the Ultima Thule, Adolf Hitler and the *Fourth Reich* (the *"one who thinks for others").*

And also Allouine and Jason.

Thor prepares for his next incarnation, in which he will only walk on two legs,

THE DEATH OF THOR

On Friday, July 11, day of Venus and of the Virgin of Carmen, Patroness of Chile and of our Armies, day 5 of the month, the number of Hyperborea, my dog Thor died.

In the garden of Valparaiso, next to the Sanctuary and the head of Wotan, I opened a tomb to bury the "Right Hand of the Father", wrapped in the flag with a Levoric swastika. And on a tombstone I engraved the Rune Thor: and the Rune *Generis: (* Venus, Vier- nes, Freija, Virgin of Carmel), with the following epitaph: "You were born a dog so that you could manifest your loyalty to me until death, comrade, because your honor was called IeaI tad".

Now you will be in Walhalla, together with "Blondi", Dolma and your daughter "D un". There you will be joined one day soon by your beloved Freija, here present. And if one day you come back, you will be reincarnated as a *Berseho* warrior and in the *Fourth Reich.*

Oh, beloved Thor, thank you for your immense sacrifice of having been born a dog, to accompany me, teach me, defend me and affirm me in this glorious and glorious fight, together for more than a hundred years!

Heil, Steg Heil!

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